The God of the Lucky
and
Other Sermons

Rev. Samuel W. Purvis, D. D.

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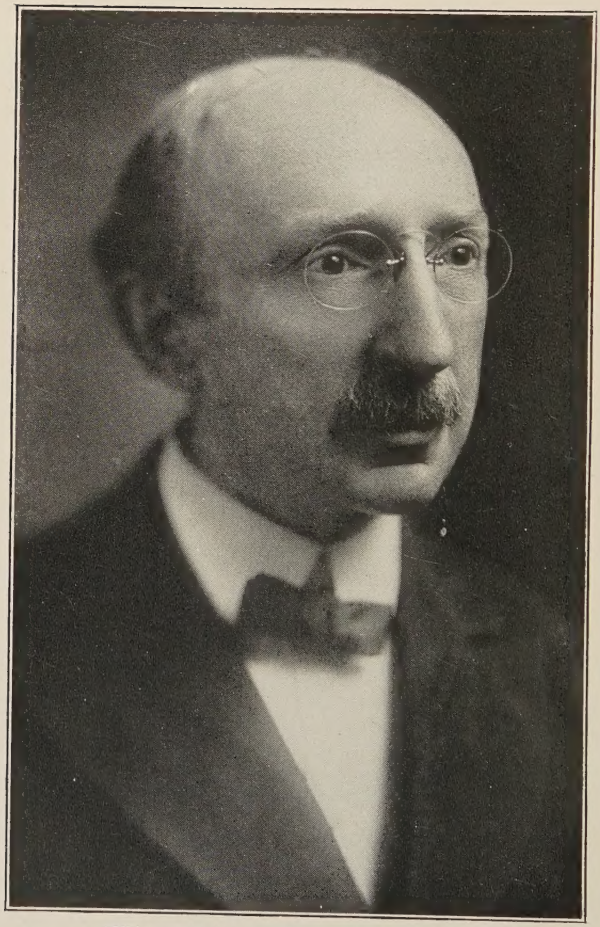

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and

Other Sermons

REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D. D.

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Publisher's Note

THE sermons in this volume have already been delivered to a vast congregation, a congregation comprising far more readers than are likely to be reached by any one book. Because of the wide-spread popularity of the essays it has been decided to issue them in permanent form. The audience they have reached has not been confined to any particular sect or creed. This is shown by the commending letters received from almost every quarter of the globe, letters coming from Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, Orthodox and Heterodox, people of many beliefs, and people of no beliefs.

The sermons originally were published in the Philadelphia Bulletin each Saturday under the title, "The Saturday Sermon." They were written for busy people in every walk of life. Their practical purpose has been to send a note of courage, inspiration, and good cheer to those bowed under the weight and weariness of life's journey. They are written by a pastor who knows mankind, one who presides over an unusually busy church in the heart of a great city. The discourses are sharp, short, terse, epigrammatic—they sound like the bark of a 5-inch rapid-fire gun.

With the finest sincerity the author stirs the reader with his urge for humanity, his appeal to fellowship, and his deep spirit of sympathy, of appreciation, and ability to encourage with his counsel.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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TO

WILLIAM L. McLEAN

AND STAFF

OF

THE EVENING BULLETIN

PHILADELPHIA

whose constant
kindness, courtesy, and consideration
through nine years
of service
has helped make pleasant my every-week task
of writing
"THE SATURDAY SERMON"

Preface

(In Which the Writer Makes His Bow)

I HAVE just read the publisher's note which explains the why of this volume of sermons. Really, they are not sermons in a strict sense—they are only familiar talks.

In the first place, they were written for a newspaper and written in a newspaper style. Often they were written under hot pressure to get the "copy" to the press in time. Consequently there is often lacking an elegance of diction and proper exegetical form which is found in more carefully written sermons. Some few of them are written just as spoken in the writer's pulpit, which accounts for the frequent deplorable first personal pronoun and also a certain amount of repetition.

In preparing the sermons the writer was trying for two goals. The first was that of avoiding subjects of a controversial nature. He tried to write simply on the great fundamental things of Christianity, bearing in mind that a great majority of his newspaper's more than 550,000 subscribers, with their average family of four, were at least nominally of that belief.

The other goal was that he remembered that every heart is hungry for something, and groping for some power and help beyond itself. Remembering that the Lord's treatment of the unbeliever was as hopeful and generous as that of the believer, he tried to make these familiar talks just as broad and human and helpful as possible.

The sermons here printed are fairly representative of the number which have appeared in his writings of almost nine years in the Philadelphia EVENING BULLETIN. When he was asked to select the sermons for this volume it seemed a very simple thing to comply. But when he came to select—think of asking a father to select the best of his children!

Should it be a biographical sermon—that on "Washington—the Patriot," "Lincoln—the Emancipator," "Grant—the Silent Man of Galena," "Robert E. Lee—the Flower of the Confederacy," or "Roosevelt—the Real"? Should it be one of the many Biblical character-sermons, from "Adam—Red Earth" to "Paul—the Christian"? Which? Should it be one praised by a President or one a scrub woman carried in her handbag? Should it be one reprinted by the million or one framed in a lawyer's office for his daily reminder? Should it be one taken in tatters from the trenches in Flanders fields, read by dozens before going over the top, or that one held by the Kensington woman

close to her eyes as she slipped out quietly from her kitchen into eternity? There were so many that have tender or sacred or thrilling histories that it has been difficult to select.

Of the number in this present volume, some come recommended from the Black Forest of Germany, from Seoul, Korea, from various places in the British Isles and Great Britain's colonies, from the African Inland Mission, from the interior of China, and the various nations of the out-lander. Some have come commended from mining communities, lumber camps, settlement houses, prisons, homes, orphanages, poor houses, from some of the oddest and quaintest corners of human habitation. The writer sat blushing furiously (within, of course) as he listened to one sermon—"The Triumph of the Dreamer"—winning the first prize in a college commencement oratorical contest. That dear "sweet girl graduate" was so winsome that he didn't have the heart to speak to her about borrowing without first saying, "By your leave."

The sermon, "The Romance of the Jew," has had a most remarkable history, and has been translated into French, German, and Russian by the million. It occupies the place next to "Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg" in a book of readings for high schools and colleges. "Roosevelt—the Real" is published in a school history. "The Angel that Goes Before You" was printed by the thousand in booklet form. Many others, like "The Lad with the Lunch," "Man's Friend—the Dog," and "The Solitaries," were published in leaflet form. The sermon, "The Poor Widow Who Was Rich," inspired a young colored college professor of the Southland, another Paul Lawrence Dunbar, to indite a volume of verse. Two sermons had the distinction of having been commended by Presidents of the United States. Some—bless their message!—have been put into Braille point-type characters for the blind.

I wish that I could express my gratitude (there's that personal pronoun again!) to my readers of the "Saturday Sermons." To sit down before a pile of pleasant appreciative letters during the week from friends one has never seen, and to have the privilege of visiting briefly hundreds of thousands of folk every Saturday in their homes—that seems wealth enough for any man, but to be dressed up and invited to pay a more formal visit in book form is just an embarrassment of riches. I am surely very grateful. I wish I could say that more convincingly!

I earnestly hope that the sermons in book form will be as welcome and helpful as they were in the columns of a great metropolitan newspaper.

S. W. P.

Study of
Thirteenth Street M. E. Church
Philadelphia, Pa.

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The God of the Lucky

Text: The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a lucky fellow (Tyndale's translation).—Genesis 39 : 2.

ANY man is lucky who has the Almighty on his side.

Those who observed Joseph said that he was lucky, and that God was with him. Sure enough, he did have the fortune to rise from a slave pen to the throne, and the Bible itself says that he was "a lucky fellow." I suppose as the other slaves saw him rise they said, "Joseph's a pretty lucky fellow." Of course, while others were gambling with long straws and short straws Joseph was "toiling upward in the night." He looked after the affairs of Potiphar, while the other slaves looked after themselves. He busied himself bettering the prison, while others busied themselves concocting plans to break out. There are plus people and minus people—Joseph was plus.

Still, God and man said that Joseph was "a lucky fellow." Most of us would rather have good luck than good looks—especially the masculine sex of us.

One ought to define "luck"—it is such an elusive thing—almost feminine in its caprice—indeed, the ancient Romans spoke of the "goddess of fortune," and some more modern folk call upon "Lady Luck." Well, the dictionary says, "That which chances to a person for good or ill." That's saying a great deal. But when one says "chance" he confesses ignorance. There really isn't such a thing. The very flip of the coin, when two teams are tossing for position on the field, is governed by the nerve, muscle, thumb, and brain that flips it. If you could calculate the mental and physical forces between the coin's leap and return you could buy the world. But you can't.

And it's that bit of ignorance that we call "chance."

If a boy hated to saw wood, and when the load of pine, hickory, and beech came in from the timber-land, most of the pine fell to his brother's side of the wagon and the hard, knotty wood fell to him, he would say that he had "bad luck." If, however, the boy's father had so stacked the wood that much of the pine fell to one and considerable hickory fell to the other, because one boy was stronger and better fitted, the word "chance" would have no place there.

If one sawed wood while the other taught his dog to balance a chip of wood on his nose, there might be still another reason.

Knocking on Wood

We're a superstitious lot.

It is in us. Very likely bred into the race way back in the jungle, where little was understood. There mountains and rivers had personalities, and importance was attached to the shapes of the clouds. Back there were many gods, each of them always in a towering rage at humans and having to be placated with sacrifices every whip-stitch. There were malevolent spirits forever watching to put one over on you, and you had to wear a charm of some kind for fear they would catch you off your guard and blink you. That's why you wear that "charm" on your watch chain, brother. However, that's possibly the only charm some of us homelier folk have.

Folks carry a coin in the pocket for "luck," comment about seeing the new moon over their left shoulder, refuse to walk under a ladder, don't like to turn back after they have started, and avoid coming in one door and going out another. As for seeing black cats, spilling salt, breaking mirrors, starting off on Friday, or sitting as one of a company of thirteen at a table—well, there's no use tempting Providence.

I saw a fellow walk back the whole length of a sidewalk the other day to pick up a pin. Who do you suppose the spineless creature was? Me! However, I had authority for my little action. I heard it way back in the last century when I was a younker:

> "See a pin and pick it up,
> All that day you'll have good luck;
> See a pin and let it lie,
> You'll wish you hadn't passed it by."

And the "point" of the pin was right in my direction, too. Wasn't I lucky?

Queer, too, we're afraid to be well, prosperous, or happy. The theory is that if you say anything about being fortunate some jinx will lay for you and get you. "How's your choir getting on?" I asked a brother minister. "Oh, fine; haven't had a scrimmage for weeks." And he reached over and rapped his knuckles on the desk. "How's trade?" I asked a business man. "Great; haven't had such a month since before the war. But—" Then he knocked on wood. "How's your rheumatism these days?" I asked another. "Fine! I forgot I had it—but—" and he tapped the arm of his chair.

Shades of Salem witchcraft! Either this is a bedlam world, or else folks are droll! I wonder why we are afraid to be happy? And why do we prefer to tell our pains, defeats, poverty, limitations? Instead of hesitating to admit we are prosperous, we ought to be afraid to admit that we are not. Did you ever hear the expression "Mockin's catchin'!"

when your elders caught you limping, or pretending to stutter, or making fun of some one's physical infirmity or misfortune? Well, "Fearing's catching!" too. Job said, "That which I feared has come upon me."

As for me, I'm done with such petty, annoying superstitions, always taking the joy out of life. Hereafter I'm done with them—maybe—if I don't weaken!

The Luck of Having a Job

Good luck is the twin brother of hard work, while hard luck is a close relative of laziness.

Luck dreams of a dollar, work earns it. Luck pictures a home, while work builds it. Luck takes a nap, while brains are winning points. Trusting to luck is fishing with an empty hook. The man who relies on luck is lucky if he keeps out of the poor house.

True luck means rising at six in the morning—out on the floor before the alarm clock stops. Living on a dollar if you earn two. Minding your own business. Noticing your own faults as closely as you do your neighbor's. It means appointments you never failed to keep, trains you never failed to catch, the opportunities you did not miss. I've noticed, too, that bad luck and an unguarded tongue often go together. Then, too, the victim of bad luck is often incapable of team work. That handicaps him from taking part in the Big Games.

Good fortune is the accident that befalls the fit. There isn't much perversity of events. The buttered-side-down of ill luck happens because it is the buttered side. Everything hits the sore spot, but not more than any other. One finds what he is looking for, and all things rush to the service of him who knows how to use them. Our successes are at least collaterally incident to our attempts. We meet casually some day the very mood for which we long have waited. If we carry a botany box of observation we shall gather many specimens. Into the magazine of the eager mind the spark of incident will inevitably drop.

Joseph was "a lucky fellow," but part of his good luck was that he had an opportunity of demonstrating his fitness for doing large things by his faithfulness to small ones. He had the luck of being a servant. That was his chance. Every fellow who has a job has a chance.

Don't think for a moment that things went smooth and without opposition at the court of Pharaoh. There were palace intrigues and high officials who tried to knife him in the dark. Any man who tries to strike twelve finds a dozen hands reaching for the muffler. When you are at the bottom lots of folks pat you on the head and say, "Poor dog! you deserve better," but start bravely upward and the crowd hunts a rock to hurl at "such an upstart."

The Breaks in the Game

Let's admit for a moment that there's such a thing as "luck." Well, to Joseph it "broke wrong," as they say on the ball field. He was sold a slave. That was the beginning—and troubles never come singly.

How about the "breaks in the game"? Is it all in the book before the game starts? Do the gods let the World's Series hinge on the shortstop's lamb chop being a trifle underdone that morning at the hotel breakfast, thereby making him soggy and missing that hot whizzing grounder by the fraction of an inch? When Sam White, of Princeton, scooped up a spinning, slippery, fumbled football and tore down the field for a touchdown the crowd in the stadium roared, "Gee! that was luck." But when he did precisely the same feat against both Yale and Harvard folks didn't know just what to say. When he did it again the next year they commenced to investigate. It was found that "Sam" had practised this very thing over and over again with patient faithfulness in the uninspiring week-day afternoon practices.

In the boxing ring, on the football gridiron, the baseball diamond, the tennis court, the golf links, amid the thundering hoofs at the races, is it all written who shall come off with winner's smile and who with loser's battered heart? Is it all written before the starter's signal? It is! The champion's name is already there in letters of gold—but the champion had already arranged the setting in many a previous tedious hour. He got the "breaks" in the game? He did! He got them through months of close observation. The champion is superior to the other fellow because he has learned to recognize a "break" when he sees it, and how to use it after he has gotten it. The champion's name is written in the book—the book of careful physical preparation, and that peculiar and mysterious psychic thing which we call "verve."

Do the "breaks" seem against you? They were against Joseph, too. But blessed is the man whom misfortune doesn't sour. If our "ill luck" embitters us we are "goners." If we are brave and smiling, things start to come our way. Some men are cradled on feathers, some on rocks. Bunyan in Bedford jail was better off than the King of England. John the Baptist in dungeon was in better "luck" than Herod on the throne, though the former was beheaded.

Franklin munching his penny roll in the streets of Philadelphia looking for a job, George W. Childs wheeling his barrow when the other boys had gone home, John Wanamaker working way into the night, and a certain orphan boy at the age of eleven thrust out on the snow bank of the world and then making good are instances of seemingly "hard luck." When some seven-by-nine court official pushed a

stumbling block in Joseph's way, he stepped up on it. Jacob had a dream about a ladder to heaven, but Joseph built a stairway to heaven out of his obstacles. A postal clerk in Washington got "fired" for being too inquisitive about work "above him." He had saved $100. Worked his way over to Japan. Started there a postal system, and became Japan's Postmaster-General at $10,000 a year.

A Bible Cinderella?

No. There was no magic nor miracle about it.

Did he have a "pull"? Yes; in a sense. He took his ill luck, that is, his father's foolishness, his brothers' envy, boyish vanity, love of money, a woman's lust, lying lips, an ungrateful butler's forgetfulness, a despot's caprice, troubled dreams, and ignorant magicians—took them and strung them all together into a rope which "pulled" him to the throne next to Pharaoh.

"He was faithful," says the Book. Exceptional virtue! He had a clear record. Remember John B. Gough's last words spoken somewhere here in Frankford, Philadelphia? "Young man, keep your record clear!" There was no skeleton in Joseph's closet. No Banquo's ghost to be spoiling his feast. No Belshazzar's fear of shadows on the wall. No Lady Macbeth crying, "Out, damned spot!"

And in prosperity? Adversity develops character—prosperity demands it. Many can bear poverty, but not prosperity. Prison and poverty did not crush Joseph, neither did prosperity and power ruin him. From slave pen to throne—was it traveled in a night? From prison rags to palace robes, from fetters of iron to chains of gold, from bed of straw to couch of down—all in a day? No; it took a lifetime. "Yes, preacher, but slaves do not become princes nowadays, do they?" Don't they? Dean Shaler said once to the students of Harvard concerning Booker T. Washington, "There was a time when this man might have been my slave; now he commands me by reason of the noble work he is doing."

The Essence of Good Luck

The great word in Joseph's vocabulary was not "luck," but God.

It was no accident that "the Lord was with Joseph." Joseph was with the Lord. His hand was in God's hand. Two centuries later David said: "My times are in His hands." That is where Joseph committed his interests. He acknowledged God, as did Captain Phillips on the deck of the "Texas" after the naval battle of Santiago, as did U. S. Grant declining royal reception in Europe on Sunday, as did Victoria telling the visiting Indian princes that the secret of her empire's glory and power was the Bible.

Joseph found God's will and went that way. He looked at his difficulties through God, and not at God through his difficulties. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass," was Article One, Section One, in Joseph's Constitution. His disappointments were God's appointments. He saw God in slave pen, prison, temptation, in the jail with the butler, or beside Pharaoh on the throne. Like a little Jewish tentmaker centuries later, he knew that "All things work together for good to them that love God."

"Them that honor Me I will honor." Joseph was true to God. God to Joseph. The secret of his success was God. Get that, friend? It was for that reason that—

His was the God of the Lucky.

Playing Life's Game

Text: Quit you like men, be strong.—1 Cor. 16 : 13.

"ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." So said our forefathers.

But I think there was always a dim suspicion that this was from the Devil's Scripture, and that the converse of that ought to be quoted: "All play and no work makes Jack, and Jill, too, dull and unprofitable."

For every time that we heard the first quoted we would have dinged and donged into our ears that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." We were solemnly informed that there was: "Lost—somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden moments, each set with sixty diamond seconds." And, horror of horrors, there was no reward offered, for they were gone forever. They were represented, those idle hands and golden moments, by marbles and tops, dolls and skipping ropes.

Pleasure had an ill name. The word was under a religious ban. In hymns, sermons, and devotions the soul was warned against the danger of pleasure. The fact that any human thing gave pleasure was in itself a signal of near danger.

A kitten or a puppy might play with exuberance—they had no soul, but a boy or a girl had a soul. And there was the constant danger. Possibly you have never yet discovered why it was necessary to be unhappy and disagreeable because one had a soul. Why, in order to fit oneself for heaven one might have to be unfit to live with here.

Somewhere recently I've seen a picture where a cartoonist had changed the face of a happy child into an unhappy man of older years. I think I see how he did it. He made the face longer, the nose sharper, the lips thinner, the cheek bones more prominent, the eyes colder and harder, the skin yellow, the muscles shrunken, the lines angular. I wonder why experience should bring sourness, why we have to sell our hearts to buy our brains? I am glad to notice that when Sir John Lubbock wrote his essay on "The Happiness of Duty" he followed it immediately with one on "The Duty of Happiness."

I think play, wholesome play, gives physical benefit as well as mental rest. It oxygenizes the blood, removes the impurities. It brushes cobwebs from the mind so that the mental self returns to work to do something really worth while. Play of a proper kind, and in proper

quantity, helps dispel much of the gloom and sorrow of a care-burdened world. There's a better chance for a sound mind in a sound body. There's "a time to every purpose under the heaven," says the Bible. Therefore, there must be a time to work and a time to play.

This sermon is written near the end of the baseball season. Downtown today there's a crowd watching the score-board. Not a boy or man of them but would rather be a popular pitcher than a possible President.

In the last few days hundreds of thousands have gathered in World Series baseball games, and the mighty stadiums of our great universities will soon be filled with enthusiastic crowds cheering the football warriors. Ninety thousand gathered about the New Jersey squared ring. Some crowd! Are these symptoms of moral decline? No, I think not. When a nation can play it can think and work.

Draw a circle around the century preceding 350 B. C. and in it you will include Sophocles, Aristophanes, Demosthenes, Pericles, Socrates, and Plato—and it was the period of the Olympic games in Greece! In the century beginning 50 B. C. you not only have Horace, Virgil, Cicero and Cæsar, but also the period when Rome was in the height of her athletic glory!

The character of a race or nation is indicated by its sports. When we introduced baseball in the Philippines the natives stopped fighting. When the next European war takes place, that is, any in which we have part, I suggest that we insist as one of the peace terms that they take up baseball as a national sport. Europe needs baseball!

The Game of Life

Life is a game to be played, an adventure to be won.

Breeding and training will tell in either man or beast. Discipline and self-control are qualities that win. One of the Harvard rowing coaches told me once at New London that in a grueling four-mile race the way his men performed in the first mile depended on their training, in the second mile on the kind of lives they had personally lived, in the third mile how their fathers had lived, in the last hard pull how their more remote ancestors had lived.

But neither the grandstand nor the bleachers care a flipperino whether your ancestors came over in the Mayflower or in the steerage; if you hit the ball you get the loud acclaim and the grand huzza, if you do not you get the hook. Nobody wants to know the reason for your failure to hit the ball. Nobody asks why the quarterback fumbled, whether he had slept poorly or had the toothache. If the fielder dropped the ball they neither know nor care that the sun shone in his eyes—he

dropped the ball! He had his chance—he missed—the game goes on. To explain in the dugout or at the hotel doesn't affect the box score. The world is too busy to heed explanations. It's a heartless world, but it has its work to do. A crowd gathers around the fellow who made the touchdown; the fellow who is telling his alibi tells it to few and unsympathetic ears.

"What's happened to Swatem," I asked the fan next to me. "He doesn't clout the ball like he did in the early season." "Bites on a slow ball on the inside," came the answer. "Can only wallop fast ones. They found his weakness. Always kills a player when they dope it out. Swatem will be back in the minors next season."

Say, did you get that, son? That fan said a mouthful! The boy with a weakness develops into the man with a weakness. Pretty soon the stiff old game of life finds that weakness. He's smart at school, clever in athletics, good at home—except for one little weakness. The boy who cheats in school, has a mean trick of untruthfulness, isn't exact in making change and thinks he's putting it over, takes pride in the number of his cuss words, tells off-color stories—he's bound for the bush league! Baseball or life—it's pretty good dope that unless you work out that weakness mighty soon it's going to prove your undoing.

Be a Good Sport

When Great Britain lost the idol of her army, Field Marshal Lord Roberts, to the fighting man in the ranks affectionately known as "Bobs," or "Blue Light Bobs," the Germans in the field expressed appreciation of their fallen enemy. Even in war there comes a moment when the fighter salutes his enemy instead of striking at him.

And the reason? They said Roberts was a "good sport." There's a recommendation from your enemy!

And who is the "good sport"? The player who is admired by friend and foe for his fair, considerate playing. He abides by the decision of the umpire; he won't stoop to unfair play. In the ring he is known as a clean fighter. On the diamond and on the gridiron he is always on the level. In a horse race he spurns the dirty tactics of the stable crooks. At the card table he's a man of honor; he won't welsh. The good sport would rather lose than win unfairly or show a mean spirit. In life's broad arena the poor sport is so swayed by his blind, unreasoning prejudice that he cannot see merit in any one—he wouldn't even give the devil his due.

The poor sport abuses his opponent in life's game. He tries to defeat him with his mouth. He says all the mean malicious things that his own piddling little spirit is guilty of. He misrepresents his enemy,

tries to poison every one's mind against him, cannot see the possibility of a single good quality in him. The poor sport makes an alibi, quits the game. When he wins he gloats; when he loses he cries "foul," tells of his own lack of condition and the contemptible methods by which his opponent won, he rends the air with his cries of how unfair is the world's decisions.

Once on Franklin Field the Carlisle Indians were playing University of Pennsylvania. My recollection is that Thorpe—or was it little Hudson, he of the magic toe? (there was an Indian for you!)—got the ball. There was a clear field before him. No; a fleet-footed Red and Blue sprinter sprang up out of the ground somewhere. In a moment he had the Redskin down with a beautiful tackle. There came the usual "piling up." The two lay there together, the fair-haired Quaker and the black-haired descendant of American savagery. He of the fair skin felt something fumbling there at the bottom of the pile, and presently became aware that his right hand was being shaken. "Good tackle!" grunted the Indian.

That's my idea of a "good sport." Honor the game you play, for he who plays the game straight and hard wins, even when he loses!

Be a Good Loser

Every one loves a winner—that is, everyone except the loser.

But if the world loves a winner it also has its admiration and respect for a game loser. The man who in spite of defeat and disappointment, set-back and grief, faces the world smilingly, is the man who will eventually win out. One of the worst defeated men for the Presidency we ever had is now one of the most respected men of the nation—William H. Taft. In the face of defeat he smiled, and no one ever heard a word of bitterness in the hour of defeat or since. Brings back the lines—

"He lost the game;
No matter for that—
He kept his temper,
He swung his hat
And cheered the winners—
A better way
Than to lose his temper
And win the day."

Take defeat when it happens, but don't acquire the losing habit. Find out how the other fellow won—and improve on that.

It is human to become discouraged after failure. One's self-confidence is weakened and one's pride is hurt. What caused you to lose? You weren't in condition? Lasker and Capablanca, the famous chess players, made the rule: "No illness shall interfere with any game.

It is the business of a player to train himself so that he shall be in good condition." Fine rule for chess—and the world! It's the player's and the worker's business to keep in condition. Night's sleep is as important as day's work. Digestion outweighs dollars. Exercise is not extravagance. Recreation is remunerative.

Demosthenes failed, only to become the world's most famous orator. Bankruptcy caused Sir Walter Scott to write the Waverley novels, and the same misfortune compelled U. S. Grant to write his "Memoirs." Deafness could not prevent Beethoven from giving the world his sonatas, nor blindness Milton's "Paradise Lost." Webster and Roosevelt were "sickly." Robert E. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia, but the government that conquered him lovingly put up a monument for him at Gettysburg.

Some day when I have just filled my fountain pen I'm going to write a sermon on "Life's Lost Causes." I do not know of a single instance when the loser was a good sport and smiled bravely that he did not come back to win in some other way, if not the same.

Don't swear, slump, nor sulk when you lose—if you do you lose not only the game, your nerve, and your temper, but your own self-respect and that of your fellows. Blessed is the loser who is a good sport. Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The fellow who conquers his temper, envy, jealousy, anger, thin-skinnedness, and all "standing around sins" is greater than he that winneth a game.

The Rules of the Game—Any Game

The fellow who "pulls a bone" is guyed, but the fellow who breaks the rules is fined or put out of the game—disqualified.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to the Gulf, the national game is played according to the rules. No game on the gridiron, no boxing match in the ring, would be worth while if rules were disregarded. Kipling said the Boer War was won on the cricket fields of England, and I believe the American Army in the World War won its fights on the back lots and open fields of American sport.

Rules are limitations. The office boy who thinks it is nothing to be ten minutes late wouldn't want the runner to be a tenth of a second late in reaching first.

Rules! Rules! Rules! They govern us from the cradle to the grave. We have got to respect them in what we eat, and there's a great big Amendment in regard to what we drink. The various names of the rules are many: "Rules of the Game," "the law of gravitation," the "Ten Commandments," the "Postal Laws and Regulations," the "Revised Statutes." If you join a club or a lodge or a building and loan

society, they hand you a copy of the "By-laws"—Rules! The traffic cop has many rules. You'd better obey them or you will have to take your flivver to the courtyard and then explain your independence of the rules to an unsympathetic judge.

Rules! You'd better mind them. In keeping of them there is great reward. A ghastly body at the morgue, a moan in the cell at the prison, a quivering form in the electric chair, tell that some have violated the Rules of the Game.

Get in the Game. Play hard—play fair. Observe the rules. Be a good sport. It may be that when the Great Scorer marks your name, He will not ask whether you have won or lost, but how you played the Game.

The Romance of the Jew

Texts: And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.—Gen. 12 : 3.

What advantage then hath the Jew? . . . Much every way.—Rom. 3 : 1.

AS a man of affairs, I want to stop and take notice of one of the most remarkable phenomena of the centuries—the preservation and indestructibility of the Jewish race. Here is a marvelous thing—a bush is burning and is not consumed! "Show me a miracle!" said Frederick the Great to his chaplain. "Sire, it is the Jews," answered the man of God. As an ambassador of God, I, too, in a labor of love, would stop and pay a tribute of appreciative recognition to this wonderful people to whom you and I are indebted for so many things, not the least of which are the fundamentals of our own Christian religion.

All the world's a stage whereon not only individuals, but nations and races, are players. Every nation has played some part, great or small. Each one has had its message for the centuries in which it lived. Rome gave government; Greece, culture; Phoenicia, commerce; the Jew has carried monotheism, the worship of a single God, through the ages. He has played his part and played it well. Where he has faltered or blundered he always paid a fearful penalty. I know of no other race that has suffered so much and survived.

When the temple in Jerusalem was destroyed the Jew became a wanderer, a man without a country. There isn't a continent, there isn't a nation, upon the face of the earth of which he is not an inhabitant. Innumerable forces of history through many ages have helped to form his destiny. His story is at once the miracle and the romance of human history. None can blot him out. Babylonian captivity, Roman domination, Grecian absorption, medieval persecution, modern massacre, have been in vain. Talk about the splendid line of Roman Pontiffs on the banks of the yellow Tiber—he was old when they began. The Jew has outlived Egypt, Chaldea, Assyria, Persia, and all the dynasties of the past. While our fathers were savages living on roots in the forest or gnawing a bone in a cave, his were princes in the house of King David. He of today is nothing more or less than a child of his great yesterday. Though removed from his Asiatic origin well nigh 2000 years, there's a queer dualism which makes him a creature old and new. He has one foot on the soil of antiquity, the other rests

on the foreground of today. His profile is that of Ur of the Chaldees, but in Russia, his features are Russian, in Italy, Italian, in Spain, Spanish. There are 50,000 black Jews in Abyssinia, negro Hebrews, while there are even Chinese Jews who observe all the Jewish religious rites and all the dietary laws—yet they have the almond eyes, the flat noses and the yellow skin of the Mongolians.

In the Fiery Furnace

The three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace were forerunners.

In the sixteenth century in Venice was begun the concentration camp known as the Ghetto. Back of the old ghetto, or iron foundry, the Jew had to live in a restricted district. The name was gradually applied to the Jewish quarter of every city. In each ghetto he developed a life of his own—religion, custom, literature, tradition, song, pleasure, all his own.

During those middle ages he was persecuted relentlessly, bitterly. It wouldn't surprise me if that medieval life had not left an indelible impress on him. That past, indeed, his any past, is not a mere memory to be cherished and revered, but a hideous, living, ever-present experience, burned on his consciousness. Is he "peculiar"? If he is, circumstances have made him so. Suppose we had taken a few thousand people of any nation two thousand years ago, set them apart to live in restricted districts, forced them to wear a distinctive garb, forbidden them to engage in agriculture, limited their usefulness to particular trades, only in rarest cases allowed to own property, many other things prohibited under pain of death—wouldn't any people become "peculiar"? Would it be wondered at if long-continued persecution would leave them suspicious? The constant menace of the proselyter would make them no less fearsome than the torture chamber itself—they would soon fear the Greeks when bearing gifts. Each period of oppression would send him back decades, grieved and bewildered.

In spite of all this he has developed a marvelous love for his stepmotherlands. The Jew has always been a patriot of the land which gave him birth. He quickly adapts himself to the country that gives him food and shelter. He soon finds himself. Given an opportunity he perfects himself in science, music, painting, sculpture, literature, philosophy, sociology, philanthropy, medicine, mathematics, history, astronomy. In all he gave his best; frequently in return he was refused civil privilege, political office, military honor. Their hands were tied and they were blamed for not using them! Persecution, fire, sword, rack, and dungeon were his reward. Captured children, murdered men, ravished women were considered his birthright.

How loyal he is may be seen in the strife of the Great War. In England 8 per cent. of the Jews enlisted to 6 per cent. of non-Jews. America sent between 200,000 and 225,000 into all branches of the service. Their quota as being about 3 per cent. of the population they exceeded by one-third. Of the 800 citations for valor, 174 won the Croix de Guerre, 130 the Distinguished Service Cross, 3 the U. S. Congressional Medal of Honor, our highest gift, and 2 the rare French Medaille Militaire. Their casualties were about 18,000. Three thousand five hundred laid down their lives by the side of their non-Jewish comrades under the poppies of Flanders. They, too, had a rendezvous with death. Honor to them! In the great conflict on all sides one-twentieth of the Jews of the world fought with nothing to gain but the opportunity of killing their own martyred race!

America spells opportunity for the Jew.

Someone has said, "In this melting pot the Jew will be lost—he is losing rapidly through inter-marriage, modernism, and infidelity."

No. He will not be lost. If he will only be true to his ancient landmarks he will find himself. You see, he belongs here as surely as the rest of us. He came with Columbus. There were five Jews in the fleet. Rodrigo Sanchez was the overseer of the crew. Luis de Torres was the interpreter. They were the first to behold and set foot on the new Promised Land. Abraham and Columbus were men who pioneered westward, not knowing whither. If, as is said, Columbus' mother was Suzanne Fonterosa, a Jewess, then Columbus was a fine successor to Abraham. There is no discovery without faith. Who can tell whether the hand that guided the Jew westward, from the Euphrates to the Jordan, from the Jordan to the Nile, from the Nile to the Tiber, from the Tiber to the Guadalquivir, did not also lead him across the Atlantic that he might, under God's sun, in a land of freedom, live where he chose, worship as he desired; no ghetto to wall him in, no tribunal to cow his spirit; free to develop his highest faculties, and in return give the best that is in him to make America the hope of a struggling world? I believe America's noble treatment of the Jew is graven on his heart. He is of a race capable of splendid sentiment and great gratitude. Time will never efface it.

The Jewish Old Testament literature moulded Puritan thought. It was the Jew who loaned Washington $600,000 to finance the Valley Forge campaign. The inscription on the Liberty Bell in our own fair city is taken from the Jewish Bible. Lincoln's addresses show his inspiration from the Jewish prophet Elijah. What a coincidence that the Lincoln penny, the coin of the little child and the common people, is a product of a Jewish designer—Victor D. Brenner. In America the Jew is a patriot without a hyphen. They have never tried to form

a "Jewish vote" at election time. He is the average citizen, reaching the heights and depths of human possibility. He is as rich as Dives or as poor as Lazarus. He is Carl Marx, the socialist, or Rothschild, the capitalist. He is Felix Adler, the law abiding, or "Ikey, the gunman." He is a Shylock or Baron de Hirsh. He is a Wanderer and yet he clings to the pale. He is homeless, yet he owns Broadway. The Jew at the lowest was Judas—at the highest he was Jesus.

An American Jerusalem

Not in Judea but in New York is the real Jerusalem.

If there are 15,000,000 Jews in the world, America has about 3,000,000, of which about 1,500,000 are in and about Greater New York. In that city every sixth person you meet is a son of Israel, while on Manhattan Island the proportion is one to four. About one-third of the student body of Columbia University is Jewish, the City College is nearly 97 per cent. New York has the largest high school in the world—the Washington Irving—practically all of its 6000 pupils are Jewish. The New York telephone directory shows 16 columns of Cohens and but 14 of Smiths. In Philadelphia there are 2½ columns of Cohens to 11 of Smiths. There was a time, a generation ago, when New York was Roman Catholic—today it is Jewish! Today there are not many more than 100 Christian Churches on the East Side, but there are 360 Jewish halls and synagogues.

The New York Jew has his own inter-racial problems. The old-settler Jew speaks with opprobrium of the "Kikes," Jews from Poland and Russia, who are claimed to be of diverse racial line. His also is the burden of the so-called oriental Jew, a dark, swarthy brother from Turkey, various sections of Asia Minor and northern Africa. They are quite different from those of central Europe. They are extremely sensitive and do not mix well with their co-religionists. Among themselves they speak Ladino, a queer Spanish or Portuguese Hebrew mixture. They are highly intelligent, usually speaking a number of languages, but no English. I am told there are at least 100,000 of them stowed away in different localities about New York. This Orient Jew is so shy and supersensitive that it is difficult to help him. If it takes a newly-arrived emigrant six to seven years to emerge from the human whirlpool of the tenements, it will take this shy and timid Isaac-like son much longer to find himself and go forth to compete with the more aggressive trading sons of Jacob.

"Under Two Flags?"

Will the American Jew ever go back to Jerusalem? Never, except as a tourist.

America is the Jew's Palestine, and Washington, D. C., his Zion. I suspect that if you plant the blue and white flag of Zionism on one side and the red, white, and blue of the United States on the other and demand of the Jew, "Choose ye this day which ye will serve," there will be but one answer.

This is his country. He is on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, he is in Senate and House of Representatives, he is Mayor in several cities. Two of New York's most successful newspapers, the World and the Times, are works of Jewish proprietors. The banking house that stands next to J. P. Morgan Company is Jewish. A Jewish engineer built the Pennsylvania tunnels under the East River.

Will the Jew inter-marry? I do not know of the future—but he has and does! August Belmont married a daughter of that Commander Perry who opened Japan to the world. The distinguished Dr. Abraham Jacobi married May Putnam, Walter Damrosch married the daughter of James G. Blaine. Ossip Gabrilowitch, the musician, married Mark Twain's daughter. The number of distinguished non-Jewish men marrying Jewish girls is very large and extremely interesting. Do you know any of the fruit of Christian-Jewish marriages? Let me refresh your memory. Did you know that Bret Harte was one? A few others are Sir John Herschel, the astronomer; Francis Turner Palgrave, the critic; Sir John Millais, the artist; Leon Gambretta, the statesman; Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer; and—now hold your breath!—the mother of General William Booth, the youthful pawnbroker's assistant, the aged glorious Christian saint of Salvation Army fame, was a Miss Moss, a Jewess! Take a look at his picture and see how she bequeathed to him the magnificent Old Testament physiognomy which was such a valuable asset in his public appearance.

"Hath Not the Jew a Soul?"

Will the Jew become a Christian? I rather think not—at least, not in any appreciable numbers. Do we have grapes of thorns and figs of thistles? Not in this year of our Lord.

The young Jew is causing his elders considerable anxiety religiously. As in all other religious bodies there is much drifting in these days of transition. The young Jew is making money, he is getting an education, he is climbing socially, he is intense on social problems, many are pronounced socialists—but he isn't becoming Christian. Not Christianity but Christians stagger the Jew. What he has undergone at the hands of the Christians in Europe would stagger us if the condition were reversed. As an outsider and a man of observation, I think there

are two things that would help save the American Jew from extinction—pride of his race and the faith of his fathers.

America is not yet perfect in its toleration—indeed, humanity never will be. But thank God for the American spirit of fair play and a chance. It is ten thousand times better than Russia, or Central Europe, from which many of the Jews have fled. Give the Jew a Gentile's chance, give the negro a white man's chance, give the woman a man's chance, give the poor the rich man's chance and they will make good. America spells that chance! You and I, Christians, worship the Jehovah of the Jews—as Christ came to interpret Him. The Jewish Scriptures, the Old Testament, begin with the story of Man, not with the history of the Jews. Our religion, the Christian religion, was founded on Jews and Judaism. Every book of our New Testament was written by a Jew, with the possible exceptions of the gospel of Luke and the Acts of the Apostles. My second text was written by a little Jewish tentmaker, he who, next to Moses, has cut the greatest swath in human history.

It was Simon Peter, a Jew, to whom Christ said, "On this rock I will build My Church." Our very calendar is based on the birthday of a Jew, and our greatest, sweetest holiday centers around the manger-cradle of a little Jewish babe! Of the Christians of the world, 500,000,000 worship Jesus, a Jew. And 200,000,000 venerate Mary, a Jewess!

But, say, Christian preacher, you haven't told the faults of the Jew. No. That is not now the subject of my story. I know the Jew's faults—I know his virtues—they are both surprisingly like the Christian's—and when I weigh them in the balance I am glad to extend my hand to my intensely human neighbor—the Jew.

The Solitaries

Text: I have trodden the winepress alone.—Isa. 63 : 3.

SUMMITS are cold, lonely places.

Great minds, leading spirits, are by the law of their natures, solitaries. To ascend is to put a distance between ourselves and the crowd. The penalty of greatness is to be out of touch with the non-great—humanity's larger half.

The leader has to start out ahead of the herd. At every crisis in the world's history the Almighty calls out some one from among his fellows to lead. His eye runs up and down the world and He picks out a man after His own heart. The meaning of leadership is this irresistible inner urge in the leader and the desire of other men to be led—the relationship is thus created. That group, leader and led, then lifts the whole of God's big purpose for mankind a notch nearer the summit.

The leader is given the power of a great single motive. It usually fills his whole sky. He can attain efficient leadership only by sinking his entire personality into one great dominant purpose. To be worth while the purpose must be the welfare of the mass. There must be back of it unquestioned integrity. Back of the oneness of purpose and the oneness of integrity, must be something even deeper—an openness toward infinity, toward the Divine Spirit, the Almighty's long purposes toward humanity. After a study of about fifty of those who have led, from Moses down to those within the memory of men still living, I have come to this conclusion:

The pressure of the unseen must be so constant and deep that, however little they may reveal to their contemporaries their inmost thoughts, it forms a subconsciousness as truly a part of their experience as the sobbing of the wind is a part of the storm. They must have vision. The leader differs from the rest of his fellows in that he sees things that they do not see, or from a different angle; he believes what the rest do not; he undertakes what they would never attempt. And this power of seeing what others do not see—seeing further than they see—seeing before they see—and seeing the end—which is not yet in view, seems so incomprehensible to the crowd that they jeer, become embittered, sometimes destroy the seer.

He does not belong to them. He belongs to the future. They do not see the future, of course. He has planted the seed of his dream.

He dies. The blade of his purpose may soon appear. The next generation sees the full corn in ear—fulfilment. Possibly the leader dies just as harvest is approaching.

Pitiless Partisanship

Indians, Turks, South Sea Islanders, Hottentots—all the tribes of the earth, no matter how uncivilized or how ignorant—speak well of their decent dead and honor their decent living.

Civilized partisanship knows no fairness.

American political history demonstrates and illustrates that. Neither character nor public service is any insurance against slander, misrepresentation, misinterpretation. Indeed, the nobler the character, the greater the public service, the greater seems the victory of polluted partisanship.

There are several reasons for this. In political campaigns the combatants know no laws of war. Political warfare is not civilized combat. Any canard is justified if it succeeds. There is no other circle of affairs among the sons of men where hatreds are as bitter as in political life—there are no amenities to soften it. Every action is seen through a light that distorts. Every purpose is conceived to be malignant in intention.

As soon as, and before, a man is elected and becomes prominent in official position, he is the target for abuse and slander. We have a great profusion of anathema for our officials when they make mistakes or advocate anything contrary to our own petty views—but not one word for official well doing. We curse better than we bless. We never do a public man justice until he is dead—and there is no longer danger of his being a candidate for any office.

While our flags are still at half-staff, and a nation is grief-stricken at the death of Woodrow Wilson, who became war broken and limp in the service of his fellows, one arises in the National Capitol to pronounce a eulogy. The words are well chosen and beautiful. But when I remember the speeches made upon that same floor—speeches that helped break the dead Chieftain's heart—I wonder that the present words do not blister the speaker's lips.

His postmortem praise is perfidious.

Slander's Venomed Spear

The Presidency is the highest office in the gift of the American people.

To that office they call the men whom they most delight to honor. I think everyone so elected gave the best that was in him to the service

of the Republic. It is curious to look back over the history of the United States and see what partisanship has said of American statesmen whose memories are now idolized without regard to party.

Washington, who is the most eminent in our national history, led the Continental Army across the hills at Valley Forge with bleeding feet, was faithful to every trust, and modest to the point of diffidence. Of him they said: "Washington has been twice a traitor," has "authorized the robbery and ruin of his own army"; "treacherous in private friendship, a hypocrite in public life"; "drawing his salary in defiance of law, in this way has stolen $4750"; "if ever a nation was debauched by a man, the United States has been debauched by Washington."

Jefferson was accused of being the lover of a "black Aspasia." So eminent a poet as Tom Moore embodied the scandal in his verse. "The whole host of Presidential sycophants are challenged to justify him by the example of him in any nation in any age." Of John Marshall, Secretary of State, Chief Justice, one of the noblest of our national figures, it was said, "You are forever doomed to blot the fair page of American history." They dragged his effigy through the streets of Baltimore and hanged it.

No character has come nearer to deification in our day than Abraham Lincoln, yet in his day he was accused of obscenity and vulgarity. Scandalous rumors concerning the legitimacy of his paternity were circulated. "Lincoln has betrayed the people. He is a cancer in the body politic. Can crack jokes like a Nero while Rome is burning—this stupid, heartless man whom the people in an unhappy hour put at the head of his Republic." A certain great editor wrote, "Lincoln ought to be hanged." A district attorney in New York presented in a public speech 16 alleged criminal charges against Lincoln.

Grant was charged with Cæsarism, drunkenness, and—he actually made a week-end trip down the Potomac on a government tug! A great Republican newspaper never printed the picture of Hayes without the word "Fraud" across the forehead. Garfield was assassinated because he appointed Robertson Collector of the Port of New York. Arthur was charged with having dissolute women darken the White House. Absolutely untrue, of course! Few public men have been so traduced as Cleveland—drunkenness and wife beating were mild accusations. Harrison's "Damnable offense" was annexing Hawaii and deposing Lilioukalani. McKinley, amiable and lovable, "through the Spanish-American War made millionaires of his friends—notably Brother Abner of the 'butternut-brown suit.'"

And Roosevelt? His strenuousness so misled his enemies that he was accused of drinking so hard that his judgment was not to be trusted. He at length had to hale an editor into court, in a notable libel suit,

before he could prove that he was really so temperate that he was virtually a total abstainer. Mr. Harding, like Daniel Webster, "Black Dan," his enemies called him, was charged with having mulatto blood in his veins, a few generations removed. Preposterous!

Public men pay a large price for their leadership. They give their very best, often break down in the performance of their most trying, most exacting work. We reward their service with vulgar lampoons and lying scandals. Then we complain that the best men refuse to take public office. To be a politician ought to be a public honor. Often we make the incumbency of their office an inferno.

When they have broken under the stress and strain, and their bodies lie in the casket, we pronounce fulsome eulogies, and give them great public honors. Our praise and tears are years too late—more's the pity!

"Can Flattery Soothe the Ears of Death?"

Only he who tries to help his fellows knows the bitter perversity of human nature. The world apparently says:

"If you want to discover continents, or liberate slaves, or cleanse tenements, or teach us how to live, you, yourself, must pay the price, not us! Give us a new fad or a freak religion, and we will prostrate ourselves in the dust. Give us a chance to prove that we are foolish and shallow, only humble us, and appeal to our vanity, and we will fill your hat with coin. But if you have anything helpful and worth while we will pass you by and let the next generation pay you—or your heirs.

"Send your messages C. O. D. and posterity will pay for them. Ask for bread and you will get a stone—in the shape of a monument. You see, you really do not belong to us. Your genius may be great, but it is not understood—it is decades in advance. Do your trick, and we will recognize you—after you are dead. We will give you posthumous fame!"

Posthumous fame means that the individual may shiver with cold—his grandchildren will wear fur-lined ulsters. The individual plants oak—posterity sells it at so much per thousand. The check is made out in the name of the individual—payable to the heirs.

Columbus spent his best years discovering land for Spain. Spain was short on gratitude, and named the new world after Americo Vespucius, an obscure pickle dealer of Seville who had wit enough to write his name on the margin of a map. The crowd jeered at Columbus—he was put in chains. So, too, with Shakespeare, whose marvelous thought, though somewhat obscured by many commentators, still exists. Today we do not even know how to spell his name. There have been

collected so far about twenty-four different spellings—not counting B-a-c-o-n.

One might go on indefinitely showing Defoe, Leigh Hunt, Bunyan, Sir Walter Raleigh on their way to prison cells; Galileo, Harvey, Janner being mocked. The Abolitionist is cursed; Lovejoy is murdered; William Lloyd Garrison is led through the streets of Boston with a rope about his neck; John Brown is swung from the gallows. The Prohibitionist is jeered at in his generation. Any social worker is first ridiculed, then denounced as an enemy to society, an infringer of personal liberty.

Every man with a large idea or high ideal should know that his way must be the way of loneliness and lack of recognition. One of the penalties of leadership is that often he must stand alone. Christ was alone in Gethsemane—He had five thousand when the loaves and fishes were given out.

But because a man does not receive recognition from his contemporaries we cannot say he has failed. Even the world doesn't say that! Men do not now say that Pallisy failed, that Johnnie Fitch or Robert Fulton failed, Robert E. Lee failed, but the United States Government put up a monument to him on the very field on which he failed. Sometimes the leader, like Woodrow Wilson, the Apostle of Peace, goes down into his grave just as the day is dawning!

Friend of mine, wearied toiler, do not despair. Possibly a Voice is saying even now, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest!" You have been working not for the present, but for posterity—and God!

Remember Calvary!

Ships That Never Come In

Text: These all died in faith, not having received the promises.—Heb. 11 : 13.

APRIL 14, 1912, the Titanic, the largest ship in the world, the last word in marine architecture, superb, unsinkable, went down into the depths of the sea with 1635 out of the 2400 human souls on board. In that midnight moonlight she became a tiny egg-shell in the path of the great, silent, insensate, uncaring iceberg.

The sea has its way of striking down gallant mariners and brave ships. There's a thrust in the side, a reeling plunge. No matter on what one of the Seven Seas the rolling waves have swallowed them up, henceforth they belong to the sea of Oblivion. One ship in every two hundred that starts on a long voyage is either never reported or is salvaged under trying conditions. The "Bureau Veritas," with its accurate record of casualties at sea, shows 1101 vessels lost every year in peace times—Neptune's toll is over three a day. Some go out from port with bands playing, flags flying, crews cheering. They are never heard from again—"missing." But where are they—into what harbor have they dropped? In the shipping news of the world of waters they are reported to have been spoken and sighted and ended their voyage at the Port of Missing Ships.

"When Our Ship Comes In"

When this writer was a little fellow his lines were cast in not very pleasant places.

There was a widowed mother with mighty slender resources. Few child wishes were gratified, sometimes where other youngsters had a surfeit. "Mother, can I have a velocipede?" A queer, pained look would sweep over the mother face, a sudden filling of the eyes with tears. "Yes, Sammy, when our ship comes in." Poor mother, it never came in!

But when neighborhood kids were taken for a day's outing to Red Bank eager boy eyes watched the ships on the river. A great steamer leaving a trail of smoke, a noisy tug boat, a broad-breasted ferry, a dainty yacht with glistening white paint and polished brass—wonder if mother's ship was among them? And those great, heavy coal barges—hope the velocipede wasn't on board them!

"What you looking for, sonny?" asked a young man wearing a committee badge. "I'm looking for a ship to come in." "That's funny," he replied with a queer smile, "that's what I'm looking for, too, Bud." "Mine's all white and pretty." "So's mine!" "Mine has a velocipede on board. What has yours?" "You'd laugh if I told you." "No, I wouldn't, neither!" "Promise you won't tell." "Cross my breath!" He bent down. "Well, my ship's a—" He broke off and glanced down the wharf. I didn't see anything but a young girl coming with a white dress and bright eyes and roses in her cheeks. They walked off together. He couldn't have had anything very valuable on his ship, for after that he never looked toward the river at all. I turned again to watch the vessels, reflecting that it was quite different when your ship was going to bring you a velocipede.

Many ships, gray and misty, have come in and gone out from my life's port, but that with the velocipede came not. And mother's weary eyes turned to blindness. Sightless, she scanned the horizon for the ship that never came in.

On the Wharf of Time

I guess all us human folks like to dream of the day when our ships will come in.

We now must labor with little reward—but wait till our ship comes in! With all that marvelous cargo of treasure, won't we unpack the boxes with exclamations of delight? Won't we share with our neighbors and divide with our friends, and buy the things we have wanted so long—when our ship comes in? Some rich uncle will die "out West," some European estate has increased to fabulous sum and to a part of it we will have fallen heir. Some unexpected good fortune will come our way and we will take that vacation, we will buy that cozy home, we will do the thing that will make the days of some one else long and bright and happy—when our ship comes in.

It is a mighty pleasant delusion, few of us free from indulging in it, but I have come to believe that the truth is that no ship ever truly "comes in" without first having been planned and built and launched and manned and sent upon some definite voyage. No more pitiful sights than of the picture of men and women, young and old, sitting idly on the great wharf of time watching the ships as they come in, and wondering why none are for them.

Some of the ships that do not come in are wrecked on the rocks and shoals of life's great sea, and always "there's a reason." Sometimes the ship lacked ballast, the ballast of self-control. Sometimes she lacked a rudder, the rudder of good judgment. Sometimes she drifted

to destruction because she had no port toward which she set her prow.

Our mental ships, like mercantile ships, must be built and launched before they can bring us a precious cargo of wisdom and the knowledge that is power. The man who spends less than he earns, who works diligently, may hopefully look for the day when the ship comes in. It may be little and not very heavily freighted, but it is a good ship nevertheless. It is just as true of our spiritual ships. If we are to drop our anchor safe within the harbor of eternal peace, we must be at our building of the ship whose sails are faith, whose rudder is obedience, and whose cargo is good deeds kindly done. If we send out our ship all right, she has at least a first chance of coming in all right.

"Unseaworthy"

When a vessel is lost on the high seas there's always a reason, of course. No craft is lying with whitening ribs, a wreck on the beach, but that there was a vital cause for her fate.

And there is always a reason why men's ships fail to arrive. When I visit almshouse, prison, and insane hospital, the most frequent expression I hear is, "My life has been a failure!" Oh, the stories I have heard of the world's sheer blindness to their merit; how pitilessly they were unappreciated. It has been their unhappy business to cast their pearls before swine; because they were prophets their fate was martyrdom. The wreck of a man appeals to you from broken eyes and hunger-sunken cheeks. What can you say? You do not say—you just listen.

You hear of the pet undermining habit. The red gods spoke to him and the wanderlust kept him from settling down anywhere. He couldn't get used to living and the laws of living, and so today he is where he is. The open sea still leads to far horizons, but here he must stay—it is too late now. There's a plank loose or a structural flaw somewhere. He couldn't be "tied down." He didn't want to serve anybody, he wanted to be his own boss. Then there were the fellows he went with. He was fond of a good time, wasn't going to deny himself—"a fellow has only one life to live." Then, too, they don't want to set themselves up to be better than others. They are hypersensitive to rebuke or instruction, they are incapable of teamwork on account of jealously, suspicion, and vanity. Laziness, indifference, and a closed mind have written their fate over the door of their inferno.

Some men are boring holes in their hulls today and will be surprised to find their craft unseaworthy when the storm and stress of tomorrow come. No marine insurance company would consider them as a

possible risk. The prospects are a sure loss. Who are the bums, the loafers, the drunkards, the outcasts, the criminals, the "lifers" in the penitentiary, the men who shall go to the gallows or the electric chair. They are the fellows who are shooting crap today in the pursuit of something for nothing. They are in the poolroom chalking their cue while they tell how the government should be run, or standing on the steps of "The Pipe Dream" ogling women as they pass. They don't know anything of current events, but they do know the name, position, and batting order of the team on the ball field—only this and nothing more. The rottenest plank of all is the speak-easy. The heroes who fall in the strife for "hootch" are shot in the back. The champion of drink doesn't stand in the temple of fame, but in the police court. Honor never has delirium tremens. Home study strengthens the mind; "home brew" weakens it. Life's beach is full of wrecks of those who scuttled their own ship. And the derelict is the dreaded danger of all seas.

"When I Have Crossed the Bar"

It is possible to lose grandly.

The great passage in the book of Hebrews, which is the text of this sermon, says that these heroes whose names are mentioned in this Jewish Hall of Fame died not having obtained the promises. The "not" is put there in full sight. At first we may feel that there must be a mistake somewhere. It is such a strange argument for faith—that those who struggled for years, and struggled nobly, should not receive the reward. But the writer goes on to make himself clear—they did not receive what they were looking for, but they received something better. Their failure was a success!

All of us have our hopes, our dreams, our aspirations, our ambitions, our affections, our faith—they are our ships at sea. Not all of these ships come in. Many fail of their port.

Not every failure is a defeat. The fact that lends distinction to Bunker Hill Monument is that the side that lost the battle is the one that marked the spot of its defeat. The United States Government erected a statue to Robert E. Lee at Gettysburg. He was Commander-in-chief of the army of Northern Virginia—the enemy—and was defeated on that field! Ever been in the old Virginia town of Alexandria? Remember the monument erected there to the memory of the Confederate private? It is entitled "Appomattox." The bronze figure expresses loneliness, weariness, dejection, poverty. The uniform of the soldier is still there, but no arms. His face is turned southward, toward ruined home and desolate country. Defeated, but going back to show what he has gained by enduring discipline and achieving heroism.

Moses' dream was unfulfilled, his ideal unrealized, his goal unreached. He had failed of his port? Yes, but we know now that it was more important for the old Israelite to reach God-like character than to reach the land of promise. On the day that the executioner's axe fell on John the Baptist in Machaerus Castle, and on Paul in the Mamertine prison it surely looked like failure. The world would surely say they had failed to reach their port.

Good Friday stands for the day of the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth. All over the world in every language men celebrate that divine tragedy. They rehearse the scene where the stricken Son of Man goes to His doom. Did a ship ever so fail of its port? His dream ended, the bubble burst, His disciples betraying, denying, doubting Him, and all scattering. His enemies take Him and hang Him upon a cross between two thieves. The crowd jeers, spits in His face, thrust out their tongues and wag their heads. They take down His mangled body and hustle it off into a borrowed tomb. "Thank Jupiter," says the Roman soldier, "that's over." Over? It has just commenced! Josephus and Tacitus and Suetonius, chroniclers of the day, are indifferent. The empire goes on its course as if nothing had happened. Failed of His port! Today Jesus lives, while the power which crucified Him lies dead and buried.

Earth's dreams may not come true, its ambitions may not be fulfilled; its goals may not be reached; its ports may not be sighted. Earth's ships may never come in, but beyond the sky line lie the sunlit shores of Heaven. Make that port. Drop there your anchor. It is your soul's haven.

Marvelous Motherhood

Text: Carry him to his mother.—2 Kings 4 : 19.

HERE is a domestic tragedy that makes the whole world kin.

Fifty-three miles north of Jerusalem, five miles from Mount Tabor, four from Jezreel, was the little town of Shunem, insignificant, yet destined to be known as long as the world lasts.

One battle can give distinction to a place which bricks and mortar, paved streets and great population, cannot do. Gettysburg might forever have been a beautiful, little obscure town in Adams county, Pennsylvania, had not one of the world's great battles been fought there.

Shunem, situated in one of the most beautiful spots on the globe, surrounded by olive orchards, fields of waving grain, bubbling springs and shaded groves, was an ideal place for an ideal home, presided over by one of the famous women of antiquity.

Elisha, the prophet, used to pass by this home on his way to Mount Carmel and back again to the school of the prophets at Jericho, of which he was the head. Something in his bearing led this woman to conclude he was a man of God, for she said one day to her husband, "I perceive that a man of God is passing by us continually." Women have keener spiritual perceptions than men. In many homes if there is any religion at all the wife has it. This woman said to her husband, "Why don't we ask him to stop and come in and be a blessing and a benediction to us? Let us build for him a little room and place therein a bed, a stool, a pitcher and a candlestick, and when he comes this way he can rest there." The suggestion was adopted and the man of God found there a home.

There came to that home an only child. One day the boy followed the father out to the harvest field. He ran and played among the reapers. The blazing hot sun of that Oriental country beat down on his head. Of a sudden things began to whirl about him. He threw up his hands to his head and cried, "My head! My head!" The father said to some of the servants, "Carry him to his mother." They bore him to the house. He sat upon his mother's lap till noon, and then died. Broken hearted she carried him to the little room of the man of God. The prophet is sent for. He comes quickly from Mount Carmel to Shunem. He goes into the room with the lad. Tries to resuscitate him—prays as he works, works as he prays. Ere long the boy's eyes are open and he is calling for his mother.

Sorrow is turned to joy; the house of grief becomes a house of gladness. Happy the homes where God and God's servants are guests—whether it be Shunem, Bethany, or the very home where you live.

History Gives Us a Thought

Nero's mother was a murderess. She gave to this world the most cruel man in the history of humanity. Byron's mother was proud, irreligious, worldly minded; disliked her "brat." She gave the world one of the most dissolute, dissipated, profligate sons that the world of literature has ever had.

John Wesley's mother, Susannea, was a praying, sensible woman, and gave to the world one of its richest and grandest characters. Today she is the foster mother of one of the largest denominations of this twentieth century. George Washington's mother was a woman of rare good sense and practical piety. She gave to the world, to America, a man whom we are proud to call "the Father of our Country."

In the northwest section of Spencer county, Indiana, one hundred and fifty miles from Louisville, forty miles northeast of Evansville, is the little hamlet of Lincoln City. There's a general store, a blacksmith shop, and garage, a railroad station and a few houses. Oh, yes, and a very good school, to which the youth come from considerable distance. I liked the rugged, earnest, sun-tanned faces of the people. Made me think of that remark of Thomas Jefferson, "The chosen people of God are those who till the soil."

I walked up the little hill where sleeps the mother of Lincoln. On the simple little granite column are the words:

Nancy Hanks Lincoln
Mother of Abraham Lincoln
Died October 5, 1818
Aged 35 Years

Instinctively I removed my hat. A mist came over my eyes. A vision of Nancy Hanks swept over my mind. "Died aged 35!" Worn. Tired. Sad. That troublesome cough! Biting poverty was her pioneer portion. Deprivation and loneliness her lot. But on her tomb were four words that express the highest praise that tongue can utter or pen indite:

Mother of Abraham Lincoln

She went down into the valley of the shadow and gave him birth. I turn reluctantly away. Sixteen miles to the south, as the bird flies, the Ohio is dancing on its way to the sea. The sun is sinking. It is growing dusk. Westward "through the sycamores the candle light is gleaming

on the banks of the Wabash"—just three counties away. Great gift God has given womankind—mothering His sons! I think I can better understand the feeling of the devout Roman Catholic toward Mary, the mother of the Redeemer.

The Motto on the Wall

A generation ago there used to be an old-fashioned motto hung on the wall—I do not see it any more—"What Is Home Without a Mother?"

It would produce a scream of derisive laughter to suggest such an old-fogy custom now. However, I am not altogether sure but that what the United States needs is a million old-fashioned mothers who shall realize that the greatest gift in the world is motherhood, and that the mightiest institution on earth is the home.

Often the soul-mothering which a child ought to receive is delegated to the public school or the Sunday-school teacher. It leaves the mother free to dress, to gossip, to attend teas which Oliver Wendell Holmes well described as "giggle, gabble, gobble, and git."

I am a minister and a public teacher and strive to magnify my office. But God made mothers before he made ministers; and I defy any minister to do any worth while work in his parish if the homes and the households are the nurseries of worldliness. Children are neglected in home training and let go wild in the vain hope that some time they will be overtaken by some evangelist and lassoed in a revival. The Lord be merciful to the woman who runs a barroom in her home and teaches her children to drink and disregard law; the woman who has a gaming table where they play cards, putting the fire of gambling in her son's blood. I frequently meet women who through years have been thrusting their sons beyond the reach of the arm of the church, and now agonize in despair because they seem to be beyond the reach of the arm of God. She's a mistaken mother who thinks she can go the way of the smart set and that her sons and daughters will go the way of God and the church. Fortunately, I believe, there are a vast majority of Godly mothers.

Someone has said, "If I could mother this world I could save it!" The old saying was, "A mother's a mother all the days of her life, a father's a father till he gets a new wife." William Ross Wallace said:

"They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

I can understand in a measure how men forsake God and live a worldly life, but the most terrible moral anomaly in our civilization today is a Godless, Christless mother with little children playing around her home. A woman may be a politician or a sea captain, if she will, but nature and God made her in body and mind to be a mother. The power of a mother in forming the character of the child is beyond calculation. Can any time separate the name of Monica from that of her son Augustine? Never despairing when he was sunk in profligacy—watching, pleading, praying with such tears and fervor that the Bishop of Carthage cried out in admiration: "Go thy way; it is impossible that the son of these tears should perish!" In all literature there are no more noble passages than those which Saint Augustine consecrates to the memory of that faithful Christian mother.

A Mother's Crown of Joy

I do not know of any happiness and pride so touching to behold as that of a mother when her boy has made good.

On the twentieth of December, 1902, Jacob A. Riis was the guest of President and Mrs. Roosevelt at breakfast in Washington. In the course of the conversation Mr. Riis happened to mention that his mother, eighty years of age, living in Ribe, Denmark, was very ill. Interrupting the breakfast, the President called for writing materials and immediately sent the following message:

"White House.
"Washington, Dec. 20, 1902.

"To Mrs. Riis, Ribe, Denmark:

"Your son is breakfasting with us. We send you our loving sympathy in your illness.

"Theodore and Edith Roosevelt."

Mr. Riis said, "When that dear old mother of mine gets that cablegram from the President of the United States she will get right out of bed cured, and live at least ten years longer." But two months later this funeral notice appeared in the newspapers:

RIIS—Entered into rest, at Ribe, Denmark, Feb. 22, Caroline Riis, beloved mother of Jacob A. Riis, Richmond Hill, Long Island.

I am sure, however, that to the last in that Scandinavian mother's heart was joy unspeakable that her boy sat beside the President of the United States.

Say, son, daughter, on "Mother's Day" go right to that mother, kiss her, and tell her she is the dearest mother in the world. Of course she isn't as pretty and kissable as you are. Her face has more

wrinkles than yours. And there's a reason for it. Yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it bent over you. She will leave you one of these days. The burden on her shoulders will break her down. The hard, rough hands will be folded on her lifeless breast. Her tired feet will put on slippers and be at rest. Those neglected lips, which gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired, color-faded eyes will have opened in eternity. Then your tears, and your terms of endearment, and your flowers will fall upon the still face—but it will be too late.

God's Helpmate—The Stepmother

Text: And, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children. . . . And he became her son.—Ex. 2 : 6–10.

THIS is the first stepmother recorded in the Bible.

Pharaoh's daughter, finding the little child Moses among the bullrushes of the Nile, believed him to be an orphan foundling, took him to her heart, and became his foster mother.

When a man's wife dies and leaves a little brood of motherless children there are not many courses open to the father for their care. He's the wage earner. Within a day or so he must go back to his work. The problem is the children. He may foist them on to some relative or he may hire a housekeeper. But she is a housekeeper, not a foster mother—that isn't her job, although she may try bravely to be that, plus her task of housekeeper. When she does she virtually becomes a stepmother.

In the formative period of life a child needs a woman's loving care—that's why God sent mothers. But the mother is gone. In addition to his own loneliness and helplessness the father soon notices that the children are running wild. He's gone all day. He cannot start them off to school, nor look after them when they come home. He cannot see that they wear their rubbers in the slush, nor be up all night caring for their croupy cough. He buys alarming quantities of clothing for them, things must be discarded half worn—there's no one to mend them. Their own mother is gone—they must have another.

She's a brave woman who undertakes that task!

Perhaps it is because the stepmother treads on such delicate ground that she has been from early ages the object of aversion in the story book, while in life she is looked upon with great suspicion and distrust. When the stepmother walks out with her adopted brood there are many critical eyes to observe whether the children are well dressed; whether they look happy and well fed, and, above all, whether they are perfect in their behavior. She falls under the sharp fire of criticism of her neighbors, and an angel could not measure up to the expectation of the first wife's people.

There's the world outdoors to meet and the world within doors. If she has to contend with children who are tattlers or untruthful, carrying things to the man for whose sake she has come into the home, then she will be in hot water all the time. She has some job!

In fairy stories the stepmother is always cruel, hateful, and unjust. She sets her stepdaughters to spinning and weaving and scrubbing and untangling great skeins of thread, until they wear their bones and flesh out, unless they are meantime rescued by a Prince Charming. In real life the stepmother is a mighty brave woman to assume the tremendous task she does.

"Alma Mater"

That's the Latin term for "foster mother."

I stood looking from the fourth story of a nearby building over the wall of Girard College last week. It was a long distance look—for a minister may not go within the grounds. I remembered how hard my widowed mother tried to get her boy into that wonderful institution in the long ago. I could on this day see the cadets on the parade ground. Some boys were playing tennis. Others catching ball. Beyond were comfortable dormitories, spacious class rooms, and dining halls. Glorious foster mother!

Next day I rode up town on Route 33. At some street corner fifty-nine little girls, happy, comfortably dressed, well behaved, got on the car in charge of three Sisters of Charity. I watched them as they got off at Allegheny Avenue. The three Sisters were kind, gentle, low voiced, and mothered the group with solicitous tenderness in the rain which was now falling. Blessed foster mothers!

I went to baptize a dying little lambkin at one of our children's hospitals. Young nurses in white dresses and white caps hovered over little cribs and cots, picked up sick and afflicted little forms, and held them in their arms without a trace of revulsion, and with every indication of compassion and affection. Merciful foster mothers!

My hat's off to all the children's homes and asylums and orphanages. May they so develop mind and body and character that in years after the generation of boys and girls who were deprived of their own parents will arise and call the institution blessed. Dear alma mater!

The Task Transcendent

In some ways a stepmother's position deserves more credit than a mother's.

Heaven knows that raising one's own children is a big enough task. With every baby that God sends He also sends with it to the mother that blind, unreasoning, uncritical, inexhaustible thing we call the maternal passion. That enables every woman to behold in her child transcendent genius, perfect beauty, superior mentality, and gives her patience to endure all the faults and aggravations of childhood.

The stepmother takes the burden of vicarious motherhood upon her shoulders, but God does not give her any such miraculous powers of blind fanatical love for those offspring not her own flesh and blood. What a mother calls high spirits the world calls mischievousness, and temperament becomes temper. Johnnie's selfishness and Susie's departure from truth are viewed from quite different angles by a mother and an unaffectionate world.

The stepmother's lot is made still more difficult by the attitude of the relatives of the children's mother. As long as a woman is dealing with her own children her family upholds her hands. They recognize that children must be disciplined and their manners corrected. But when a stepmother attempts to take a mother's place in that, there are uncles and aunts who start out to make Johnnie and Susie feel like martyrs, and ere long they are made into rebels, and it possibly isn't long until they try to instil the same thoughts into the father's mind.

Occasionally it happens that the children's stepmother is a far more intelligent woman than their own mother was, has more culture, and wider experience. Yet, no matter what she does, she is invariably criticised, misunderstood, calumniated. Her sacrifices are rarely appreciated.

If, however, the stepmother feels that it is hard for her to spend her life laboring for children who do not give her even thanks for the hours she spends cooking, sewing, and cleaning to make them comfortable, let her remember that children seldom appreciate things their own mother does for them or are grateful to them. Filial appreciation is shown mostly in funeral wreaths, or expressed best on tombstones. Mother's virtues are cried from the housetops—after she has gone.

The Foster Mother

I am glad to devote this Mothers' Day sermon to the Stepmother, for—

I think we usually expect too much of her. Mothers themselves are not perfect. How then can you expect a perfect stepmother? Poor woman! She often undertakes duties little understood when she assumes them. She loves the man so much that it blinds her to the magnitude of her task.

She assumes direction of children not her own; must learn their instincts, emotions, and ways, a thing difficult enough at best. She must give them all the lights, rights, and privileges they are entitled to—and know just where to draw the line. She must be strong enough to take her place and hold it, graciously and kindly—but hold it. She must preserve the father's influence, and never step in between him

and his children. She must try to enforce his authority—at second hand.

After she has done her best, conscientiously, with self-sacrifice, she may find with bitterness of spirit that she has apparently dismally failed to measure up to the high standard that could only be met by a saint or an angel. Nevertheless—

The good foster mother who puts her soul into the mothering of a dead woman's children, who robs neither the father of his standing, nor the children of their rightful inheritance, who guides the little feet into careful paths, and directs the older feet from straying, who, despite criticism and objection, worthily fills the place of mother in the household—that woman has been greatly successful. Her life has been worth while. This woman is God's helper.

Such a stepmother had Abraham Lincoln who, to his dying day, felt her gracious influence on his life.

Sally Bush Johnston

After the death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, Thomas Lincoln made a coffin of split boards and laid the body in the grave at the top of the hill nearby—

Little Abe Lincoln and his sister Sarah went down the hill, dazed and undone, clinging to each other in their grief. But there was work to do, and Sarah was the little "other mother." For a year she cooked, patched, scrubbed, and looked after the household as best a child might.

Then one day Thomas Lincoln went away, and left the two children alone. He was gone a week. When he came back he brought the children a stepmother—Sally Bush Johnston. This widow, who was now Mrs. Thomas Lincoln, had three children of her own, but she possessed enough love for two more. Her heart went out for little Abe, and his lonely heart responded. She brought provisions, dishes, cloth for clothing, needles to sew with, scissors to cut. She was a good cook. Best of all, she had three books.

Up to this time Abe had never worn shoes or a cap. She made him moccasins, and also a coonskin cap, with a dangling tail. She taught Abe and Sarah to read, their own mother having taught them the alphabet. She told them Bible stories, and stories of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. She told them of the great outside world of towns and cities, where many people lived. She told them of the Capitol at Washington. She fired the imagination of this long, lanky youth, who had his mother's deep-set eyes. He learned to repeat the names of the States and their capitals and figure sums with a burnt stick on a slab.

Referring to his stepmother, Lincoln said years after: "All I am, and all I hope to be, I owe to my darling mother." It is good to know that Sarah Bush Lincoln lived to see the boy evolve into the greatest man in America. She survived him four years.

I think that ordinary children are very loving and very forgiving, and are easily conciliated. If a stepmother is sweet and womanly and kind and intelligent, she can win the hearts of the children entrusted to her care. And when she does, she is entitled to a place in the Mothers' Hall of Fame, and the spirit of a glorified mother looks down from heaven in gratitude, on the woman who stepped in and took gentle care of the helpless little ones she had to leave behind.

When the world is placing its well-deserved flowers in loving memory of Mother, may I also place a humble flower in tribute of the mother's faithful substitute—the good Stepmother.

Your Mother-in-Law

Text: Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth 1 : 16.

THESE words were spoken to a mother-in-law.

The book of Judges is a battle book. The book of Ruth is a piece of rare poetry written in prose. You who are tired reading of blood and warfare, read this book. You who are embittered and cynical, read this refreshing book. You who doubt that there are virtuous women and noble men read this old-fashioned love story. You who are weary of the city's roar and rattle, read this book where crickets chirp and the dew is falling on the golden wheat stubble. You who have almost forgotten the wonder of love and that the world is full of sweetness, read this Old Testament story that is as sweet and clean and fragrant as clover blossoms in the field or Indian sweet grass in the meadow.

This Jewish Rose of Moab is one of my heroines. I am not unmindful of Sappho of Egypt, writing lyric poetry; of Maria Mitchell, leading in science; of Harriet Martineau, mastering political economy; of George Eliot in prose; of Elizabeth Browning in poetry; of Rosa Bonheur in painting; of Mary Lyon, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frances Willard, Fanny Crosby, Clara Barton, and a host of other women who have helped make the world what it is in its better aspects, but this young Moabitess makes me declare that a woman's power in the world is the measure of her power to love.

Here, briefly, is the story:

There was a famine in Judea, caused largely by the raids of the Philistines. A man of Bethlehem, named Elimelech, took his wife, Naomi, and their two boys, Chilion and Mahlon, crossed the fords of the Jordan at Jericho, went south along the eastern shores of the Dead Sea, and settled among the rich fields of the Moabites. The boys married two daughters of the Moabites, Orpah and Ruth. Away from old neighbors and friendly landscapes Elimelech drooped and died. The death angel stayed near their home, and anon the sons died. Naomi was homesick. "Sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things." She determines to start home toward Israel. Her two daughters-in-law accompany her to the border. Orpah gives her a farewell kiss. Ruth is about to do the same when a surge of pity and daughter-love surges over her toward the older woman and she utters the words

of the text—a verbal sentiment that will be repeated as long as the world lasts. Orpah goes back to Moab and Ruth goes to Judea. And there another chapter opens up that does not close until Christ, the Holy One of Israel, is born.

The reason I quote this classic Bible story is because it gives a clue to one of the most difficult relationships that there is among human beings—that of the position of a husband's or wife's mother toward a young married couple.

Virago or Ogress?

Since time immemorial the gibe at mothers-in-law has been the main stock and trade of the jokesmith, the funny paragrapher, and the cartoonist. The caricaturist has poked fun at her since chisel and stone or sun-baked brick recorded man's first attempts to be funny.

Why the mother-in-law should ever have appeared as a figure of fun is a mystery past finding out. Probably men saw in her a tragic creature about whom they must either laugh or cry. They chose laughter as the best alternative. That is why the mother-in-law jokes have such a salty and bitter taste to them. They are flavored with tears. Nor does it appear just why a wife's mother should bear the brunt of the ridicule, while the husband's mother has largely escaped unlibeled. In the funny column, on the stage, and in the comic section of the newspaper it is always the wife's mother who is lampooned. I believe that where friction exists it is more often the other way. The virago mother-in-law of men is mostly a myth, but the ogress mother-in-law with women is often a mighty serious reality.

And what are the charges against the mother-in-law?

She is accused of being a home wrecker. Seventy-five per cent of the homes broken up are charged up against the mother-in-law. The divorce courts credit her with being the chief agent of their business. The judges of the domestic relations court say that in most of the cases of domestic infelicity that come before them the mother-in-law is at the bottom of the trouble. That when a young couple have their inevitable tiffs and squabbles they will kiss and make up, and finally adjust themselves to each other's faults, foibles, and follies, but if the mother of either of the newly-weds takes a hand in it the dove of peace takes its flight.

She is accused of tale-bearing, tittle-tattle, mischief-making. She is continually poking her fingers in the domestic pie. She wants to manage the young husband, the young wife, and all their household affairs. She is poking into the garbage can and criticising how thick wifie pares her potatoes. She remarks how extravagant she is with her husband's

hard-earned money, mismanages her household, and neglects the children. She implants suspicion by telling her son that wife talks too long to the grocer's clerk, or she tells her daughter that there is something queer in hubby's coming in late twice in succession. She tells John that he is hen-pecked, and Mary that she has a brute of a husband. She would have her daughter-in-law like a caged canary and her son-in-law as domesticated as the house cat. She is garrulous, talks too much, breaks in on every conversation with her own experiences, and when squelched either goes around sullen and sulky or with a chip on her shoulder ready to fight at the drop of the hat. She becomes a persona non grata. They wish she were in Jericho—or in her own home.

The Other Side of the Question

A mother-in-law has to enact the most difficult rôle on earth.

It takes the wisdom of Solomon, the meekness of Moses, the tactfulness of Nicodemus, the patience of Job—and then some. If boys and girls are impatient and critical of their own mothers who bore them into the world, how much patience and forbearance can you expect of them for others? If it takes a long while to learn to be a model mother, how long ought it to take to become a perfect mother-in-law?

A son-in-law ought to remember that he is in much debt to his wife's mother. Whatever his wife is to him her mother made her that. What kind of a woman would she be if she turned against her who raised her through all the long years? If she is dependent upon him for the roof over her head and the bread she eats then every bit of chivalry in him ought to come to the surface. If there is a drop of sporting blood in him he would shrink from matching his youth and mental strength against an elderly woman who has probably broken herself in health and pocket for the sake of the very girl whom he married.

A daughter-in-law ought to remember that she being younger is, after all, the victor. She can afford to be generous and understanding. The older woman has passed through travail of body and soul, beside twenty-five or thirty years of sacrifice and care, to bring her boy into the world and fit him to take care of his wife. For her to take that son without a word of appreciation or gratitude isn't "cricket," as the English sport-world says. Then, too, if she has as much brain as a microbe, if she has any feminine instinct at all, she will know that no house is big enough for two families, and she will also sense a deeper psychic thing—that no two women loving the same man, even though the love is as different in its nature as milk and champagne, can possibly get along together without friction. It is inevitable. Human nature, and especially woman nature, would have to be made over before that could

be changed. If they are living in the same house they are sure to get on each other's nerves and irritate each other to the point of madness.

If a mother-in-law is queer and querulous, and quarrelsome, lacking a spirit of consideration and concession, then you must surely part, or else endure wrecked nerves and warped disposition, and live in a place that you spell with a little word of four letters. I have seen such a house where you could almost smell the brimstone. A daughter-in-law ought also to remember that frequently old folks have no interests except through their children, and that the smallest thing that concerns her John is of more interest than the rise and fall of nations. Another thing, daughter, if you ever have a man-child born to you, you will commence to resent your own daughter-in-law to be while your boy is still in the cradle. As you expect some snip of a girl to be kind and patient with you some day, be ye also kind and patient with this woman whom you have robbed of what has possibly been the dearest thing in her life. As Paul said to the Philippians—"Think on these things."

Why is a Mother-in-Law?

Now let me tell you why his mother—and some day you yourself, maybe—has the heart of a married son's mother.

From the day you first hold your boy's tiny, clinging, dependent hands in yours, you say, "I cannot bear to think of his ever being grown up and away from me—he will always be my baby!" No father ever feels that way. That is the reason there is no "father-in-law" question. Many a bride and young wife says, "My father-in-law is one of my best friends," or, "The day my father-in-law died I lost one of my best companions." You see, he never stitched the dreams of a lifetime into tiny baby dresses, never sang lullabies when the baby was sick and helpless. A father can never understand the jealousy (for it is jealousy) that exists between a mother and her daughter-in-law. "What is the matter with your mother-in-law?" I asked a young woman. "There is nothing the matter with my mother-in-law except that she is my mother-in -law." And that's that!

I have said that a step-mother's job was the most difficult and thankless in the world. I wish to amend it now by adding "mother-in-law" to the statement.

May the Lord God be pitiful to the woman who as the years are coming on has to go live with, and be dependent upon, an ingrate of a son or a daughter-in-law who doesn't want her. Better a thousand times over close her days at the County Home, where she will at least have peace and be at liberty to eat her bread without the salt of tears and the bitter taste of unwelcomeness.

I firmly believe, however, that the average mother-in-law coming into a home, either as a visitor or as a permanent guest, is mightily anxious to please. She isn't looking for trouble. She's had enough of that in her day to whiten her hair and break her heart. All that she asks is to be of service and be treated with a little affection and sympathetic understanding. A son-in-law who would bring home to his wife's mother a box of candy, the making of a new dress, remember her birthday with a birthday card in the morning and a heaping dish of ice cream in the evening, would turn her into an abject slave and worshiper. The daughter-in-law who would consult her mother-in-law as to how she raised her children, ask her her method of putting up fruit or making pie crust, go to her for advice occasionally instead of to her own mother, give a liberal portion of love, sympathy, and patience, if it didn't kill that mother-in-law with surprise, it would at least have her so overwhelmed with gratitude that she would eat out of her hand and believe that her son's wife was the marvel of the ages.

The real mother-in-law, not the one in the cartoons, is a blessing and a benediction. The writer has such an one. The real mother-in-law helps and not hinders. From the wealth of her own experience she is resourceful in emergencies. In the hour of need she is a ministering angel. When the wife is sick, where there's a crying baby, no money for a trained nurse, chaos in the house, this woman comes soft-footed, gentle-voiced, open-handed, and open-hearted, and gives her strength by day and her spirit by night that you and yours may not suffer, but may still stay in the land of the living.

Say, son, daughter, got a mother-in-law in your house? If you want the recording angel to write something nice about you in the book of gold this "Mother's Day" just plan to give a little extra courtesy, kindness, and consideration to that other mother in your household, the guest whom you are entertaining till God calls—your mother-in-law.

Why the Pilot House is Dark

Text: The people which sat in darkness saw great light.—Matt. 4 : 16.

HUMANITY seems to have an instinctive fear of night and darkness—yet God made night and darkness for human blessing as well as day and night.

The coming of the night has always filled the human mind with misgivings. To the ancients it was the end of the journey of the sun-god. His fiery steeds were weary, they needed rest, so they descended the azure steeps and plunged their burning fetlocks in the Western sea, while night in her ebony chariot followed at their heels.

Men think of night as the time when wild beasts prowl forth in the forests, and in the darkness of the city streets brutal men and abandoned women haunt the deep shadows. It is then that the black-browed sons and daughters of Belial, who love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil, prey upon the helpless sleeper and the hapless wayfarer.

And, Midnight—" 'Tis now the very witching time of night, when churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out contagion to this world," dialogues Hamlet with himself. "Now could I drink hot blood, and do such bitter business as the day would quake to look on," he tells himself. Oh, the horror of midnight when storm sweeps over land or sea. How the blood chills when the cry of "Fire" rends the midnight air. What consternation fills the household when someone whispers, "There's a burglar in the house!" At midnight the cry was heard, "Behold the bridegroom cometh!" Midnight and no oil. Doors shut. The knell of death to the foolish and unprepared. Often at midnight in silent sick chamber and beside screened-in hospital cot I have heard the ominous death-rattle in the throat, and watched as the invisible spirit struggled to free itself from the tenement of clay and take its departure into the far-reaching darkness.

Midnight in nature is only a symbol of a darker and more dreadful night. There is the midnight of the spirit. "If the light that is in you be darkness how great is that darkness," said Christ. If the turn of midnight is critical with the sick—and it is said that more people die between twelve and three than during any other three hours of the twenty-four—how much more critical to him who walks daily near the valley of the shadow of death.

"In the silent midnight watches
List thy bosom's door,
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore."

"Toward Evening"

There's a line of Greek verse—"Evening, that brings all things home."

Those six words are all that remain of a poem written by Sappho, of Lesbos, who lived six centuries before Christ. The fragment has had vitality enough to survive the changes of twenty-five hundred years. Whatever flight of imagination and whatever throbs of passion the lost ode may have contained we shall never know. But this one thought of simple universal beauty has proved imperishable.

The close of the day brings the "bairn to its mither, the wee birdie to its nest," says the beloved Scotch poet. Evening marks the end of the day's work. It means home. It's the end of another stage of life's dusty journey. It brings to us thoughts of the home-like Inn at the road's end, and of the company that before has gone and found lodging there. "In the Father's house there are many rooms," and the Master of the Inn has gone to prepare a place for us, that where He is, and our loved ones whom we have loved long since and lost awhile, we may be also. God is our Father and Heaven is our "ain countrie."

"Evening, that brings all things home!" What meanings that the pagan lyric poetess never dreamed of, can we, who have learned of Christ and of the Father's home, read into the ancient words.

Darkness may be the time for vision. When the motion picture is about to be shown the audience the room is darkened so that one may better see the movements of the people on the screen. We settle back comfortably and note the glories of the landscape, the distant mountains, the dash of the cataract, and the sheen of the moon on the still lake. There in the darkness we can smile at the comedy, weep at the tragedy, be enchanted at the beauty of the world that passes before us. So, too, God sometimes darkens our place on earth, puts out this light and that, and then before our souls He makes to pass the splendors of that country far from mortal sight.

"The Night Has a Thousand Eyes"

"I will give thee the treasures of darkness," says God. And the darkness has its treasures, sure enough.

The night is a blessing in a thousand ways. It is nature's growing time. Flowers, plants, the corn in the field, the trees in the forest, add to their growth in the night. Likewise man. He works and uses up his strength by day, and regains it by night. God giveth His beloved sleep, the Bible tells us.

Night is the time for vision. Isaac went out into the fields to meditate at eventide. It is the time for penitence. David sorrowed by night. It is the time for escape. Lot hurried out of Sodom. At sunrise he reached Zoar. It is the time for conference. Nicodemus came to Jesus by night. It is the time for conspiracy. It was then that Judas betrayed his Master. It is the time for flight. Joseph and Mary fled into Egpyt. It is the time for remorse. Judas went out into the darkness and hanged himself. It is the time for repentance. Peter went out and wept bitterly. It is the time for prayer. Christ went up into the mountain to be alone with God.

Day is the time for action. Night for thoughtfulness and rest. In the day one sees most clearly; in the night one sees the farthest. In the day one thinks the brightest thoughts; in the night the deepest. In the day we think the thoughts of men; in the night the thoughts of God—"In the night watches I will meditate on Thee," says David.

Whether night in the Arctic circle, amid wild wastes of snow and ice and loneliness; in the temperate zone among busy nations, or in the tropics heavy with the fragance of the magnolia, God is nigh, for "He makes darkness His secret place; His pavilion roundabout Him are dark waters and thick clouds."

"At Eventime It Shall Be Light"

Are we in the twilight of beginning night or the dark hour that precedes the dawn of a new day?

It is surely dark just now in this decade of our twentieth century civilization. We may even see darker evenings yet. Our boasted civilization may not be any more enduring than many others that have gone before it. It may be that Macaulay's suggestion, written in Knight's Quarterly Magazine, November, 1824, over a century ago, reviewing "Mitford's History of Greece," may yet be realized. Men have laughed at the folly of his picture—"When, perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall labor in vain to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol, over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of ten thousand masts," etc., but so would they have laughed in Thebes, Karnac, Baalbeck, or Tadmore that Solomon built in the desert. Is it

possible that this civilization which is now red with blood shall die out in blackest night?

I believe that the world is getting better—but then I'm an optimist.

In thought and speech night is made the symbol of the dark experiences of humanity. It is common to speak of the day of prosperity and the night of adversity. But the Bible studs the night season of human experience with stars of hope. I doubt if there was any period of the world's history when the world was better than today. You think that debatable? Possibly it is.

Sixty years ago America held 4,000,000 human beings in bondage. A hundred years ago the General Conference of the Methodist Church and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church sent out pastoral letters deploring the evils of the day. Back further was the Dark Ages, back still further the age of martyrs. A little further back the age that crucified Christ because he claimed to be the Deliverer of the race. In the day of Abraham there could not be found ten righteous men in the chief city of the land. Back further you will find the devil in Eden—larger even than in any American city tonight. Humanity is on the up-grade. The morning of the golden age is ahead.

Why the Pilot House is Dark

I was going up the Pacific, out through the Golden Gate, northward along the coast of California.

Night came on. "May I go up in the pilot's house?" I asked the chief officer. "It's against the rules, but I'll arrange it with the captain." We groped up the narrow staircase in pitch darkness. We stepped into a little room. A sharp click of an electric button. A flood of light. A man leaning over a wheel like a spider over a web. Another man in uniform clutched my hand in introduction till the bones cracked. Another click, again in darkness.

That red light out in the distance marks a submerged ledge running from shore far out into the channel. That alternate flash of red and white is a lighthouse. Two colored lights, red and green, glowing like gorgeous ruby and emerald, are lights on a tug, that necklace of pearls stretched out behind is made up of lanterns on the tug's row of barges. I didn't see them when the room blazed with light.

"You see," said the officer, "we have to keep it dark here, else we could not see the lights outside." Fine!

Say, friend, fellow-voyager, in the darkness of sick room, shut in from the light and music and gaiety of the world; you sitting in the darkness of a death room where your loved one lies; who now are passing through financial darkness, poverty, adversity, misfortune, misrepre-

sentation, disgrace, domestic trouble—look out the window toward the skyline. You'll see some faint little lights in the darkness which you would not have noticed in the glare. Be patient, Christ said, "The people which sat in darkness saw great light."

I guess it was the light from the throne of God.

Folks can almost love the darkness of their pilot house if they know the Pilot of Galilee is near.

St. Valentine

Text: Such as we are in word by letters when we are absent, such will we be also in deed when we are present.—2 Cor. 10 : 11.

A VALENTINE is a person—a sweetheart—a choice—made on the Fourteenth of February.

And why the name, and why the time, and why the custom? Well, St. Valentine was a Bishop of Rome during the third century. He was a man of exceptionally sweet and amiable spirit, and possessed remarkable gifts of eloquence. He was so devoted to Christianity, and won so many pagans of Rome to the new faith, that he incurred the displeasure of Emperor Claudius, was imprisoned, and finally put to death, February 14, 306 A. D. When the saints' names came to be put in the calendar, his name was given to that day on which he met martyrdom.

And why was this rare-spirited old saint chosen as the patron saint of lovers and sweethearts? Possibly because a lover's custom had come down from the Roman Lupercalia, which was observed in the middle of February; or possibly there was a corruption of the name Valentine—"galantin," a gallant, becoming "valentin," a valiant suitor. However that may be, by accident or design, the name and the day and the custom are forever connected. In Charles Lamb's essay on "Valentine's Day," the gentle "Elia" says, "Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen! Like unto thee there is no other mitered father in the calendar . . . thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is 'brushed with the hiss of rustling wings.' Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee."

There was a very old notion or belief, prevalent even before the time of Chaucer, that on this day birds began choosing their mates. In "A Midsummer Night's Dream," you'll remember, Thesus says to the awakening hunting party—"Saint Valentine is past. Begin then wood-birds to couple now?" Whenever the custom did begin, in those early days on the eve of Saint Valentine's day the young people of both sexes used to meet, and each of them drew a mate by lot from a number of names of the opposite sex, which was put into a letter-box. Every man got a maid for his valentine, and he likewise became the valentine of a lady. The man remained bound to the service of his Valentine for the ensuing year. Sings the gentle mad-woman, Ophelia, in "Hamlet"—

"Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine."

The Verbal Vane of Valentine

Inward emotions are expressed in outward forms.

My earliest recollection of valentines is of a ridiculous, colored, crude caricature of a male or female figure, burlesquing some mental or physical trait, some peculiarity of disposition or occupation. Underneath that were some doggerel verses. The tight-fisted swain, the shrew of a wife, and the old maid school teacher got theirs. Did you ever as a youngster send such an epistle to that patient "tyrant" of the school room? The so-called comic valentine was always sent anonymously—fortunately!

In later days the valentine has become a card or a letter; flowers, candy, books—some expressive token containing some sentiment of admiration or affection. There is no need for anonymity—there is no necessity for it, unless you are compelled to worship at a distance. There's bliss and agony in that! No lace-paper and rose-bud contraption of factory-make ever gave you the thrill that the home-made one did in the long ago. It was written below a big red heart in a scrawling school-girl hand, with the familiar lines:

"Roses are red, violets are blue,
Honey is sweet, and so are you!"

It was signed, "Guess who?" As though you didn't hope and know before you opened it! The years have been many and the years have been long since those boyhood and girlhood days, but like the Hoosier poet you musingly quote:

"And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned."

We live in a work-a-day world full of stolid facts, hard realities, crushing competition, sentiment-dulling materialism. I am glad for the coming of St. Valentine's Day. If I don't have to brush a tear away before the day is over then I'll know that this writer-preacher is growing old, and if I don't get a valentine from anyone, then I know where there's a crumpled flower and a verse in faded writing—

"Long, long, be my mind with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may shatter, that vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

Valentines may seem unnecessary to hard-headed, practical folk. They may seem a waste of paper and paint, of time and postage-stamps.

Perhaps they carry a sentiment that is falsely optimistic. They may encourage romance and the vague color of dreams, but the spirit they carry—the spirit of the valentine—is worth a million unsentimental worlds. The knot of roses, the bit of blue forget-me-nots, the filmy bit of lace, the cupid, the arrow, the heart, the breath of a familiar perfume, is fragrant with a secret sublime. You give a wistful sigh. You now know what you before had hoped. And God, who is a God of Love, smiles and understands!

St. Valentine's Vehicle

Among the smaller duties of life I hardly know of any one more important than that of speaking a word of praise and appreciation where that is due.

And shall I receive valentines that will gladden my heart for the rest of this day and not say a word of gracious appreciation for St. Valentine's faithful vicar—the letter carrier? No; this isn't propaganda—it's praise!

No man in uniform is so approachable as the letter carrier. The question-tired street car conductor, when you timidly ask information, may answer brusquely, "Can't you read what it says on the transfer?" The policeman may sniff the air when you are cooking your breakfast prunes and wonder if you are making home brew. The gas-meter man may give you a look as blank as the depths of your near-empty coal-bin when you ask him the figures of last month. The fireman, brave, modest, self-forgetful fellow that he is, goes flying by like Elijah in his chariot of fire—you haven't time to make his acquaintance. But the letter carrier is part of your everyday life.

The other morning it was three degrees above zero. I hurried down the street. Thank goodness, I didn't have to go far! Other people looked as if they felt the same. Then I met the letter carrier. "Fierce mornin'!" I shivered. He smiled faintly. "Pretty bad, doctor, but we've got to take the bad with the good." Say, there's a preacher without a frock coat and white necktie! I remember one day last July. Ninety-three in the shade—where there was any. People were taking the cooler side of the street—if there was any. No man worked or walked unless he had to. Again Mr. Letter Carrier—loaded down like a pack-horse with mail. His body was bent over like an inverted letter "U." The sweat dripped from every pore of his face. But still smiling—taking the bad with the good. Heat or cold, rain or shine, dust or slush, he's on the job. He may have sick ones at home or be sick himself, but he makes his rounds. Up hill, down hill, up steps, down steps, headache or backache, he delivers your mail and mine. Never be so ungracious

as to say, "What makes you so late?" or "Is that all you've got for me?" If the mail comes to his office in time, he delivers it to you in time. The service of the letter carrier is so accurate, so usual, that we accept it without mental comment. I wish I could tell you of the unseen, painstaking clerk in the office, and the lightning heroic work of the railway mail clerk. That will have to go to another time.

Mr. Letter Carrier is one of the best-informed men you will meet outside of a printing office. He tells me that where some years ago in my neighborhood he used to deliver letters to Smith, Jones, and Brown, now it is to Ceike, Pappandrikopolous, Romanoff, Rabbinski, Chriszanevicz, Tannenbaum, Bandanillo, and Gonzales. But at these homes he inquires if the baby is over the whooping-cough, and if the little girl is able to go to school again. He calls the old lady with the shawl over her head, "Gross-mutter," although he senses that that is not the right language. She answers him something that sounds like "Umbreshrein." I told him that it meant about the same as when his old Irish mother said, "God bless you!"—that it was Yiddish for "May the saints preserve you!"

I don't know what valentine you may bring me today, Mr. Letter Carrier, but I am glad to insert this section in my Fourteenth of February sermon as my valentine to you, who today are St. Valentine's vicar. Bless your cheery, faithful heart!

God's Valentine of Love

Do you and I, who have the heart of a lover, love some man or maid? Well, our love is a rope of sand compared with the love of God for us.

But how should God express that love for us—the yearning of the All-loving one for us human folk? What form will God's valentine take? Well, He sends His own Son with a message. An angel choir escorts Him to the threshold of the world. He comes to proclaim Good News—the Gospel. Peace on earth—good will toward men. It's a valentine of love to common folk, the mass of humanity, who generally know little, and care less, for hair-splitting theology and religious controversy. Not everyone can understand theology, but everyone, even a child, can understand love.

So God sent the Christ, and He told the poor, weary, sin-sick multitude that God loved humanity—that God was on their side. In the villages, in houses, in dusty synagogues, along mountain sides, by the highways and hedges, from the boat's prow, at the Sea of Galilee to the crowds sitting on the sands, He told of God's love. To the publican and sinner—He told of God's love. To the blind man cast out of the synagogue, and the scarlet girl cast out of society—He told of God's

love. The Twelve went forth carrying the same message. And then the Seventy went forth, two by two, into village and country—with the Gospel. Afterward the apostles of the early Church went forth, carrying the Good News. They went everywhere, preaching the Good News—it is easy to tell good news! When the schoolboy passes his examinations, when the young lover gets the hoped-for answer, when the young girl becomes engaged, when the baby cuts its first tooth, when you get a raise in salary, when some one leaves you some money—it's hard to keep still—it's easy to tell good news!

And the messenger of the Spirit comes down the streets and highways of today bearing the sacred message of love, and a heart that is pierced for love's sake. He stops at every door, and every street—Fifth Avenue, New York; Euclid Avenue, Cleveland; Michigan Avenue, Chicago; Woodward Avenue, Detroit; Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, and from the broadest and straightest street of our own city into the narrowest and crookedest court and alley. The Gospel is for all. Human social distinctions are largely artificial—there is no monopoly of virtue or vice to rich or poor, and the Good News is to everyone—"Whosoever."

The Good News tells that man is divine. The deepest thing in us is not devil, but angel. The future is not black and hopeless, but shot through with golden threads of glory. The bad can be made good; the good can be made better. You and I have come short, have transgressed the laws of God and our fellows, but the Good News is: Forgiveness! That's the meaning of the story of the Prodigal Son! Say, wanderer, I've a Valentine from home for you! You thought you were unforgiven, forgotten, and forsaken? I've Good News—"Let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and unto our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

And here is the heart of the Gospel-Valentine, which the Galilean Messenger brought—it is written in John 3 : 16—"God so loved—." Oh, you must open the envelope, and read the love-message for yourself. It is for you!

The Legend of Saint Swithin

Text: He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.—Ecclesiastes 11 : 4.

'Saint Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain
For forty days it will remain:
Saint Swithin's day, if thou be fair
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair."

THE old saying that if it rains on July 15th it will rain for forty days afterward grew out of a rather peculiar notion of the good Saint Swithin himself. When he was dying, on July 2, 862 A. D., he requested that he should be buried outside the north wall of his cathedral, "where wayfarers should pass over his grave, and raindrops from the eaves fall upon it."

But the friends of the good Bishop didn't like that idea at all. It did not seem to be fitting that he should be buried anywhere but inside the Winchester Cathedral, where he had lived and worked, and so on July 15th they attempted to remove his body to the Cathedral. But "on that day, and for forty consecutive days thereafter, it rained so hard that the transfer of his remains was impossible, and they finally sensed that the inclement weather must mean the displeasure of the saint and abandoned the idea." However, a century or so later, when others removed his body to the Cathedral, several miraculous cures took place which were attributed to Saint Swithin. Evidently the good saint now thought differently. But the idea became fixed among those pious folk that as the weather was on Saint Swithin's Day so it would be for forty consecutive days.

We are almost at the point through Uncle Sam's weather bureau to forecast for a month ahead. We are 90 per cent sure of the weather for a week ahead, and virtually certain for forty-eight hours. That is nearly equal to the legend of Saint Swithin and gives us more variety.

The weather is a never-failing subject of interest. Our American climate is so varied—none more so. For instance, the highest temperature recorded was at Greenland Ranch, California, July 10, 1913—134 degrees. The lowest at Saco, Montana, January 12, 1916—68 degrees below zero. How is that for the "Temperate" Zone?

"He That Observeth the Wind—"

But observing the wind is the very thing the weather forecaster does—to our profit.

God puts us to work to learn the laws of the planet on which we live that we may have dominion, as we are commanded in Genesis. Meteorology, the science of weather forecasting, is the most difficult of the sciences. The astronomer can count on the stars doing certain things for centuries ahead—their laws seem so stable. But in the phenomena of weather the seasons treat all the laws which the meteorologist tries to fit upon them as lightly as if they were prohibition enactments or Constitutional amendments. "Fickle as the weather," we say, and nowhere else is Mother Nature so essentially feminine, that is, capricious and emotional.

But as men have learned to understand the vagaries of feminine nature—in a measure—so have men learned to observe the caprice of wind and weather. Christ chided the Pharisees on the fact that while they could read the signs of the sky they could not read the signs of the times. I wonder who first noticed that moonlight nights have the heaviest frosts? The higher the clouds, the finer the weather? The farther the sight, the nearer the rain? That dew is an indication of fine weather? Year of snow, fruit will grow. Rain before seven, fine before eleven. Sunset in gray, rainy next day.

Uncle Sam sends out his warning of cold wave, and greenhouses are closed, boilers fired. Heating and lighting plants get ready for increased demands. Gasoline engines are drained, concrete work stopped, merchants change their ads for heavy clothing. Hardly an agricultural operation, from maple-sugar to sheep-shearing, but watches the weather reports. The aërial mail fliers would be helpless without that forecast.

What is "Good Weather"?

Every kind of weather is good weather.

Depends who you are. Growl about the rain? The umbrella man grins quietly—he should worry. The highway commissioner sits indoors and smiles. That downpour is dollars to him. The health commissioner's eyes look kindly—"That rain will lay the germ-laden dust." Pretty hot, you're mopping your face and complaining? The ice-man's beaming. The soda counter man oils up his cash register to stand the strain. Gets cold in October? The coal man rubs his hands complacently. Slush ankle deep? The shoe and rubber man tries to control his face and not look too delighted.

A Japanese visitor once said, "There are many remarkabilities in your country, but your climate is curseworthy." Which is very interesting—as our neighbors' comments always are. Wonder what kind of weather we would have, if people could agree for a week on what kind of weather they would like? Let me tell you that you couldn't get a

unanimous vote for even a pleasant day in a hundred years, to say nothing about a rainy one. Some day I will write a Book of Fables and the one on "Weather" will be: "Once there was a Perfectly Good Day, warm, but not too warm; bright, snappy, invigorating. The Perfect Day took a walk to receive the Congratulations of Men. This is what it overheard: 'Dear me; we need rain.' 'Getting horribly dusty.' 'This weather gives me the spring fever.' The Good Day went back discouraged. 'What's the use,' it said, 'of being a Perfectly Good Day, if this is all I get for it?' So the next day it rained."

Which brings back Mark Twain's remark: "Everybody talks a lot about the weather, but nobody does anything about it."

What is the Best Climate?

I think it is one that varies moderately. (If you are a Native Son of the Golden Gate State would you mind skipping this section of my sermon? I want to hold your love and good will.)

Now—between our ordinary selves—nothing peeves a native Californian so much as not to mention his State immediately when the subject of climate comes up. He gets particularly incensed at any intimation that there are any defects in that wonderful climate. I had it from their own lips, when I was there, that it is superior by several points to that of the Garden where our first ancestors blissfully basked until the celebrated apple episode.

You inadvertently refer to "the earthquake." Huh! Such "tremors of the earth" are "seismic manifestations." His face is a study when you mention it. First he blazes in amazed indignation. Then he looks hurt, as you would if a friend unexpectedly struck at you. Finally, it dawns on him. You are defective in some way! You need pity, possibly prayers, since you have questioned the Almighty's California climate. They had a fire, of course. But who said anything about earthquakes? You're most unkind! You show embarrassment and stammer apologetically that you must be mistaken. Maybe it was at Niagara Falls, or in crossing the desert that you saw it rain. He seems mollified, but looks suspicious. You nervously change the subject. He hangs on a moment longer to make sure that you are convinced. They have a rainy season, of course, but the rain isn't wet. It's a positive pleasure to be out in it. "Fog?" Yes, but, my, when you take it in conjunction with the scenery, it's beautiful!

"Did you ever stand on the summits of the San Bernardinos," he asks, "on the rim of the world, and see the glory of God lying at your feet in the flower-flamed valleys below, endless miles of blossoms, silver ribbons of shining streams, gardens of glowing wonder, groves of golden

oranges, and the sunset roofs of the happiest homes in the world?" "No? Well, the green fields of Eden will look yellow to you after seeing California." "St. Swithin? Never heard of her—maybe you mean Santa Anna or Santa Barbara—they're further down the coast."

If I could picture heaven like a Californian does his climate my church would be packed!

Climate and Character

No great race lives in a uniform climate.

There's nothing superlative in the far north or the tropics, neither in Eskimo nor Hottentot. The Nordic race developed as world leaders and conquerors because it had its habitat in the varying temperate climate of Central Europe. Take two men. Let one go to the tropics, the other stay about latitude 44 degrees. One continues in initiative, industry, high standards of living, and attainment. The other slips back, lazy, careless, with low standards of living. Religion, government, education, progressive civilization depend on climate and its effects. Possibly that ought to include food, soil, and the general aspects of nature.

Even in our north temperate zone we are signally affected by variations of the weather, degrees of heat and cold, direction and velocity of the winds. The east wind is depressing; the north wind bracing; west wind invigorating; south wind enervating. Your telephone works better on a clear day than on a wet muggy one—so do the wires of your nerves. Prolonged calm means lack of ventilation on a large scale. Winds beyond 20 miles an hour get on your nerves. The winds serve to mix in normal proportions the gases which compose the atmosphere, and are conducive to human health and susceptibilities up to a certain point.

Are we then creatures of our climate? We surely are—plus something else. Not only wind, but will. Not only climate, but character. Not only glebe and globe, but good and God. There are times when the heart is clouded, when the brain is overcast, when the spirit is storming—it is such times when we may rise superior to our environments. The soul takes flight like an eagle and rises above storm and cloud. Bad weather comes to every human. Rain and wind chill and dampen us, but it need not spoil our day or our lives. He who commanded wind and wave, and bade them be still, can command waves of trouble and winds of adversity. Our bodies are creatures of the earth, and must return to the dust. Our spirits are creatures of God's Heaven, and will return to the God who gave them.

"Thalassa!"

Text: The sea is his, and he made it.—Psa. 95 : 5.

WHEN Xenophon's Greeks, retreating after the battle of Kunaxa, came, after long desert marches and conflicts, in sight of the Black Sea, they burst out into joyous cries—"Thalassa! Thalassa"—"The sea! The sea!"

All island and peninsular people are lovers of the sea. Those of us who are descendants of Britons, Norsemen, Vikings—the Nordic races—somehow feel the surge of the sea in our veins.

Of the three greatest features in nature—the sky, the mountains, and the sea—the sky is the most far spreading. It stretches over all races of men everywhere. It affects them with cloud and sunshine and stars. The sky, the mountain, the sea—these three. Each the background against which our human drama has been played. The three points of our earthly dimension are the top of Mt. Everest, 30,000 feet in height; the farthest circumstance of our horizon for width; and the 31,614 feet measured to the floor of the sea off the island of Guam, for depth—and the last is the least known.

We do not know the sea. The earth used to be full of mystery—but no longer. We have measured its girth about the equator, we have mapped it from pole to pole. We have skimmed the desert with airplanes and have illumined the far corners of the Dark Continent with arc lights. We know the land, but we do not know the sea. A thousand centuries will never drive away its mystery. We may dig up the tombs of kings buried in secret sepulchre for 3500 years, but we cannot do that with dead of the sea. My, what a sepulchre! Countless millions of dead lie in coral sand and rocky tomb, decked with sea weed, pearl and shell—the waves moaning their requiem, the salt water shedding tears over their unknelled, uncoffined remains.

The sea is feminine—capricious, temperamental, beautiful in whatever mood. You must always placate it. The sea seems always half-sullen and defiant. Like the cat, it is feline—graceful, fascinating, purring softly in cuddling companionship. If the next moment you make a misunderstanding movement and the fireside sphinx becomes a primal creature of the jungle The sea is savage—you cannot civilize it. You can take the savage from Africa, but not the savage from the sea. You may domesticate the land, but not the sea.

Our first thought of the sea is nakedness and loneliness. Three-fourths to four-fifths of this tiny planet of which we are tenants is water. Uninhabited by man, save where here and there a mariner makes his home upon the world of waters, but in itself a watery world where myriad forms of life have their habitat.

Think of its history from Noah's ark to Holland's submarine! From the sailors of the Argo, journeying with Jason, to bring back the golden fleece, to the crew of the Leviathan bringing back troops to the shores of our modern Atlantic. From fairy-tale to ferry-transit, men have dotted its surface, but always is the sea the master, with hurricanes in its mane and ships in its maw.

The Power of Separation

John, on the Isle of Patmos, said, "There shall be no more sea."

To the ancients the sea was an emblem of separation. John, like Napoleon on St. Helena, was an exile, there were no ships returning to Asia or Greece. He was sea-girt, sea-imprisoned. The waves were as stone walls and chains. He saw a day when barriers should be banished—"There shall be no more sea."

Life is full of separations. We long to overcome the barriers of race, color, wealth, social discrimination, artificial rank, stupid nationalism. There is a sea between men. The individual lives in the universal and yet is the individual. In a true sense we are alone—utterly by ourselves. In birth and death, in responsibility, sorrow, sin—we are alone. We cannot unfold all ourselves to another. Speech both reveals and hides. We are hidden from each other. Some fault of style, manner, or speech hides your neighbor's excellency from you. Some day there will be no more misconceptions, no more misunderstandings. No more strife between the herdsmen of Abraham and Lot. No more contention between Paul and Barnabas. No more breaking of friendships, no more love ending in loss, no more partings in death—"There shall be no more sea."

While the ancient Jew lived on the edge of the Mediterranean he was seldom a mariner. He was his best as a trader, a tiller of the soil, a keeper of vineyards, a shepherd of flocks. Indeed, he had two sources of dread. The one was the desert, the other the sea. He had a proverb: "There are two gates to Gehenna—the desert and the sea." Across the desert came wild beast; on backs of swift camels came robbers that devastated his fields, robbed his home, drove off his flocks, carried captive his women. Over the desert came invading armies that plundered his villages and sacked his cities.

While the ocean is to us a path of commerce, a defense and an ally, to the Jew the sea was full of storm and treachery. It was a type of the way of the sinner. "The wicked are like the troubled sea which cannot rest." And yet the Psalmist said, "Thy way is in the sea." That is, in the very place they dreaded, there was the very purpose and pathway of God. Big thought in that! God's way may be in the very thing we dread. We love health, but we dread disease. We love success, we dread failure. We love life, we dread death. We cling to love—we fear loss. Yet God may be working out His purposes for us in the way of darkness as well as in the light—"His way is in the sea."

The Emblem of Restlessness

Fisher folk say, "The sea is always the sea."

They mean that it never can be trusted. Instability is its mark. It shifts so quickly from sunshine to cloud. One hour sky's blue; the next black. Now quiet as a mill pond, soon waves mountain high battering ships to pieces. Now, "Such a tide as moving seems asleep, too deep for sound or foam"—again a tidal wave that sweeps a Galveston or a Japanese coast line. The one thing safe to predict about the sea is—change.

I think that is the thought of the 107th Psalm. Science tells us today that nothing is at rest. We are familiar with the thought that every atom of the land as well as every wave of the sea is in motion. To the ancient Jew the earth was fixed. The sun might rise and set, but the earth was the one thing stable. Over against this was the sea. It typified to him the home of restlessness, uncertainty, instability, and change.

What a symbol of humanity is the sea! The sea—tossed by the winds, swept by the tides, forever restless between earth and moon. Poor humanity—thrust out upon the quaking surface of this planet, shocked by physical convulsions, the prey of disease, the victim of poverty, unrest caused by the consequence of sin. Yet the very restlessness of the sea indicates that it has not yielded completely to the grip of gravity, but feels and responds to heavenly attraction. Nor is humanity complacent with physical perils, economic wrongs, and moral evils. The race is restless with aspiration and struggle. There's a restlessness that's inspired, a discontent that's divine.

Through the heart of some of our unrest is the track of God. God's way is never in the stagnant pool; it is ever in the restless sea. Here we are forever "climbing up the climbing wave." And all human life is uncertainty and change. We never know what an hour will bring forth. It may be good or ill, bitter or sweet, joy or grief. Wed-

dings, births, deaths, sickness, unemployment, poverty—we know not our end! How different now from one, two, three, or five years ago!

The depth and distance and mystery of the sea is a parable of life. How much is the commonest life in the midst of the common crowd even more mysterious than the sea! Like the sea there is something in us that suggests eternity. Death is a bank of clouds—is it fair on the other side?

It is not only the things we achieve, but the things we cannot achieve —the things we humans long, and hope, and hunger for through the centuries. There is depth and distance and mystery in each of us—possibilities, powers, and passions; joys and hopes; aspirations and loves —these mark us as creatures of eternity.

I have been in the glass-bottom boats at the Bermuda Islands in the Atlantic Ocean, and in the glass-bottom boats at the Catalina Islands in the Pacific Ocean. I have seen the beautiful gardens and valleys, jungles and forests. What wealth, hopes, and ambitions have gone into their depths! No human lines have sounded them. Nor has anyone fathomed the marvels and darkness of human existence. Our bodies, minds, memories, consciousness. Who can explain evil, pain, injustice, inequalities, jealousy, hatred, insanity? "We know in part." "We see through a glass darkly." We are now surrounded by wonder, mystery, doubt, difficulty, but, "then shall we know even as we are known." We will understand.

The Influence of the Sea

The sea connects us with the past—makes human history one. The ships of the Norsemen, the triremes of Rome, the Spanish armada, are forebears of our great liners and modern battleships.

The sea is a great traveler—it journeys from shore to shore. It has had mighty influence upon the civilizations it has touched. The greatness of a nation is usually near the sea. In former centuries the further inland, the more dense, superstitious, and unprogressive the people. Nearly every great metropolis has been set close to the sea. Tyre and Carthage, Athens and Venice, London and New York are adjacent to the sea.

The sea seems to evoke heroic qualities. The spectacle of the ocean seems to render man more free and less patient with restraint. I know how hills inspire liberty, and valleys invoke poetry and song, but what daring heroes the first navigators must have been! No charts, no paths in the sea, no lighthouses near strange shores. No wonder the name of Columbus is immortal!

"The sea is His and He hath made it"—and it has kept alive the sense of the grandeurs and majesty of God. Our faiths and our creeds sometimes seem to belittle God. Men become very intimate with the Almighty. They often gain a loose familiarity that is not far from irreverence. He who feels a sense of his magnitude should stand out under the stars or walk by the seashore. Their immensity make him sense his puniness. The lily and the meadow teach the providence of God. The sea with its vastness, its mighty power, its length and depth and breadth, its million secrets, teach us the majesty and the unsearchable infinity of the Almighty.

The sea is the meeting place of all waters. They are drawn from a hundred countries and a thousand hills. The mighty river, the quiet creek, the mountain torrent are there. There is a common heart in us—our joys or sorrows, our laughter, our tears. Possibly in these ways we will find God. In these unfathomed depths of humanity, where all streams are one, we shall distinguish the footsteps of the Almighty—for "His way is in the sea." God in the sea! Now we understand.

What of the Crowd?

Text: But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them.—Matt. 9 : 36.

MAN is a gregarious animal—that is, he tends to association with numbers of his fellows.

Cattle go in herds, sheep in droves, birds in flocks, bees in swarms, ants in colonies, fish in schools—men go in crowds. It's the gregarious instinct that draws them together.

Nothing so interesting as your fellows in a crowd, if you can detach yourself from them; to be near them yet not of them; as if at a vantage point a visitor from Mars could stand and watch humans. It's a great study, and is a great revelation, not only of your fellows, but of yourself. It's a queer sensation to ride on a bus, sight-seeing, let us say, in a strange city, and see the miles of faces and feet passing by. On all sides of you things human, in the windows and along the walks; the things they pour down their throats, the things they eat, the things they wear; and the things they pray to, and curse at; the buildings they work in, and trade in, and worship in. You look at them, a bobbing scene of hats and clothing. In a composite picture in your mind's eye they look as if they had come out of the same mould.

The crowd—about its work—serious, feverish, anxious, hurrying. Its god success, its devil failure; poverty and loneliness, its twin hells.

The crowd—when unoccupied—restless, shallow, curious, novelty seeking, amusement hungry—dangerous.

The crowd—at pleasure seeking—vague, open-eyed, giggling, grinning, sandwich eating, peanut munching, gum chewing, souvenir buying, gaping, gullible, pushing, surging, goodnatured.

And there's a difference in crowds. You can tell them—the base ball crowd and the foot ball crowd; the prize fight and the relay-race crowd. There's a difference in seashore and mountain crowd; in picnic and steamer crowd. There's a difference in movie, musical, and lecture crowd. There's a difference in court room habitues and church attendants. O, the crowd—in train and trolley, on the waters of the ferry or in the depths of the subway; as they gather to watch the police patrol, the hospital ambulance, or the funeral hearse; as they line up, mighty myriads, to watch the passing parade. The Crowd! The Crowd—critical and credulous, content and contentious, cowardly and courageous

—a compound of curious complexity—a mass of humans, each like unto yourself, if you step down among them.

Speaking as One of the Crowd

I like to be one of the crowd—my lot is cast with them.

When I meet them as one of them they are just Tom, Dick, and Harry; when I have to erect a barrier between them and me they are Thomas, Richard, and Henry. On the post card I put Smith, Jones, and Brown; on stiff stationery I put Smythe, Joynes, and Browne.

I know the crowd, their faith, their cry, their anger, their love. I have seen it visualized in a face of bronze, on the coin of the common people and of the little child, it's the face on our American cent! Let others speak of the common herd, the plebeian, the rank and file, the hoi polloi, the vulgus, the canaille, the proletariat, the bourgeois—whatever term he uses in his language, ancient or modern—to me he's one of the Crowd, one of the Common People.

I know what the crowd can produce—the flower of human aristocracy. I can understand the heroes of the crowd. Every man in a crowd knows he's in danger of being a mere Me man, a mere Class-man. He pictures his larger self. Crowds, great men, and children, think in pictures—that is why Christ taught in parable only—He knew the Crowd. A hero pictures greatness to the crowd. They bow down to their possible selves. A great preacher or a great writer makes me see my possible self. That's why I lay my tribute at his feet. That is the marvelous power of the movies—strength, beauty, heroism on the silver screen are re-enacted in many a commonplace world—those who sit in the semi-darkness see a new light.

You cannot see a crowd, and not be stirred in some way.

You think of them as a mass at first. Then you commence to take account of the faces separately. Each wears that mask of flesh we call the face. It is a mask, the best mask it can draw, of comedy over a life of tragedy, of heroism over defeat, of pretence over deficiency. But out from them in the simple path of duty comes the hero. In my police district and fire precinct I often meet him. He's not on a pedestal. Only a Carlyle kind of hero can be put on a pedestal, or stay put. My kind would give an embarrassed smile and slip down from the pedestal. Being a hero with Carlyle consisted in conquering and displacing other heroes. The Crowd hero is a hero with other men and for other men.

The hero never feels like one. Greatness is unconscious. So is goodness. I do not believe that Christ spent five minutes in His whole life feeling like a Saviour. He would have felt hurt if He had found

anyone saying he was a Saviour in the tone people often use. He wanted people to feel as if they were like Him. He patted children's heads, spoke kindly to a woman of the street who was about to be stoned, and washed His disciple's feet. Queer stuff for a hero! How tell a hero when you see one? By his unconscious daring and his humility after the thing is over.

I do not wonder that the rulers crucified Christ—we strike at what we cannot understand—He was a carpenter, yet a colossus. And among moderns—how can you reconcile a rail splitter and a Lincoln? He was a Crowd-product. When you intensify the average man, and enlarge the sentiments of the common people, you have the genius that accounts for a Lincoln.

"Les Miserables"

On the chess board of the world the common people have been the pawns.

The multitudes existed for the glorification of the few. When the pyramid of Cheops was built it required 100,000 men for thirty years. It was to be the tomb of one man. Thousands of men worked for years on Taj Mahal. And what is Taj Mahal? The most beautiful tomb on the earth, sheltering the dust of the lovely wife of Shah Jehan. But it is more than a mausoleum—it is the symbol of an idea—that the multitudes should exist for the few.

History has been a thing of roll of drum and blare of trumpet; a story of kings, their courtiers and their courtezans. The intrigues of royalty, the jealousy of mistresses, the tricks of diplomacy, the ambitions of statesmen—and the multitudes have fought the resulting wars and paid the price with their blood. Louis, the Magnificent, probably never said, "I am the State!" but he acted it. The State is one thing, the Nation another. The State is the few, the Nation is the multitude. States may hate States, but people do not hate people. The multitude has no interest in hating the multitude.

Humanity isn't racial, but universal. Kings hate kings and slaughter the multitude. It is their sport, and they label it "glory." Read history and you are impressed with two things: The malice, the inhumanity, the awful, incredible wickedness of the few, and the humanity, the kindness, and the fellowship of the multitude.

What about the Crowd, the peace loving crowd, the common man and woman, the children of the throng, the laborer who asks the chance to work in peace and safety, the common man who craves a home for his wife and babies? America, in the province of the Almighty, has the answer. The God of Nations has so ordained it. The people are

about to take possession of the planet. The dawn of democracy is about here—the meek—the multitude—shall inherit the earth.

Psychology of the Crowd

The crowd can be directed for good or ill.

Statesmen and criminologists study the psychology of the crowd. They can be led to lynchings and commit the most horrible atrocities. There is psychic contagion. You yawn, you cough, you may take a peculiar form of suicide because others do it. Instinctively when men have great tasks they seek the crowd. Liberty Loans and great drives must have parades, bands, banners. Churches bid for the crowds in ways commendable or condemnable. Pentecost was cast in a crowd.

The Crowd must have leaders. The sheep must have a shepherd. What shall he be, statesman or demagogue? Warrior or captain of industry? Rum advocate and agitator, or editor and preacher? Whatever the faults of the church may be, and being composed of human beings it is not faultless, its function is to give men true objectives in life. Its leader, Christ, came to give just that perception of life—"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The Good Shepherd

What do you see in the crowd? How does it affect you?

Xerxes, beholding, wept, because his cohorts would soon be dead. When Napoleon saw the Scotch Greys massed, he said, "What a pity!"

To the vicious the crowd suggests plunder. The merchant sees customers. The general sees soldiers. The politician sees voters. The journalist sees readers—he is to write for them. The preacher sees souls needing salvation.

What did Christ see? He looked at the multitude in old Judea—but it was not the first time. He came to earth because He had already seen the multitude. Two figures are used in the Gospel of Matthew. Read the ninth chapter, verses 36–38. "When He saw the multitude he was filled with compassion." He saw them "as sheep having no shepherd." Some lying down, weak and sick, some scattered. He was the "good Shepherd." Would you think of Caesar, or Charles V., or Napoleon, or Bismarck, as good shepherds?

In the same breath He spoke of them as "the harvest." Isn't that a singular description? Not rotting weeds, not dank foliage, but harvest grain. Something needed to carry on the fruition of the world, mightily worth cultivating. The common people heard Him gladly. The rulers said, "The whole world is going after Him." So they hurried

and put Him to death. He represented the multitude—they represented the few.

Kings dissolve into dust, dynasties crumble, social orders pass away, civilizations rise and fall—but the people are eternal. Stand on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City in August days and watch the thousands pass by in Vanity Fair. Now turn and look toward the sea. The old ocean in its gray background whispers or thunders on the beach. The waves swell, break, ripple up the sand, and go back to the sea, to return. And the boardwalk multitude will also pass and vanish, but a new multitude will take their place—for seas and souls are symbols of eternity.

I sat in Logan Square opposite the Cathedral and watched the crowd in an evening-tide. They were coming home, tired, sweaty, hungry. As I looked the moon burst, like an incoming sea against a breakwater, through a bank of cloud, flooding and glorifying the square with silvery light. Above me, upraised like the arm of a priest who raises the cross on high as he pronounces the benediction, I saw the purple dome of the Cathedral, holding up with giant arm the cross of my Christ. And as I looked the shadow cast its vast proportion across the square. And, lo, the shadow of the cross fell over the faces of haggard men and careworn women.

And I looked—and peered—and saw the face—not of the crowd, but of the Christ!

Roosevelt—the Real

Text: The memory of the just is blessed.—Prov. 10 : 7.

I DO not like the date, October 27, to pass by me unnoted. It is the birthday anniversary of a great representative American—Theodore Roosevelt.

From October 27, 1858, to January 6, 1919—almost a decade short of three score and ten of the Psalmist, yet I do not know of any other who lived so tremendously, and with such a varied career as the twenty-sixth President of the United States.

We are a little too close to his day to do him justice. Some of us admired him so enthusiastically that our praise is a bit strident, and loses force. Some were so bitterly opposed to him that they find it difficult even yet to restrain the criticism that now is out of place. Time will properly adjust his fame. I think that adjustment will assign him a very high place in American history.

The three great outstanding personalities of American history—political history—are unquestionably Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. Possibly some may think it is too early to put him in this category. I am sure he would have been the last man to have compared himself with either of the others. I think Roosevelt would rather have had his name coupled with that of Oliver Cromwell in comparison. Cromwell was Roosevelt's hero.

In bracketing Roosevelt's name with Washington, Lincoln, and Cromwell, I am not thinking of them so much as statesmen, or even as great men, but as personalities. When you see Roosevelt you see a remarkable personality. The test of personality is the human interest in the daily incidents, reactions, and manners of the man. How did he smile; why did he frown; what were his tricks of gesture and speech; in what spirit did he meet the troubles and trials of every-day life? Some men are aloof and austere—only their doctrines interest us. Human contact with them detracts from their influence. Roosevelt was neither aloof nor austere. His life, political, domestic, personal, was singularly open, and so vitally human that men affectionately called him that which was to them a term of endearment—"Teddy."

"As Some Tall Cliff"

Among tall mountains it is hard to measure peaks.

There is too much of Roosevelt, too many vividly related phases of his unusual personality, to discuss at length his great character, much less his work as legislator, statesman, soldier, administrator, writer, sportsman, scientist, naturalist, traveler, lecturer, citizen, husband, and father.

Certain things are so outstanding in this remarkable life, however, that one can note them as Roosevelt hurries past in the rush of his impetuous course. Let me point them in rapid succession:

Roosevelt—New York millionaire's son, sickly child, Harvard graduate, amateur athlete, broncho-buster and ranchman, mighty hunter, nature lover, explorer, reformer, soldier, historian, journalist, executive of mighty State and Nation, friend and leader of the people.

Roosevelt—Ward leader, Assemblyman, Civil Service Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel of Rough Riders, Governor of the State of New York, Vice-President and twenty-sixth President of the United States.

Roosevelt—Ever lover of his country, through good and evil report. Born and bred in the East, idolized in the West, greeted everywhere by sympathetic crowds of the plain people who recognized that whatever the errors of his judgment, whatever the impetuosity of his speech, here was at heart a man who was a true democrat in a great Republic, his mind open to their aspirations, his hand outstretched to their aid, his voice outspoken for their rights.

Roosevelt—Author, advocate and exemplar of "The Strenuous Life," impatience of moderation, spurning all policies of "watchful waiting," caustic critic of more cautious men and measures. Man of great force. And folks like force. He walked with a firm stride. He chopped a tree like a lumberjack on a wager. He liked a horse that would tax a good rider. He never hunted partridges—rather lions and tigers. The brook trout did not beguile him—he fished for tarpon and shark.

Roosevelt—The thin, puny, bespectacled boy, with lips blue as band steel. At youth-time one hundred pounds, standing boxing, then staggering with blood-streaming nose before heavier antagonists, bravely sensing the coming fists that his nearsighted eyes could not see, yet holding on with sheer grit under impossible handicap. The same Roosevelt three days on a trail with broken shoulder blade; another time with three broken ribs finishing the breaking of a wild horse; at Milwaukee going on with his speech while a bullet was burning in his

body. The same Roosevelt with agonizing pain from abscessed ear, hearing defective, sight of one eye forever darkened, sciatic pains from the jungle fever, going right on with speechmaking and campaigning. We like to remember that the last words spoken in our city of Philadelphia—January 10, 1918—were "I'm having a bully time!"

Whatever his faults the one offense which could never be laid to his charge was the crime of inactivity, of which Browning said in "The Statue and the Bust":

> "The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost,
> Is—the unlit lamp and ungirt loin."

"I Sing of Arms and the Man"

Two things were predominant in Theodore Roosevelt—combativeness and sincerity.

He was a fighter, but no one ever denied his courage or questioned the undoubted sincerity of conviction with which he entered the fight. "What is right?" "What ought to be done?" That was enough! Pain or possible defeat did not deter him.

His campaign for the Presidency in 1912 will go down in political history as the most astonishing ever waged. With an improvised organization, with no prolonged period of preparation, he polled over 4,000,000 votes, and carried the electoral votes of six States. No other man could have done so much—no other man would have attempted it. He was a politician. Surely! That was now his profession. He was a vote getter. True! But I question if he ever compromised a conviction for a vote. He was not a demagogue. He denounced a thing to its face. If he were a free trader he would have waited to have reached Pennsylvania or Massachusetts for his attack. On his swing around the country in 1912, he said no more than a perfunctory word against the Democratic party until he reached the South. In 1916 he reserved his most blazing denunciation of pacifism until he reached the home of Henry Ford in Detroit. In France he denounced race suicide. In England he assailed that country's policy in Egypt.

Roosevelt was a man with whom no one could agree in all things, and with whom many disagreed in everything. He outstrode ordinary thinking men. He violated traditions one minute, and the next defended the men who created them. He fought his party one hour, and in the next was its idolized leader and defender.

He loved the limelight of publicity. He was frankly egotistical. Sometimes he was far too intolerant of the judicious opinions of others—many an unfortunate he condemned to membership in the famous Ananias Club. He surely had all the defects of his virtues. The

cartoonist always made the picture of him forceful, clenched fist, aggressive jaw, big stick. Yet there is probability that the generations to come will quote him as their representative American.

"Now Fades the Glimmering Landscape—"

Read the record of the chieftain's prowess.

As a child, "rather small, patient, suffering," says his sister, "with agonizing asthma, working to broaden out the little narrow chest, overcoming his nervousness and timidity." "I was painfully slow and awkward," he tells of himself.

At Harvard an intense interest in athletics, holding important office in five organizations and a member of six others; debating political science; discussing art and natural history; teaching in Sunday school; editing a college paper; finally making Phi Beta Kappa.

Then the long list of public and political achievements. At last the Presidency, with its milestones of the Panama Canal, settlement of the Pennsylvania coal strike, the battleship voyage around the world, the mediation ending the Russo-Japanese War, the reception of the Nobel peace prize, the reorganization of State militia on a national basis, the movement for the conservation of natural resources.

After the Presidency twilight commenced to fall on the great career. He had published about fifty volumes covering a wide range of subjects. He now became contributing editor of the "Outlook," held editorial positions on the "Metropolitan" and the Kansas City "Star."

Then came the awful carnage of the Great War. He struggled for, and preached, preparedness on the part of his country. He asked to go himself, but was refused. He sent four sons into the flame of battle. Quentin, the youngest, dear to his heart as Benjamin was to Jacob in the long ago, was the sacrifice he was to lay on the altar of his country. The young eagle was killed in a struggle with a German aviator. Falling inside the enemy's lines Quentin was buried by his foes with the honors of war. Roosevelt never wore his heart on his sleeve, but from that seventeenth day of July, 1918, when Quentin fell at Chamery, France, Roosevelt was never the same. The next morning after he had received the news he came to the Communion Service at the altar of the little church in Oyster Bay to find comfort in the presence of One who was "a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief." This Sunday school teacher, this lay preacher of righteousness in the Reformed Church, this citizen who said he desired to walk humbly and deal justly before God, came out from his Gethsemane to soon toil up the hill of Sagamore to meet his God.

"And After That the Dark"

January 6, 1919.

Shortly after midnight "Greatheart," as Kipling called him, said to his faithful colored servant, watching at the foot of his bed—"Please turn out the light, James." A new light was now about to shine for him from the throne of God! Two o'clock his wife tiptoes in and finds him sleeping. Ten minutes after four the faithful James notices a labored breathing. He calls the others from an adjoining room. But the beloved Theodore—"gift of God"—had started on the Great Adventure.

The uttermost nation on the face of the earth bows its head and half-masts its flags while the simplest obsequies ever accorded a man of great public distinction are given at Oyster Bay. No eulogy, no bands, no flowers. America's most representative American, known in every corner of the earth, goes to his grave as a quiet Christian gentleman, beloved by his neighbors. A few days later over the entire world great memorial services are held.

I lay my little wreath of tribute, at the simple dignified headstone near the high iron railing, on the grave beside the American flag which he loved so well. He lies sleeping among the trees that he climbed as a boy on the crest of the knoll above Oyster Bay. I tearfully turn from the silence and the sea toward the busy marts of men. You and I may well remember him today.

We shall not soon see his like again.

Scarecrows

Text: What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.—Psa. 56 : 3.

FEAR is not only human—it is also sub-human.

Animals have their fears, whether implanted in the instincts of the jungle, or from contact with man and his civilization. The largest of animal kind, the elephant, fears one of the smallest creatures, the mouse. The mouse fears the cat, the cat the dog, and so on through the circle of animal kind. I suppose fear is also as marked in the reptile family.

Birds, citizens of earth and sky, are timid creatures. They fear man—and his gun. Man plays on that fear. In the spring time, and even now still standing in the field, is the scarecrow that the farmer put up when he was planting his corn. The crow follows along the furrow marks and digs out the golden yellow kernel. When I was pastor of a church on the edge of the Catteraugus Indian Reservation I would hear Chief Cornplanter say, "Five kernels of corn. One for the cut-worm, one for the crow, and three for the Indian."

To cut down the depredations of the crow, and knowing the crow's fear, the farmer erects a scarecrow. Just a crude figure. An upright pole with a shorter cross stick. At the top a battered straw hat. On the arms a ragged old coat—the more flutteringly ragged the better. As the presentment of a man it seems to us ridiculously inadequate. But it often fools Mr. Crow. And we laugh. It is the clumsiest kind of a bluff. Scarecrows are absolutely harmless—wouldn't hurt anything. But the crow thinks they would. When one of my children was quite a youngster she was very averse to going out of the parsonage back door in the dark toward a brook and some trees that were down a beautiful slope from the parsonage garden. "What's the matter, daughter?" I asked. "I'se 'fraid of bears!" "Oh, you know there are no bears down by the brook." "I know they ain't, but I think they is, and that's why I'm 'fraid."

If the crow and other birds only knew how harmless scarecrows really are they wouldn't be frightened away from corn and other seeds lying so easily within reach. We know they are harmless and laugh with our superior knowledge at the birds for being so easily frightened away.

Did you ever think of the scarecrows you and I are afraid of, and which frighten us away from much better things than seeds to eat?

Some we actually construct and put up ourselves, and then are scared green at the sight of them. What fools we mortals be!

Shapes That Haunt the Dusk

Many of us were born in fear and cradled in timidity.

When we were children we were threatened if we didn't take our medicine, or go to sleep, or stop our crying, that the "bogey man will get you." We shut right up, or drank the nauseous dose, rather than have any terrifying experience with the mysterious unknown bogey man. Scarecrows!

Later we heard of ghosts. Throughout the ages mankind has had an indefinable overmastering fear of any visitant from the world of the dead. To pass a cemetery at night, or the "haunted" house, where it is said a man was murdered in Revolutionary times, would make our hair stiffen and grow brittle with fright. Or you'd wake up in the middle of the night, when it was so profoundly still that you could hear the earth squeak on its axis, and a chill would run up and down your spine. Skeleton fingers of fear tolled off your vertebræ like the beads of a rosary, and you'd glance askance toward the spooky shadowy corners of your little bedroom—and then duck your head under the covers! Scarecrows!

The thing you fear will get you! The best way to see ghosts is to be afraid of them. Nothing matters much if you are not afraid. But you can acquire almost any trouble by being afraid of it. The moment of fear may cost the lion tamer his life. Fear not and the world is yours!

We laugh, but I know folks that are scared of more foolish things than ghosts in winding sheet and shroud. While you and I are going about our business, care free, people there are who have to walk gingerly every Friday. On that day jinxes are lying in wait for them at every corner, the atmosphere is full of baleful influences. They have to walk mighty softly to avoid the malign pernicious powers of darkness and ill will that is leagued against them on the fifth day of the week. And when the Thirteenth comes—or worse still—Friday the Thirteenth, all their spontaneity, initiative, and free impulses have to be held in check because of the malicious malevolence of things. Scarecrows!

And then there are black cats, and broken mirrors, and spilled salt, and new moons over the left shoulder. Against such inauspicious things one has to cross his fingers and carry lucky stones and charms to ward off their sinister powers. And aren't opals unlucky, and don't pearls bring tears? And if you say your rheumatism isn't troubling you today, don't you have to knock on wood as soon as you mention it? Scarecrows!

Bare-faced Bugaboos

Some of these shapes frighten us out of our seven senses.

Take our dread of failure, for instance. That's one that makes me furrow my brow and look sober as a judge. The scarecrow flaps its ragged sleeves at you and declares, "You can't do it! You fizzled out once before, don't you remember?" You young Christian Endeavor folk—when you are asked to lead a meeting, make a public prayer, or give a reason for the hope that is within you—do you quail and quake and quiver, do you shake and shudder and shiver? Are you afraid that some one in the meeting will turn into a hobgoblin and rise up and devour you right where you stand? Well, they won't—you only imagine it. Scarecrows!

And we get the same feeling about people talking. "They say—" Who is "they"? Well, "they" is one of the ricketiest, scariest scarecrows ever stuck up in the field of human endeavor. But go right up to it and say, "Did you say that I have store teeth, and that I have to take them out at night and put them in a glass of rain water?" If you want to see a timorous, nervous, white-as-a-sheet, scared scarecrow, just go right up to him, tell him that you will knock his tattered straw into a cocked hat, and his ragged form will tremble like an aspen leaf.

"They say—" Remember the motto of George Keith, earl marischal of Scotland, and carved over the entrance of Marischal college, in the University of Aberdeen? "They say! What do they say? Let them say!" What will people say? Well, they'll say something. You can depend on that. People will talk. It sort of excuses their own meannesses if they can talk about someone else. Listen! child of grace. It isn't what people say, but what God says. If God says, "Well done!" you needn't care what the people say. The people said of the man in the parable that he was wise and rich. God said, "Thou fool!"

Don't hold back from doing or saying any good or gracious thing for what the fellows at the store or shop may say. They're scarecrows!

You won't have to travel far afield before you meet the scarecrow—"It-can't-be-done!" He's an awful serious looking scarecrow at first, but is apt to burst into derisive laughter. There were a lot of scarecrows when, at the edge of Kadesh-Barnea, Caleb and Joshua reported Hebrew ability to take possession of the land of Canaan. "You'll be devoured by the giants," said the scarecrows, "You are grasshoppers in their sight."

There were a lot of scarecrows along the wharf when Columbus set sail. "Poor mariners! The sea is boiling hot beyond the Canary Islands, and there are terrible monsters who devour hapless sailors"—the scare-

crows assumed a very serious look at this point. When the Admiral went right on with his preparations they changed their expression—tilted back their hats and roared—"You say the world is round? Well, when you get down the other side, how are you going to get back? Can a ship sail up hill?" There were a lot of "Can't-be-done" scarecrows when Fulton launched his "folly" on the Hudson. There were a lot of them when Peary started for the North Pole. There were as many when old Rev. John Clayton, of Kildare, got the gas to come pouring out of his pipe. They jeered, but he pushed the oil lamp off your table and 240,000 coal cook stoves out of people's kitchens. It can't be done? That scarecrow's teeth just chatter when he sees horseless carriages flying along the country road, and an airplane mail carrier overhead.

The Tyranny of Scarecrows

There are haunting shapes in the far background of most of our personalities.

We think of them as complexes, inhibitions—psychoses of various sorts known to the psychologist, the psychiatrist, and the alienist. Most of them are merely scarecrows. Some of us are really proud of their fluttering inconsequentiality. "One of my queer little twists"—we say with an air of pleased self-indulgence.

Do you remember the story—was it in "The Hoosier School Master"—of the boy who couldn't write unless he twisted a certain button on his coat? Some rival student cut the button off his coat on the morning of examination, and the boy utterly failed—so the story goes. Absurd? Not at all. It is true to human experience. There are persons who cannot write save as they stick out their tongues or contort their bodies. Others must have a certain kind of pen. I know a lecturer who has a gray suit that he wears only when he has an unusually difficult address to give, or feels special need of "striking twelve." He feels toward it as Napoleon did toward the cloak he wore at Marengo. The same person is one of the humbler writer folk, whom you know, and he cannot start writing until—Oh, shucks!—one of these days he is going to go right up to those scarecrows and knock the sawdust, or straw, out of them—maybe!

There is the scarecrow of perfection. People look for perfect happiness, and are forever dissatisfied with the many nice things they have. There are those who are looking for a perfect job—there isn't one. There's a drawback to every position from the President's down to your own. Nor is there a perfect wife or husband—after the honeymoon begins to wane. And the girl who is waiting for a perfect mate—there isn't such a thing!

The good Book says, "The slothful man saith, There is a lion—or a scarecrow—in the way." Of course there is no lion, but the lazy man has no trouble convincing himself that there is. Did you ever notice the other fellow, not yourself, of course, arguing with himself just why he shouldn't get at his task? He can twist a problem into more shapes than a pretzel ever dreamed of. Some women's favorite lion in the way is, "I'm really not well enough," and then they will curl up on the couch with a magazine or a book and a box of candy. After while they will start off to some social or amusement event in a direction in which they think there is no lion in the way. Scarecrows!

The Universal Scarecrow

The greatest scarecrow is fear. It is the haunting shadow of mankind.

I could fill the rest of this column with the titles of human fears. Fear of poverty, old age, dependency, loneliness, sickness, insanity, cancer, tuberculosis, lightning, fire, burglars, murder, and sudden death generally. Some people fear their dignity will be hurt, others that their rights will not be respected, and are always clamoring for "their rights." Do you think fear or love is the greatest incentive? And since goodness requires courage, and vice is so cowardly, I wonder if fear isn't the cause of much crime?

Wars are matters of fear rather than anger; fear of injury, fear of injustice, fear of humiliation and degradation, fear of spoliation. Why do they call our monster battleships "Dreadnoughts"? Why, England, who owned the first of the big fighting machines, and gave it that name, depends for her existence on being able to keep her lines of trade and commerce open—she must be "Mistress of the Sea." When she built that monster floating fortress she breathed a sigh of relief—there wasn't another ship of any nation on any of the Seven Seas that she had any fear of. The British Admiralty was now free from any dread of the German High Fleet just across the narrow sea.

The remedy for international fear is supposed to be the inspiring of more intense fear in the mind of our possible enemies—like Germany's policy of "frightfulness" in the Great War. You and I now know the truth, or the untruth, of that horrible theory.

Individually, our religion should be our dreadnought. Love is really the best ammunition in dealing with our fellows—at least most of them. Good will is a splendid armor plate. Kindness is a powerful cruiser. And when the supreme fear of our mortality comes upon us, it is assuring to be able to say—

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."

Our Desert Islands

Text: I . . . was in the isle that is called Patmos.—Rev. 1 : 9.

THE Island of Juan Fernandez lies 250 miles off the Chilean coast. There Alexander Selkirk, mariner, a native of Largo, in the County of Fife, Scotland, lived in complete solitude for four years and four months, from 1704–09. In 1712 Captain Woodes Rogers, of the privateer Duke, who had rescued Selkirk from his island, wrote a narrative of Selkirk and his adventures. That brief narrative gave Daniel Defoe, a Presbyterian minister and writer, an inspiration.

Defoe was a political prisoner of the Tories in Newgate. In his two years' imprisonment he did some large thinking and used his imagination to while away time of his sentence. In 1719 appeared his book, "The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." He had been editor of the Review, and written many other things worth while, but that which seemed the least was destined to become one of the most popular books ever written, only surpassed by the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress." Incidentally, when the Rev. Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell, Scotland, started the first savings bank in Great Britain, Daniel Defoe was one of the first to lend his master mind and powerful pen to spread the gospel of thrift throughout the land. I do not know which achieved most, his teaching of thrift, or his remarkable story of Robinson Crusoe.

He's a poor, wronged boy who hasn't read "Robinson Crusoe," and who hasn't lived Crusoe's life in his imagination. I can go through it yet. Can't you? You remember—

Your ship strikes a rock with sudden crash in the awful storm. It shivers. Then a torrent of water rushes furiously toward the hold. The vessel begins to sink. Crew tries to launch life boats. Lightning blazes its red torch, thunder booms its heavy guns. You are calm—you've been reading shipwreck stories for years. You gather a few things you think you'll need; a tool chest, a couple of rifles, several hundred rounds of ammunition, a compass, a sextant, a radio set, two extra suits of clothing, with shoes, stockings, khaki shirts, and so on. You run to the galley and get a good stock of canned goods. You hurry aft to the ship's library and select your ten best books, always necessary on a desert island. You lash all to a raft that is handily near. The next wave washes you over the gunwales. Next thing you know something is licking your face. It's your dog! Yes, sir, you'd most for-

gotten your dog. He's dragged you through the surf. You open your eyes. You're on a sandy beach. Storm's subsided. Sun's shining warm and bright. There's a fringe of tall palm trees along the shore with bananas, cocoanuts, dates, figs, oranges, and breadfruit growing. The branches are full of mischievous monkeys and chattering parrots. Up in the highlands are some mountain goats—those highlands where soon you'll be standing with spy-glass—good you thought to bring a spy-glass along—looking toward sky and sea, hoping some big American man-of-war will come looking for you, with Stars and Stripes floating proudly and sailors cheering. And your man "Friday," whom you found one eventful week-end after seeing his footprints in the sand—"Friday" standing amazed at this big war-canoe from the good old U. S. A.

Any boy can add his own chapters to the remarkable romance of Robinson Crusoe, and make a story easily equal to Daniel Defoe's. If he is "seventeen," and has read modern fiction, he can substitute for "Friday" a beautiful maiden, who also has been shipwrecked.

Human Islands

Human life is an island existence.

"We are all islands," says George Eliot in her letter to Mrs. Bray, "each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe, our hermit spirits dwell and roam apart." It gives us kinship to Enoch Arden, imprisoned on his "beauteous, hateful" isle, with Napoleon in his cheerless exile on St. Helena, and the beloved disciple John, among the rugged hills of Patmos, off the coast of Caria.

"In the sea of life en-isled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless, watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone."

You and I are islanders. We send out our little boats that meet, salute, pass one another, and perhaps exchange commodities, but still we are separated by great gulfs and inlets from our fellowmen. We live under the same roof with our kindred, we work in the same shop, store, or office with those we have known for years, we go in and out on the same train or trolley month after month with the same people, and yet a gulf may separate us. If scientific teaching is correct, even tiny molecules do not touch each other, but whirl about in space in their independent orbits.

"We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen."

Every human soul is a unit, a separate existence—a self, living apart from all other souls of kindred nature and inviolable by them. There is an inner depth of solitude in the human spirit which our fellow beings cannot penetrate. We may know something of each other, but there is an inner chamber, a "Holy of Holies," within us which none other ever enters. You and I walk together, but one of us may be in Cathay, the other in Ispahan. Eye looks into eye, but the deep secrets of the soul lie covered. Sometimes your solitary soul, caged in your body, hears bird-calls in the distance, but never really knowing its kind! Happy is the man who once or twice in the throng of stranger lives about him, can say, "Some one hath touched me!"

Our Island Exile

"We are like islands," says Rudyard Kipling, "and we shout to each other across seas of misunderstanding."

Sometimes our lonely sea girt islands seem out of the track of ships. We never sight sail, our beacon fires never bring relief. Loneliness often brings bitterness. We crave smiles and recognition as a baby does a mother's milk. There are many hungry spirits haunting a great city. They walk lonely through crowded streets, and the crowd itself is but an aggregation of solitudes. Elbows touch, but between souls are inter-stellar spaces.

One of the factors that isolate us is the mystery of our individuality. Each separate "I" is without counterpart. In a deep sense we are fatherless and childless; we have no kith or kin. When God makes a man he breaks the mould. Heaven builds no sister ships. We are born alone, we suffer alone, we live alone, we die alone. In all the chief matters of life we are alone.

Our circumstances isolate us often. Our wealth, our poverty, our domestic affairs are personal. A simple question becomes an impertinence. Ask a man what he earns or a woman if she dyes her hair and you'll get a brusque answer. Ask a man how much he owes the grocer or a woman her age, the answer will be at least evasive. Civilization tends to isolate us. Savages have few secrets. We are secretive in many things. It is considered a mean trick to "pump" a neighbor's child. "Is it news you're after?" you say. "Well, I heard of a firm that made a fortune in a very simple way." "How was that?" asks your news-seeker. "By minding their own business!"

I think the nearer we come to wisdom the more we become isolated. The closer we come to truth the steeper and lonelier becomes the way. The highest point in religion is in the secret revelation of the soul. Whether we reach it at a Roman Catholic mass, or at a Methodist

mourner's bench, the soul must be alone to find God. Wisdom is the whisper of the soul to itself when it has found its God. There must be silence in the audience chamber.

The Solitaries

The race grows with amazing rapidity and we dread much an overcrowded world.

But there are silent spots in it, and always will be. I know that the habits of modern life are averse to retirement. We are trained to live in public. A man is noted for being a fluent talker; he's the "life of the party," she's "a perfect scream." Not to be able to keep up a running fire of small talk is quite a handicap. That may well do for social purposes. Ruskin said, "An artist should be fit for the best society—and keep out of it." That was an extravagant Ruskinesque way of saying, "Do not let society be your master."

Few persons are capable of being alone. Some people are in bad company when they are alone. Old Gascon said, "In lonely places be to thyself the crowd." I think the old essayist was evidently of the mind of Scipio Africanus, of whom Plutarch says, "He was never less alone than when he was alone."

Greatness and genius are always lonely. To ascend is to put a distance between ourselves and the crowd. The heights are cold and lonely. The penalty of position is to be out of touch with humanity's greater part. Affliction puts us on our desert islands. The blind grope in the fog, the deaf strain to hear beyond their shore line, shut-ins look pitifully toward every passing sail—will it bring companionship? On what an island was John Milton in his blindness, John Bunyan in his Bedford jail, John the Baptist in Machareus dungeons, John the Apostle on his barren rock island of Patmos!

Isles of the Blest

I know that humanity is the loneliest thing in the universe.

It is shut off by its height from the lower animals. It looks upward and outward for companions and finds none. If other worlds have tribes they have no speech with us. Humanity drags its incurable hurt along the roads of time. The silence of the heavens when he looks up has been one of his baffling mysteries—the stars blink their eyes, but answer not.

> "The sky, noting all, makes no disclosure,
> And the earth keeps her terrible composure."

But if islands have their insulation they also have their inspiration. "I was in the isle," says John, and in the same breath he says, "I was in the Spirit."

Here is a thought. Hitherto the world has not been ruled by continents, but by islands. Tyre, Carthage, Phoenicia, Greece, and Britain have at different times been world leaders. Which may be an allegory. Possibly every isolation is a preparation for a conquest. Moses back of Horeb, Jesus in the wilderness, Paul in Arabia—you and I on our desert isle.

And here is another thought: There is no solitariness of the human soul that God cannot penetrate. Our globe life is like the gold fish in your home aquarium. There is tremendous truth in the statement, "Thou God seest me!" There is no secret place in the soul to which He has not access. We are always within the inescapable gaze of the Almighty. But God's eyes are kind—His islands are blest.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

God and Co., Builders

Text: We are laborers together with God.—1 Cor. 3 : 9.

MEN and God are partners.

Partnership is the world's secret of success. Nations formulate treaties and act in concert with one another, winning wars and establishing the structure of civilization. Families form matrimonial alliances and so increase their wealth and strengthen their social position. Individuals form commercial partnerships and enlarge their business capacity.

Christ sent the early disciples out two by two. It increased their effectiveness. The Christian of today is worthless if he stands alone—"Without me ye can do nothing," are the words of the Master. Any work carried on without Him is a failure. With all its faults the Church is the greatest organization the world has ever seen. The Christian not a member of a church is but a straggler, a mere camp follower. No matter how good his intentions, how sincere his belief, how faithful his efforts—he lacks team work. He is a ball player going out to play alone. He is a workman building a railroad across the continent of time all by himself. He's pitifully inadequate.

In another letter to the church at Corinth Paul says, "We then are workers together with Him." Notice that "then." That's Paul's peculiar personality. Always logical. "Then" means "therefore," for these reasons, on these grounds, for these ends.

We are workers—savages are not. Soon as they start to work they start away from savagery. Nature is a worker, only we never see her in her working garbs. We see nature when she has put on her finest spring gown of glorious hues, or her winter dress of glistening white, or when she takes her brush and colors the Autumn maple leaf. Our whole planet is a place of working. There are innumerable things in the work shop; things begun, things half-finished; things in progress, ever moving on. Thoughts are continually becoming things. Who spoke of God as an absentee idler? Wrong! Christ said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." My Father is no idler. Nor I either. Whether in the carpenter shop or here on the hill side I am trying to do constructive, creative work. "The Father and I are one in that."

"Togethers"—"workers together"—there's a good word, "Togetherness."

All effort is not work, there must be some togetherness. When a bird is building a nest you don't say, "Working like a bird." You work like a beaver, who with his fellows is building a dam. You don't say, "I'm as busy as a spider"—the spider is alone—you're as busy as a bee, working for the community in the hive. Don't go to the butterfly for an example, thou sluggard, go to the ant, consider her ways as she toils for the little ant colony.

God—The Master Builder

The Creator—God—is not only busy, but He is busy working. That is His passion. He loves to build. He lives to build. The Creator—God—is transforming chaos into unity, discord into harmony, darkness into light, raw material into spiritual perfection. God has a passion for quality. He is busy changing infinitely vast fields of luminous gas into stars and solar systems.

It is fascinating to watch God build. He has so many ways of doing things. Sometimes he builds as the artist paints pictures; sometimes as a weaver threads beautiful dreams; sometimes as a mason builds arches and cathedrals. Ever watch God transforming dust and moisture and sunlight into a glorious sunset? What a delight to follow him as he transforms a dirty bulb into a beautiful fragrant hyacinth or a proud spotless lily! In these spring days he is running the sap up the arteries of the trees and fashioning buds and fluting the leaves on the lilac bush. "You can almost see them grow!" You could if your eye was as slow as a time exposure or as quick as the camera shutter.

And God is busy building humanities. He is busy building civilizations. He is also building in the realm of mind and spirit as well as of matter. He is building universal spiritualities. He is building a Christed universe—that is, built after Christ's spirit. In all this you and I are working with the Master Builder—"workers together with God."

God sketches the plans. Puts them on the trestle board, as our Masonic friends would say. Gives us the blue prints. Then he puts it up to us, leaves us to our own initiative to put things together by our own ingenuity. We ask for bread and he gives us a handful of seed and points to the soil. We ask for fish and he leads us to the brook. We ask for a mast and he points to the forest. Mind you, we are workers "together." The seed would stay in the soil and rot unless God gave it the mysterious principle of life and growth. If you think you can do it by yourself just drop a stone in the soil and sit down and wait for it to sprout up.

If we are lazy—and we are all as lazy as we dare be—he sends necessity as a scourge or whip. Hunger and cold stimulate. The anthracite

would still be in the hills of Pennsylvania if December winds and snows did not chill our skin. Only the fever and ague made man discover the Peruvian bark. Only pain in the vitals made man take the knife and explore the cancerous body. Only as he realized his slowness of foot did he ask the horse to work with him. As his need in transportation drove him he discovered steam, and electricity, and oil. To satisfy the eye and tongue he took the sweet brier and developed the American beauty; the bitter orange to the seedless luscious navel; the gnarled crab apple to the variety that ravishes your taste.

Man's growing need made him move from a cave to a mansion, it changed the crooked stick into a steel plow; it enlarged his granary from a hole in the ground like a squirrel's store of nuts to a great grain elevator; it took his hollow fire-burned log and fashioned it into a boat, it helped him rig a sail and use a wooden rudder instead of his foot or oar. It took him from the selfishness of the solitary and placed him in families and tribes and cities and nations.

In all these things God created the raw material for man before He put him to work as an entered apprentice, a fellow craftsman, a master workman like unto Himself. He put the marble in the hills, He put the iron ore beneath the ground, the trees in the forest; fire and electricity and gravitation were waiting for the coming of the sons of God. You see, our Father hath been working hitherto, getting the earth ready for us, giving us a wonderful body to live in, and a marvelous brain to control the body and other things material.

The Fellow Craftsman

No task is obscure that has God for a partner. And, "If God is our partner, we can make our plan large."

I think that 99 per cent. of life is God's handiwork, our task is the remainder. Human soil is marked with Divine footprints. We follow the trail. God is somewhere ahead on our frontier, toward our horizon, beyond in our skyline. The herdsman Moses back of Mount Horeb, the tentmaker Paul in Arabia, the fisherman in his boat in the Sea of Galilee, the missionary in the jungle—is a worker with God.

Halley's comet reappeared to the second because it was held in the Divine grip—there are no runaways in God's sky. Man is not a thistle seed blown by the wind of time and circumstance. Man is a star held in its course. He who knoweth the stars and calleth them by name knows man and calls him—"Abraham!" "Moses!" "Samuel!" And they work together from that hour. It is "God and you, partners!" It seems as though there were things that God wanted man to do as his fellow laborer before this world would be complete.

What a tribute of God's respect and confidence in man that nature waited until he entered the earthly scene! Then man took his place in the great earth-workshop. The wind had waited for man to raise his sail; the soil waited for man to open the furrow and sow his seed; the forest waited for man to take out the mast and the beam; the ores waited for man to seek material for his tools.

Then with God's help man turned the course of rivers, and even the sea itself. He built cities like Venice, and kingdoms like Holland, on the very waters of the sea. He cut vast isthmuses and made islands out of continents. He honeycombed the earth with mines. He created flowers from weeds, vegetables from roots, and wholesome food from poisonous bulbs. He changed some species of birds from graniverous to carniverous. He makes midday out of midnight. He talks with his neighbor thousands of miles away. He uses the radio and fills the air with music, speech and song, and transmits it, and amplifies it to the delight of thousands, miles away from him. He will some day heat his house without fire and cool it without ice. He now photographs opaque substances in the body; some day he will illuminate the interior of the body so that every organ may be visible in its functioning. He will some day know more about himself than he does now. Most people know more about minerals than men, more about training dogs and horses than children. More is known about the hen that lays the egg than the child that eats it; more about the sheep that grows the wool than the human that wears it.

Man is a spirit, child of the Infinite, and the resources of the Infinite are his. The hand that carved a war club can be trained to carve a statue. The voice that sang to a tom-tom can become that of a poet or a philosopher. Who knows anything about our latent possibilities? In time of danger a man has the strength of ten.

The earth is not man's goal—it is his starting place. We haven't tried all our powers, let alone reached their limit. When Victor Hugo was dying he said. "I know that I am the chrysalis of an archangel."

The Entered Apprentice

Queer, man, the most capable, is born the most helpless of creatures.

Nearly all others of the animal kingdom are able to take care of themselves at once. But man as an infant is absolutely helpless—would even starve if left to himself. As he grew older he found himself helpless and defenseless against the beasts of the field. He had no weapon. He learned by keeping his eyes open—and he had to learn rapidly. The animals had fur to protect themselves from the cold—man had to devise ways and means.

He observed the lions' claws and the elephants' tusks and the oxen's horns and the snakes' fangs—and governed himself accordingly. He saw logs floating and that suggested a boat; he saw the wind sweep and bend down the trees and he reached up and took the wind by the beard and harnessed it. He saw the stars and learned to steer by them. He saw the giant raising the lid of the tea kettle, he confined it and put it to work. He saw the lightning flash and chained it. This son of the Master Builder was an apt apprentice.

Every so often a man stops at my door with his story of hard luck, misfortune, and a professed desire to start over again. "If you'll just let me have some money to get some tools or get them out of pawn, I have a job to go to." So many have lost their tools—the working tools of life—back there at the bar, at gambling, at dissipation, in laziness. They've lost their reason, lost their will power, lost their courage, lost the heart to work. I pass the pawn shop. Sure enough, the window's full of tools. "Unredeemed," the sign says. But say, workman, we have a Redeemer who will buy things back. "I will give you a new heart, a new life—to work."

"Oh, I can't found empires or build bridges or govern cities—you can hardly call me a partner of God!" Listen, humble worker! How strange that men speak of their occupation as a calling! We speak of a minister as being "called to preach." I do not know why the blacksmith is not "called" to the forge, the carpenter to the bench, the weaver to the loom. "Let every one," says Paul, "abide in the calling in which he was called of God." There's a sense in which all business is our Father's business, and we are helping God.

The tailor is called to help God clothe his human children. God did not provide man fur like other animals, nor does He drop ready made clothing down from the sky. The grocer helps God by distributing tea, sugar, rice, and the other foods which God has prepared in the laboratory of nature. The electrician helps God light our homes and our cities. The chemist helps Him alleviate pain. The lawyer helps Him disentangle truth from error. The statesman helps Him set up the kingdom of God on earth. The florist helps Him distribute sweet flowers, and the produce merchant and the huckster help Him bring wholesome fruit and fresh vegetables to the toiler in the great city. The missionary helps God disseminate the Gospel through human instrumentalities to the ends of the earth.

Happy that man who says, "I am going out today to do my work—for God—I am building for time and eternity—my firm's name is God and Co., Builders!"

The Bridge Builders

Texts: The children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea.—Exodus 14 : 29.

He also went about to make a bridge to a certain city . . . and the name of it was Caspis.—2 Macc. 12 : 13.

IT is no small debt the world owes to the bridge builder.

I suppose the first bridge, back in Eden, was the trunk of a tree fallen across a rivulet over which our primal parents walked hand in hand. Primitive people hadn't the mechanical means of construction work. When the Lord would lead the children of Israel across the Red Sea there was no bridge. Jehovah caused a strong east wind to blow and the waters were stayed until the hosts crossed over the sea. Man's extremity is God's opportunity.

A bridge connects two points over some depression of ground, or spans a stream of water. That is the primary meaning of a bridge, but we often use the term figuratively to represent passing over, or getting over, some difficulty, or some interval of time. The telephone, for instance, bridges the distance between persons. Then, too, in the use of words it is interesting to see how "bridge" means different things to different persons. To a card player it means one thing, to a dentist another, to a builder another, to a violinist another, to a wrestler another, to a military engineer or a soldier another, to the astronomer another, to a mariner another. When you were a youngster you said, "Let's play 'London Bridge.'" It meant a children's game.

No one knows when bridge building became an art of consequence. It was very likely a slow development in length and strength, and from the straight line to the arch. There isn't a bridge mentioned in the Bible, with the exception of that mentioned in the text above and quoted from the Book of Maccabees in the Apocrypha. The oldest bridges on record were built of wood, like the Sublician Bridge of ancient Rome—called "sublician" because piles were sunk under the water for its support. Cæsar threw wooden bridges across the Rhine. His Roman legions built bridges wherever their conquests extended. In Britain there are still a number of bridges dating from Roman times. Old London Bridge, of which we used to sing as children, "London Bridge is falling down," was commenced in 1176 and finished in 1209. It had houses on either side like a village street, until about 500 years later, when it commenced to "fall down."

Bridges—Visible and Invisible

Every bridge is a sign and a symbol.

An engineer achieves a remarkable feat when he has thrown a bridge across a mountain gorge or a wide river, so that teams without making great detours go direct from mountain to mountain, or from river bank to river bank, bearing traffic through the air like the Magic Carpet in the fairy tale, and bringing peoples together over what would otherwise be almost impassable obstacles.

But such a bridge is no more wonderful than man's attempt to bridge other gaps in human lives and conditions. Cut a tree and nature seeks to cover the wound. But when nature fails to restore fleetness to the foot and normal sight to the eyes another process is put in motion by the skill of human genius. A crutch is a bridge—many lame and crippled could not cross the narrowest street without one. A pair of spectacles is a bridge which restores the vision and enables the near-blind to see. A telescope is a bridge that connects the near and far—joins the earth to many a star and planet. A microphone is a bridge that brings the outside world of sound to the inner ear. A hospital is a bridge that carries the body from sickness and accident to health and healing.

The Carnegie Foundation, like the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, is a bridge for research and general education, and the Rockefeller Foundation is a bridge for public health and medical education. Great philanthropists like Stephen Girard, and great public benefactors like Russell Conwell, are bridges by which tens of thousands of boys and girls are helped in the formative span from youth to maturity. And has not William Booth and his Salvation Army, and Sir George Williams and his Young Men's Christian Association, been a bridge to many a human being?

Some bridge builders are known—some unknown. I really think the number of the unknown is far greater than the known. Many build in obscure places where there is no bronze tablet dedicated to their honor. Over the Delaware River at the foot of my street I saw from my third story window men at work stretching strand and cable. Who were they? What are their names? I do not know. Philadelphia's wealth and glory and industry will pass in ceaseless procession over that bridge whose foundations and superstructure depend on the work which these obscure, unnoticed toilers were doing.

But, after all, isn't a man's work his real memorial? The swift steamboat tells of Fulton and Fitch, the locomotive of Stevenson, the mighty engine of Watts. Every ocean cable tells of Cyrus Field, every radio of Marconi, every telephone of Bell, every phonograph of

Edison. The names of loom inventors now dead may be on moldering tombstone, but their busy fingers are still weaving warm textures for the shivering forms of their fellows. Every man who has opened up a road in the wilderness, every engineer who has thrown a bridge over a raging current, every patriot who has shed blood, every teacher who has taught, every missionary who has gone into lands of fever and miasma, still walks among men. Their bodies and minds, the tools they wrought with, lie buried on the bosom of mother earth, but the agent, their intelligence, and their work and influence, still live.

Bridge of Faith and Imagination

Faith spans the distance from the known to the unknown, from the seen to the unseen. When the sun is half up above the horizon, faith believes for the other half.

On earth faith is the spiritual structure for discoverers like Columbus, and Abraham, an earlier Columbus. For inventors like Marconi, for reformers like Wendell Phillips, and every pioneer who has blazed the trail for the million who were to follow. Faith is needed for every day in life, indeed, we would never cross a bridge without faith. Or, if we did, it would be like an elephant crossing a bridge—feeling each step carefully.

Imagination is a splendid bridge—it spans many a deep, seemingly impossible, chasm. It often lacks foundation, and sometimes existence. "Don't cross your bridges until you come to them" is the advice to those who worry and show undue anxiety. Many people are premature bridge crossers. They cross them not only before they come to them, but before they are constructed, and frequently before anybody else has seen the need of a bridge. They break a bottle of ten-year-old Hypochondriacism, Apprehension (or whatever else they use) over the girders before the structural iron workers' union has been notified of the job. They insist on crossing the bridge of appendicitis, Spanish influenza, German measles, Asiatic cholera, Russian mumps, Australian hay-fever, and American high blood-pressure—and are seriously offended if you try to restrain them.

The Bridge of Prayer

Which is the longest bridge—

The span over the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Levis, the Bear Mountain Bridge across the Hudson, the Memphis Bridge across the Mississippi, the Pennsylvania-New Jersey bridge over the Delaware, the projected Crescent City Bridge across the Mississippi at New Orleans—which?

The longest bridge known to humans is the Bridge of Prayer. It stretches from earth to heaven, from time to eternity. When I lived along the Niagara frontier I used to hear the story of the spanning of the raging torrent of the Niagara Gorge. The builder flew a kite, so the story is, across that tumultuous river, bearing a slender cord across the gulf to where eager hands were waiting on the further cliff. With that cord a stouter twine was drawn, and with that a rope, and at last across the chasm the cable swung, and a mighty bridge connected the United States and the Canadian colony of the British Empire. Yankee and Canuck were more closely bound than ever. The green of Prospect Park and the green of Victoria Park has but the deep and narrow stream of Niagara between them, the spray of the Falls make verdant the foliage of both.

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between."

We may send our timid little thought across the bounds of time and space out into God's reaching hands. We may send our love and faith and prayer to thread the gorge between the Here and There, prayer after prayer, until the little cord of faith has strengthened to a chain that no mortal power can break—and we are anchored and bridged to the Infinite.

The Last Bridge

"Thou art to pass over the Jordan this day," said Moses to the pilgrim Israelites when their wilderness wanderings were over.

Death is the last bridge that carries us over the River Jordan from the world which now is to that which is to come. A bridge of joy—or a bridge of sorrows? There was a covered bridge at Venice over one of the canal-streets leading from the Palace of the Doges to the State prison. It was called "The Bridge of Sighs" because condemned prisoners passed over it from the judgment hall to the place of execution. In New York City was a similar covered way passing over Franklin Street between the criminal courts building and the Tombs prison. Over its way toward the dungeons was the inscription, "The way of the transgressor is hard!" Sin is the Bridge of Sighs—its path is condemnation. Dante wrote, "Abandon all hope ye who enter here!"

There may yet be time for you and me to build a bridge out of the timbers of our work of success or failure. A bridge that may carry us, and others who are to come, to eternal felicity. The last bridge, which men often fear to cross, may yet be the easiest of all!

Our Pontifex Maximus

In ancient Rome the highest honor was given to the man who first had built a bridge over the treacherous yellow Tiber.

That bridge was the Sublician Bridge. The word sublicius referred to the manner of its foundations, being built on piles. It was built by Ancus Martius—who was given the title of "Pontifex"—the "bridge builder"—from "Pon(t)s," a bridge, and "facio," to make or build. The bridge was regarded as sacred and was put in charge of the high priestly college which had supreme jurisdiction of religious matters, especially the superintendence of public worship, marriage and burial rites, the regulation of the calendar, the keeping of consular and magisterial records. The ordinary member of that college was called a "Pontiff," the head of it was the "Pontifex Maximus." Today in the Roman Catholic Church the Pope is called the Supreme or Sovereign Pontiff, since he is the head, the high priest, of all the Church of that faith.

To the great Christian Church, of all names and of all beliefs, their Saviour and Redeemer is He who carries them from earth to heaven, from the Church militant to the Church triumphant. With the wood of the cross he has built the bridge leading from man to God. He has become our Divine Pontifex Maximus bridging the stream of death, making a glorious highway for the redeemed of the Lord to cross the Jordan into the Land of Promise.

"When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall past me roll;
Blest Saviour then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!"

Tower and Temple Builders

Text: Go to, let us build a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven.—Gen. 11 : 4.

THIS ancient story from Genesis is mighty interesting and stimulatingly suggestive.

Skeptical folks used to think the Tower of Babel was but a mythical shadow and its story Hebrew folklore. But the British Museum archæological expedition, with Professor C. L. Wooley, of our own University of Pennsylvania, as one of its leaders, has confirmed the Biblical site of Ur, Mesopotamia, has measured its base, 195 feet long and 150 feet wide, and computed its probable height. I have before me pictures, taken by the party, of the brick walls and the wide roadway leading toward the top of the ruins.

As to the existence of the tower there is now no doubt. As to the why of this Babylonian structure we must turn to the Book of Genesis. There is no other account. It tells that the descendants of Noah were becoming numerous on the earth. They had forgotten the God to whom Noah had erected the altar on Mt. Ararat and were offering strange fire to Bel and Baal. In their wanderings they settled in the Plain of Shinar, and there built a city. Worshiping divinities, who they thought dwelt in the heavens, they conceived the plan of building a tower that would pierce the sky. They intended to wrench from heaven its secrets by the invasion of the dwelling-place of the gods. That so daring a venture might remove all limits upon human achievement led Jehovah to frustrate the bold design. Our writer says the method taken was by confusing their speech. Men and women who do not understand each other cannot work together toward one end.

This was the story told in Moses' day to explain the prevalence in the world of different languages. It was the story told since the childhood of the race to explain the diversity of tongues, a phenomenon which excited the curiosity of a primitive people, as it also arouses our own wonder in this day. It is not mine to defend this ancient account as actual history, nor mine at this time to discuss the question whether the various languages of mankind have really been derived from one common tongue. I know the arguments of philologists, pro and con; they take up a number of highly interesting volumes; but that is not now the subject of my story. I merely wish to draw some

lessons from the story just as it is told by the pen of Moses or some earlier or later writer.

Toiling Toward the Top of the Tower.

"Ambition—by that sin fell the angels," said Cardinal Wolsey to his servant, Cromwell.

But the ambition to build—whether city-founding or tower-building—is not in itself a sin. We may build—build a bridge, a mansion, a business, a book, a tower. We may find our clay and burn our bricks and get ready to build—something. It is a great moment when the inspiration breaks in on the dull monotony of our lifetime and we decide to build—a sod house close to the ground, or a tall tower whose top shall rest against the stars. The only question is: Is the ambition right? Is it in harmony with the plans of the Eternal Builder in His infinite wisdom? The grave mistake in these ancient builders was that they left God out of their calculations.

We, too, have our ambitions—ambitions that never sleep, never pause, become more and more furious as their possible fulfilment approaches. One New Testament hero cried, "I count not myself to have attained: this one thing I do, I press—" The mighty multitude is pressing, but toward what? This Apostle's ambition was, "I press toward the mark of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The people of the Plain of Shinar were tower-building, this Jewish tent-maker was temple-building.

So Jehovah came down to see what these children of men were doing (a phrase used to accommodate Divine possibilities to human methods of expression). He comes down now to look at our daybooks, ledgers, memorandums; to look at the kind of work we are doing; to look into all the building of our fortunes; to see how we are building the tower of our life. We may ponder on this certain fact that there is no possibility of hiding from Him any incorrectness of plan or deficiency of service, that every stone to the very foundation will be tried by Divine power.

The Almighty is not confined to one method of disapproval or punishment. Who would have thought of this method of scattering the builders? Jehovah did not send fire; no terrible plague poisoned the air; no earthquake shook down the burned bricks and the bitumined mortar. In an instant each workman is at a loss to understand the other; each considers his neighbor as having gone mad. Men who have worked side by side and read the plans on the trestle board each morning are instantly conscious of inability to understand the other's jabbering. New sounds and new accents, but not a ray of intelligence in all.

Before we leave this naïve narrative may I make this observation as to its teaching: Man must work, he may even be building a great tower, but it will come to naught if he do it in a wrong spirit and with wrong intent. We have the commendable practice of laying the corner-stones of all our great buildings with prayer to the Great Architect of the Universe. Good! Beware of the building with no God at its corner-stone! "Let every man take heed how he build thereon." He builds too low who builds beneath the skies. And that is likewise true of character building. You hear of men claiming to be architects of their own fortunes; and there is a sense in which that expression conveys sentiments that are truly laudable. But in the last analysis God is the Architect, and we are entered apprentice, fellow-craftsmen, or master workmen, builders all, working under His direction—if so be that we are building a tower with an altar at its summit, or a temple with a cross pointing heavenward!

What Mean Ye By This Tower?

Men have about stopped building spires on their churches—the age is too utilitarian for that.

But through the ages they have built their towers—the pyramid at Cheops, the Tower of the Winds at Athens, the Tower of Skulls at Nish, the Parsee Towers of Silence, the Tower of London. It seems a long cry from the Tower of Confusion at Babel to the Eiffel Tower at Paris, but the engineers in charge of the excavation at Babylonia have a wireless that is in daily and constant communication with that tower, on the banks of the Seine, which has, by the way, the same base measurements, about 335 feet square. Modern science has achieved results beyond the dreams of that ancient world. We have not yet built towers that reach the heavens, but we are flinging our voices against the ceiling of the sky, and our birdmen mount as eagles above the clouds—and He that sitteth in the heavens is using both to His honor and glory and the extension of His kingdom.

My denomination is erecting two mighty church towers and steeples. The leading church in Chicago will rise to a height of 561 feet, another on Broadway, New York, will lift its cross 719 feet above tide-water. That is interesting, of course, but I fancy that the Almighty is more concerned in what will take place in the sanctuary on the street level. New York and Chicago have both become pretty fair modern imitations of ancient Babel, with alien tongues like the sound of many waters, and unless a church has higher thoughts than the altitude of its steeple it might become but little more than a new Tower of Babel.

The justification of these world's highest steeples will be found where God is worshiped and Christ is preached—down among the people. Down there the need will be for messengers and a message to capture individual men and women, and to remind them of the New Jerusalem —the City of God, eternal in the heavens. The passing multitudes must be allured from the clangor and clamor of the market place to hear the business proposals of Jesus. His methods, His merchandise, His need of laborers, and the lasting rewards of His employment. They must be taught the new values of God's arithmetic—"For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" For this is the justification of all the lifted courses of stone, steel, and concrete. For this all the tenantry of commerce under the towers. For this the steeples themselves, hundreds of feet above the level of the sea.

If not for this, for what? Within sight in New York is a vaster tower to the glory of five and ten cent merchandise. Within sight in Chicago is a taller tower erected to the glory of chewing-gum. What a tower glorifies is literally that which it stands for. If these new temple towers were erected to the glory of a church or a denomination, or even of Christian wealth and power, it would be one thing. If they are set—as I sincerely believe they are—in the midst of the cities, to be a perpetually blazing beacon-testimony to the need of God in the heart of these great cities, one on the Atlantic seaboard, and one in the Middle-West, that is something altogether different.

Temples rise and flourish and decay. Of the "former house" on Mount Zion not one stone remains above another. If the New York and Chicago temples last one hundreds years, by that time they will be, for New York and Chicago, very ancient buildings. May they rise in their height, shine on their skyline, and give God the glory, that they may claim a humble share of reflected glory in the name of Him who is greater than these temples, as He was of the other Temple which once stood in old Jerusalem!

From the Top of the Tower

I stood, shortly ago, in the tower of City Hall, Philadelphia—over half a thousand feet above the level of the street.

At that height a miracle seems happening, for from there your fellows seem to be reduced to the size of an ant—as you would seem to them if the position were reversed—if they were up in the tower and you were down in the street. You wonder if your goings and comings would seem as futile to them as their goings and comings seemed to you. And you realized that they surely would. Somehow looking

down on your fellows from such a height makes you feel humble and reverent. You wonder how the Lord of Heaven looks down upon the toils and sorrows of the earth's millions. How futile some of our strivings, how pitiful our bitterness at things that are but for the moment!

Another thought as you look down upon the city: God makes the mountains like Pike's Peak, 14,147 feet, and the great towering peaks of the Rockies round about, but here, piled up beneath your feet, is something that man has conceived and constructed with the power that the Almighty has put into his hand and the intelligence that He has put into his brain. We are really looking at a work of God's that is a double work—God's raw material, man's skilful handicraft. We are workers together with God. The sign reads, "God and Co.—Builders."

Some day I am going to stand on the City Hall Plaza at Filbert Street and watch the sun set in the western sky, and then I am going to ask permission to see it set again, possibly fifteen minutes later, on the heights of the tower 551 feet above. I will have lengthened my day, as did Hezekiah at the lengthening of the shadow on the sundial of Ahaz. And there is another thought: If one were up there from sunrise to sunset his day would be about a half-hour longer on the height than at the base. The street below roars with the world's traffic. The throngs crowd and hurry. The air is vitiated and dust filled. Men are tearing down and building up their anthill structures. Their day is shortened and their lives darkened with details and detractions.

I like to remember that when the Master wanted to be by Himself, when He wanted to sense the nearness of God to man, when He wanted to get a clearer view of tomorrow's tasks He went up into the heights. Habakkuk said a significant thing—"I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved." Most of us live in the valley places where the sons of men toil, but it is good to go up on the heights occasionally. But our highest accessible heights are within, where we first erect the towers of our human ambitions and the temples of worship to our God.

The Wolf at the Door

Text: Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me.—Prov. 30 : 8.

OUTSIDE every man's door lurks the gaunt gray wolf.

To some he is never anything more than a vague shadow; to others he is an ever-present menace whose ugly jowl is pressed close to the crack in the door. They can almost feel his hot breath in their faces. The name of the gaunt gray wolf is Poverty.

There are in the United States, in the various almshouses, 4,000,000 persons. An almshouse is not necessarily the scrap heap of society. It may merely represent the last refuge of misfortune. In our country it is only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves. Only three generations from the man digging in the ditch to the man in prosperity, and only three generations from prosperity to poverty. The swing of three generations may land you or yours in the almshouse or dependent on family charity, which is sometimes worse. The fact that you and I are comfortable, well fed, well dressed tonight doesn't change the fact that we may close our days dependent on public or private charity. The chances are against it, however, but it is not a guarantee for our children, or that third generation—our children's children.

Our country, according to the report of the "Commission on Industrial Relations," is composed of four classes: The "rich," comprising 2 per cent of the people, owning 60 per cent of the wealth; the "comfortably independent," comprising 33 per cent of the people, owning 35 per cent of the wealth; the "wage earners," comprising 55 per cent of the people, owning but 5 per cent of the wealth; the "dependent class," one-tenth of the population, existing on the charity of relatives, friends, or the community.

If you would put the four classes on desert islands with an impassable gulf between them what do you suppose would happen to them? "I ask to know," as Hashimura Togo says. I would like to visit the islands a year later. If you had to live on one of the islands—which would you rather?

Poverty and Wealth

What is poverty?

That is easy to define. It is not having enough for the ordinary necessities of life. It is the chronic state of being very poor. It means not knowing where the next meal will come from, or how the next month's

rent is going to be procured. It is being at the pitiless mercy of unemployment, sickness, and old age.

And what is wealth?

Oh, wealth is having enough, plenty, an abundance, possibly a superabundance. Being able to get something without having to do without something else in order to get it. It spells some luxury, some leisure, and considerable independence. "It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright," says Ben Franklin in Poor Richard's Almanac. Which means that it is hard for a person with no money to have self-respect. There's something in a bank account that stiffens the backbone and lifts up the chin more than any tonic in the drug store. There's considerable bunk about the blessings of poverty. Don't say it out loud, but there's something about having a little money that sends a good feeling right into the bones.

The secret of wealth? It begins with saving one penny out of a dime. You are then rich to the extent of one cent. And when it amounts to a dollar your relation to poverty has changed. But the saving of that cent or that dollar means the exercise of self-control, possibly self-denial. That's what makes saving so hard for most of us, and puts independence so far out of the question. And when you expend eleven cents before you have the dime earned or one hundred and one cents out of the dollar in the little manila envelope before you get it, then the wolf has one paw inside the door.

The causes of poverty?

They are many—fire, flood, famine, war, pestilence; industrial depression, strikes, unemployment, sickness, accident, bereavement; drink, immorality, drugs, gambling, extravagance, waste, laziness, conceit that prevents one doing good team work with his fellows, instability, general perverseness, and ignorant unteachableness. I note this conclusion of the Conference of Catholic Charities—"We have found that the cause of practically 99 per cent of all modern distress and present-day unrest, and all the ills of society, may be reduced to just one simple plain word, and that word is Sin. We cannot recall a single one of the 361 cases that passed through this office last month in which sin was not the root cause of the evil." I'm a Protestant, but I'd like to sign that Catholic report.

I like it! It sounds like the bark of a five-inch rapid-fire gun. It reads like a selection from Paul's letter to the Romans.

Killing the Gaunt Wolf

For ten years I've been in a position to watch the wolf and note his ravages. I've heard him howling horribly. I know who fear him, and whom he fears.

I've seen those whose poverty has chased away all hope and ambition. The desire which once they had crowned king has abdicated. Instead of keeping up the struggle against terrific odds they have gone under in the fight, and the world has trampled them ruthlessly under foot. There is no light in their eye, no song upon their lips. Because of many of the conditions mentioned above they are poor in the possessions of the world that now is, and because of sin they are poor in the possessions of the world that is to come.

Those who are opposed to prohibition see the drink question only at its beginning. There it is, bright, daring, exhilarating. But, stars! they ought to see it at the end. Destitution, prostitution, crime, insanity, and the most abject poverty. The gray wolf got an awful kick when the saloon went out!

Nevertheless, to abolish poverty you must first abolish it from the inside of a man before you can abolish it from the outside. For the outside man is only a reflection of the inside. You cannot keep a rich outside over a ragged inside any more than you can keep a pig from wallowing in the mire by putting him in sealskin. That is why so often our charities and reforms seem to fail so ingloriously. We get the cart before the horse. We try to fix the outside only. We try to put things in the hand instead of in the heart. We plead for higher wages instead of higher motives. Help the inside man to regain self-respect, self-reliance, and self-control—make him anxious to do a fair day's work. It isn't long until the outside man wears better clothes, has a better home, wants a better government, and to live in a better environment.

Right or wrong, there's an odd law in human affairs—"Them as has, gets." If you have a little knowledge, you find it easier to get more. If you have a little money, there are a hundred ways you can invest it and make more. Who is invited to banquets, the poor man, to whom such a thing would be an event in his life, or the rich man who is bored by it? Who receives gifts? Those who need them? The prosperous have many friends and much influence. The poor lack friends and have little influence. The rich man's relatives die and leave him more money; the poor man's relatives die and leave him to pay for the funeral. If that's a law, and it surely is—you can trace its operations in a thousand fields—then the sensible thing is to lay aside that penny, dime, or dollar. Like attracts like. Pennies, dimes, and dollars make splendid protection against the hungry wolf outside the door.

The Poverty of Riches

The more I see the troubles of the rich, the gladder I am that I have to sweat desperately in order to carry my big brownstone church around

on my none too broad shoulders. I am glad that it keeps me guessing whether you like the "Saturday Sermon" well enough for The Bulletin owners to continue publishing it. The day my church and this newspaper hand me a yellow envelope will be about as cheerful for me as a snowy afternoon at the North Pole.

You and I ought to be thankful that we are not impoverished; also that we are not wealthy. There are advantages in just having enough money to get along on. You don't have to appear before the Grand Jury and tell how you got it. Your private car isn't searched to see whether you are a bootlegger or merely carrying it home. You don't have to sit up weary, frantic nights figuring out your income tax. You don't have to go to a horse show and be pestered by photographers. You don't have to sit in a box and try to look as if you were enjoying grand opera. You don't have to go to Newport in summer and sit around hating yourself for three long, lonely months. You don't have to go to a Southern resort and freeze in the winter. You stay at home and keep comfortable. You aren't suffering from ennui and lack of "smart set" entertainment. There's always a movie around the corner.

You don't have to worry because it's most Thanksgiving time and you haven't next year's model yet. You can ride a trolley. You can ride on the Boulevard 'bus without losing social prestige. You don't have to be divorced every three or four years and hand out wads of alimony. You can play with your own children, own a mongrel dog, ride in a tin "Elizabeth," eat at a cafeteria, wear a comfortable pair of old shoes, fraternize with low-brow neighbors when they nod and smile to you—in brief, you can have a pretty fair time—if you are not too wealthy.

Night Comes, and the Wolves

Christ said, "I send you forth among wolves."

The ravenous gray wolf can be kept out by building a wall against him. Thrift is the master builder of such a wall. Dollars are bricks. Totals make height and thickness. Some there be who start to build while young, while there is health and strength, for the day comes when hands lose strength and cunning, the eye loses its light, the muscles lose their strength.

All life is a struggle. The world's prizes are to the swift, the strong, the clever, the masterful. Not all have five talents that may be increased to ten. The marvelous justice of the Almighty is that He asks only what we did with that which we have. To Him it does not matter whether we are rich or poor. Because Christ warned against the dangers of riches, their deceitfulness and uncertainty, we are apt to think He

commended poverty. Poverty is not the ideal condition—if it were it would be wrong to give anything to the poor. Christ told the rich young ruler to sell that which he had and give it to the poor.

The morning of life is the time to provide against poverty. Poverty of pocketbook, poverty of mind, poverty of friendship, poverty of character. He is a pitiable pauper who is poor in love. Some there are who are rich in world's goods, but whose souls are starved and poor, whose generous impulses are thin and pale, whose altruisms are bloodless ghosts, whose human kindness is a meagre fiction. Some could still provide in the early afternoon, but they will not. They put it off for another time. The road called Tomorrow leads to the town of Never.

Soon comes sunset. Too late to sow now. Then comes dread. Fear is the wolf at the door. Care furrows the brow. The eyes have the feverish gleam of worry. Terror follows fear. The wolves of the night break in.

How rich are they who at the last are rich toward God! Rich in faith, rich in faithful stewardship, heirs of the kingdom. If we must be poor on earth, let us be "poor in spirit," for "theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

The Tragedy of the Mail Bag

Text: Ye are our epistle . . . known and read of all men.—2 Cor. 3 : 2.

There is no census of the mail bag. Its contents are unnumbered millions. Only post offices are counted. The one city of London has 1100 of them. New York is next with a larger percentage of letters to the population. Then there is Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, and the capitals of the nations, and the tens of thousands of cities and the villages in every land.

Much of the world's tragedy goes by mail today.

The lover watches for the letter that never comes. The silence of the mail bag tells of waning affections. With anxious, tearful eyes the mother watches the postman coming up the long street. Maybe he has a letter from her absent boy! In the next block the letter carrier turns his face quickly as he hands out a black bordered envelope telling of death in distant city. That thin letter tells in cruel business brevity that dividends have failed, stocks are worthless, savings for old age are swept away.

But I like to think there are a thousand love letters to one of faithlessness, a thousand mothers to reach out smilingly for letters from absent sons, a thousand good-news letters to one bad.

I stood at a desk at a seashore hotel once upon a time in the morning hour. A few minutes convinced me that neither bathing, nor fishing, nor golfing, nor dancing, nor the boardwalk fashion promenade is the most important thing in the lives of those that dwell in those hospices. Nearly everybody does some of the things enumerated, but the first thing they do in the morning—even before they go to a late breakfast—is to rush to the front clerk with an expectant smile and inquire:

"Is there anything for me this morning?"

With an answering smile the clerk turns and looks at the rack. Then a fraction of a second that is mixture of hope and doubt. Then an answer that brings a rare study in facial expression of delight or disappointment. There are people in $25-a-day rooms, with everything that money can buy, who actually hunger for a letter of some kind. That ought to be a suggestion for some genius. O, that I had the pen of a ready writer!

A Tragedy of the Mail Bag

Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction.

God does not always right injustice here on earth. Here was a story that made tears come to my eyes, because I, too, have been praying for something that God doesn't seem to answer. Years ago vindication came to the Rev. Charles Burdette, of Springfield, Mass., a brother of our beloved "Bob" Burdette, of humorist fame, after thirty years of silent suffering that clouded his whole life and left him under a cloud of unjust suspicion.

When Mr. Burdette was a registry clerk at the postoffice at Peoria, Ill., a letter containing $3500 disappeared. Although no formal charge was made against the clerk, only the faith of the postmaster, General D. W. Magee, a Civil War veteran, prevented his being expelled from the service branded as a thief. Mr. Burdette asserted his innocence, and left the matter with God. Unable to live down the suspicion, but conscious of his innocence, he entered the ministry and went into missionary work in the Far East.

On Monday morning, February 20, 1911, an old and battered mail pouch was taken from the San Francisco office for repairs. When the workmen cut open the bag in the work of repairing, between the heavy lining was found an old manila envelope containing the $3500 that disappeared so mysteriously from Peoria in the summer of 1880, more than thirty years before.

A Lost Art

Do you ever pick up an old-time "Handy Letter Writer" at the secondhand book store? Its quaintness makes you smile, doesn't it?

"I take my pen in hand to write you these few lines to let you know we are all well at present, thanks to a kind and merciful Providence, hoping you are enjoying the same great blessings." In well chosen language the writer covered several pages, telling of trade in the counting house, crops in the fields, the marriages, births, and deaths of the community, a description of the new minister, some little social events, and closed with assurances of high regard, specific directions for reply, and a fine eighteenth century flourish. "Your most humble and obedient servant, sir."

But letter writing is a lost art today.

Folks send a souvenir post card saying: "Ain't this place grand?" "We passed through this town yesterday." "The x is where our room is." "We're having the time of our lives and everything." Meanwhile the cry of the business and social world is that not even the high school and college graduate can write a correctly spelled and

fairly well-written letter. We are living in a day of slovenly speech, and letting a slang expression take the place of a well-thought-out and well-expressed idea.

Occasionally one gets a letter that is chatty, refreshing, breezy, and carries the spirit of the writer with it.

Some letters hang their under lip, some laugh like the summer wind, some are gossiping scavengers, raking the garbage of a community and sending it through the mail. Some letters are angry—they bring sorrow afterward. Some are grumpy, some are penned in gall of bitterness, some snap like a dragon. Burn such as soon as written.

Remember the story of Lincoln's secretary? He was smarting under the insult given by another. He said to Mr. Lincoln, "I have written him a hot letter." He showed it to Mr. Lincoln, "How is that?" he asked. "I think I would even make it stronger." He rewrote it. "That certainly is a scorcher," said Mr. Lincoln. "But the fellow deserves it all. Well, I'll send it right away." "Oh, no," said the President, "by no means. Just tear it up and throw it in the fire. You've said what you thought, now burn it before it does any harm." Write your enemy a good, hot letter—then burn it.

Then write to a shut-in, a lonely missionary, a boy or a girl away from home a letter of praise or one of consolation. Your bread cast upon the waters will come back after many days.

The Blow in the Dark

I get stacks of letters unsigned.

Queer, but an anonymous letter is nearly always abusive or fault finding. It seems a good bit like slipping out of an alley and throwing a stone at a man who has just passed, and then dodging back before he can turn. It is safe for the brick thrower, but it is mighty cowardly.

As you may imagine, not every one agrees with everything in these sermons—really they are only familiar talks—I am not always quite satisfied myself—I expect much criticism, it helps to keep me humble. I am really amazed how kind people are—more kind than just, I am afraid. I have a multitude of readers, and they are varied—Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, Orthodox and Heterodox, people of many beliefs and people of no belief—you would be surprised at the nice letters of appreciation I get from people of different faiths.

If folks would only sign their names and addresses I could often be of help to them to correct their misunderstanding of what they thought I said. The "Heart Broken Mother" or "Despairing" one about to take his life, who asks on Wednesday that I devote Saturday's sermon to them—I cannot explain that Saturday's sermon is already

in type. To the dozens who want me to advocate their particular belief, and the other dozens who want me to attack that very same belief—I wish I could say to all such that, "with malice toward none and charity for all," I try for two big goals. The first is that of avoiding subjects of a controversial nature. I try to write simply on the great fundamental things of Christianity, bearing in mind that a great majority of this paper's half million readers, and their average family of four, are at least nominally of that belief. And the other thing is, that I remember that every heart is hungry for something, and I try to make these familiar talks just as broad and human and helpful as I can.

I wish I could express all that to the fellow who throws a brick at me without first writing his name and address on it.

"Lift Up" and "Pull Down" Letters

Walking along Chestnut street one day (I like to walk along Chestnut street occasionally, it gives me such a wealthy, self-satisfied feeling. I try to assume the air that my twin-six or eight-cylinder model is just around the corner—I'm afraid I don't get away with it very well) I noticed that Uncle Sam has two types of letter boxes. One is labelled "Lift Up," the other "Pull Down."

So they're the type of letters I receive. Some letters grow warm with life as I read them. I can feel the electric tingle way down in my heart. All day the sun shines brighter, I visit my sick, bury the dead, counsel and advise callers; I can write sermons just as easily; I can feel as light as if I could jump over my church, if it wasn't so tall, after I get a lift-up letter, or a lift-up smile, or a lift-up word of appreciation. I have a lot of people in my church who are "lift-up" people—God bless them!

Then I get the other kind. Thin-skinned people who run against a shadow and scratch their feelings. Letters from self-opinionated people—no one else has a right to think 'cept them! Spiteful letters that twist meaning, misinterpret, misunderstand, distort. Think of folks for whom you work faithfully, unselfishly, year after year, asking no favors but the privileges of serving, occasionally looking hungrily at them for some nod or smile of appreciation, getting nothing but cold looks, unkind criticism, the very good you do evilly spoken of—some folks go through life that way—God forgive them!

I am never at my very best after getting such letters or when that letter-kind is in my audience. Down goes my spirits, my faith weakens, my courage flags, depression sets in. Every now and then I think of the "Pull-Down" person, I clinch my nails into my palms, and my eyes fill with tears. And—being a preacher—the next time I meet them

I try to look at them with clear eyes and as frank a smile and as warm a manner as I can kindle in their iceberg presence.

Do you write many pull-down letters?

The great thing of a letter is the message it carries. Blessings on the man who invented the letter and card remembrance. Valentine's day—remember the old time so-called comic valentine with its not very gentle humor? Didn't the long-tongued woman and the tight-fisted man catch it? That has passed. Now it's the great opportunity for love. Ah, me, how our hearts thump with delight. It may have cost only a penny, but the sentiment it conveyed is worth a million dollars. We know their penmanship—can't fool us—bless 'em! And that Christmas and New Year's card—we will remember it long after the holly has withered and the mistletoe shriveled up.

Oh, you kind hearted Lift-Up people who give us folk who serve the public a word of cheer and a smile of encouragement, God won't forget you—"Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

People as Living Letters

What kind of letter are you?

Are you bright and sunshiny, sending folks on their way with a song in their heart? Or are you ill-tempered, fault-finding, cynical, pessimistic, grouchy, chilling—do you leave everyone in a bad humor? Do you darken the day for some one who because of their position cannot help themselves? I know such folks, and when they die it will be a dry-eyed funeral. It's terrible to die such a pauper, unwept and unloved!

A letter to be effective must be legibly written in a clear, open hand. How few frank unaffected persons you meet. Personality pulls. When Doré, the great artist, was once traveling in southern Europe he came to the boundary. He was challenged. "I have lost my passport, but I am Doré, the artist!" "Plenty of people say they are this or that one," replied the guard. "Let me have that pencil and paper," said Doré. A few bold lines and a sketch of the guard himself was on the sheet. "Surely you are Doré or one of his pupils—you may pass." "Ye are my letters"—do folks know we are Christ's disciples?

Old letters lie unread in bureau drawers, trunks, pigeon-holes or desks, in Bibles—we seldom read them except on rainy days when we are alone. But we, as living persons, are read every day.

The letters of Paul, Peter, James, John, Jude, New Testament writers, may not be read by everyone. Some letters are kept for

reference, some for business, some for sentiment; we seldom untie the ribbon and read them. But you and I are letters that are read every day.

Lots of men never read God's message as found in the Bible—but they do read Christians! All they know of God is through us. Makes one sober. Christ wrote no letters. Indeed, I might suspect He couldn't write were it not that it speaks of His writing on the sand one day when the Pharisees brought a sinful girl to be stoned to death. But men read His life, and it's the inspiration of the centuries.

Cheap postage and hourly service in delivery are not more effective than the page we present to men. What is your message? I listen to a bit of music, or view a painting, or read a book, and when I am done I carry away its message. One night at a banquet the chancellor of a great university leaned over before I arose and said: "Tell them the message of the church to the twentieth century." I thought of other century messages, letters, discovery, colonization, invention—the twentieth—"the message of Christian democracy."

God is the Father, Christ is the Brother—men read God through Christ. Creed and dogma are perplexing. Christian faith is read most through men. What kind of a letter are men reading through me!

The Postscript

Don't forget the postscript!

Our life here is only like letter writing—a temporary expedient. Read John's postscript—II John, 12th verse.

He is a foolish man who leaves eternity out of the reckoning. Then there's your influence after you are dead. Raphael died at thirty-seven—what Madonnas he painted—what faces of Christ! Do you think he has ceased to paint?

You may burn your letters so that unsympathetic eyes will not read them or mock them after you are gone. And old love letters? They are sacred only to those to whom they are sent. Some one writes a postscript and underscores—"I love you!" Your eyes gleam, your heart throbs with joy—all is well.

God writes His treatises of law, and then writes the postscript or the New Testament—God is Love! Then all is well!

The Lost Skyline

Text: Where there is no vision the people perish.—Prov. 29 : 18.

VISION, decision, and deed—these are the beginning, advancing, and conquering points in life's progress.

When Demosthenes ended his appeals, the Greeks did not applaud his eloquence. They cried, "Lead us against Philip!" The vision was presented, the decision was formed, and the deed was wrought in menacing consequences to the Macedonian enemies of Greece.

Of the many hundred times I have sat upon the platform in high school and college commencement day exercises it has never lost its charm and thrill. Nor has the sense of responsibility and opportunity as commencement speaker ever lessened.

There's a sameness, yet a freshness of scene. The audience of parents, friends, undergraduates, and general public. The music, the decorations, and flowers. Overhead the class motto, adopted after much freshman debating four years ago—"To the stars through difficulty," "Over the Alps lies your Italy," "To be, not to seem." There's "Salutatory," "Class History," "Class Gifts," "Class Prophecy," "Valedictory," the "Commencement Address." "Presentation of Diplomas" —the long-coveted parchment is in hand at last! Laughter, congratulations, possibly some tears. There's a walk under the maples of the campus, planting of the "Ivy" or "Class Tree." The walk down the street of the college town to the station. The 5.05 comes thundering around the curve. Some quick farewells, some moistened eyes, a lump in the throat, and—

Happy school days are gone forever. Now life begins in earnest!

The Three Visions

It is a large army—this present graduating "Class of '26."

There will be many thousands of white dressed young womanhood and splendid clear-eyed young manhood, standing upon commencement platforms, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. The picked boys and girls of our nation will be finishing their course in high school, seminary, and college.

And what will be the message delivered by the chosen commencement speaker? It is the same today as it was yesterday, and I am sure

will be for centuries to come—nine times out of ten the subject is the same—The Crucial Need of the World is Vision.

Of the three kinds of vision for which mankind has capacity—physical, mental, and spiritual—the latter is absolutely indispensable in the orderly conduct of the world. Physical vision deals with the visible facts and phenomena of the material universe, but knows nothing of the laws that lie back of them.

Mental vision penetrates to the cause of the visible phenomena, and discovers the hidden laws that govern them. It is not capable, however, of discerning the deeper laws that govern the moral world, determine character, and regulate the conduct of men and nations. A man may become an eminent scientist in the realm of material law and phenomena, and yet utterly fail to grasp the secret of success in his own personal character or in the complex life of the race.

Spiritual vision alone has that higher gift. It sees life in its interior quality and processes; fathoms its significance and purpose. This spiritual vision sees the heights of possibilities not yet visible to the realm of reality. One of the high tasks of the preacher, the prophet, the teacher, the commencement orator is to present and quicken to the eye of youth this vision splendid. In that vision he may see the splendid possibilities of his best self expressed in character and deeds.

The View From the Heights

Have you ever compared an ordinary flat map with a relief map or bird's-eye view?

The one is mechanical, more or less precise, but unromantic and unimaginative. The other is wide, broad-sweeping, far-reaching. It has a suggestion of the relationships of the different objects and places to the whole.

An ordinary map of this city will show with red or black lines the streets, avenues, and boulevards. There's a spot of green to indicate a public square; a daub of black to show a public building. But a bird's-eye view will show the form of the city, the bend of the river, public buildings, the trees of the square, the fountain in its midst. A road map of the city park will show the driveways and bridle paths, and the proportion of miles to the inch. A bird's-eye view shows the hills and the valleys, the playgrounds and the tennis courts, the lake, and the wooded isle in the river. A glance at the bird's-eye view is immeasurably more satisfactory than an ever so long perusal of a flat map.

A bird's-eye view of life is imperative to an understanding of life. The sidewalk view is close, but narrow. One doesn't see things in right proportion. No soldier in the fight can see the topography of the battle-

field. It is not easy to get a long distance view from the level of the ordinary. Height is required for that vision.

"Where there is no vision the people perish," says the Word of God. What did the writer mean by "vision"? I think he meant a seeing of life above the surface of things, a getting at the meanings and values, the thinkings and doings, the going out and the coming in, a getting at the heart of human life and destiny.

There's something beyond eat and drink and clothing, essential as they are for our mere animal existence. But man does not live by bread alone, and he's forever extending a tendril toward infinity. A tiger's idea of satisfaction may be a full stomach, but a man who is satisfied with that alone is on a level with the beast. Where there is no vision life is purposeless, aimless, meaningless. In social, industrial, political, and religious life where there is no vision the people perish.

The people who have lost their skyline seem to have an easy philosophy, for it requires no thought; it is the way of the unthinking, the indifferent, the careless. It is the way to poverty, charity, dependence, the penitentiary, the almshouse, Potter's Field. A drifting boat always goes down stream.

The Utmost You Can Be

You and I acquire whatever importance we may have from partnership with one of God's permanent deathless ideals which we call vision.

Man is body, mind, and spirit. You do not have to go far to prove the first two. As a spirit he has affinity with the unseen. All the best in him craves that unseen. All that he has done has been because of his touch with that unseen. Never has there been a great enterprise of the human race but has had its origin in that unseen.

Man first has a vision. Then the thing takes shape. It's a block of marble, a bit of canvas, a printed page, or a sheet of music, but it is the material expression of his ideal.

We have to put our vision, our ideal into action, or it fades out and dies. Ideals are nothing if they do not lead up to the real. To be worth while they must lead us somewhere and land us somewhere. This is the test: Try your ideal on. If it is good, the results will be good. By its fruits you will know it. Your ideal or vision, and I am using the terms interchangeably, is a picture in your mind of what you supremely desire, it is your highest impulse to higher things.

An ideal is more than a dream. If you only dream, you are not a good idealist. If you dream long and hesitate, you are not an idealist at all; you are merely a Micawber waiting for something to turn up. If you are a true idealist, you will go out and turn something up. A

true ideal is a big idea that has worked its way down from your head to your heart. It beckons and leads you to an objective. A true ideal has terminal faculties. A true ideal takes hold of you where you are, and as you are, and puts you in motion—in the right direction. It leads you to a goal.

Visions come from God. Link your vision to your will power. Then something must move because you have linked your will power with the Almighty.

The Light That Leads

It's a vast debt the world owes to the dreamer.

Take the world's dreamers out of history and you wouldn't care to read it. It is the men of vision who have seen. In Old Testament times they called a man who could see a "seer." The measure of every man is the measure of his vision. The dream, the ideal, the vision is the divinest capacity in him.

A king of Egypt dreamed, and the pyramid of Cheops was the realization. Homer dreamed, and his marvelous "Iliad" still abides. Michael Angelo dreamed, and the canvas and the marble tell their beauty. Lewis and Clark had a vision of the great Northwest, and could not resist until they made manifest their dream.

Fulton and Fitch dreamed their dream, and the Hudson and the Delaware floated their fancy. Morse and Bell dreamed, and the telegraph and telephone carried their dream to the uttermost parts of the earth. Stephenson's locomotive and Field's cable bound states together with bands of steel and continents together with strands of copper wire. John Harvard's dream, with a few hundred dollars, and Elihu Yale's dream with a handful of books, made possible two great universities.

Woe to the generation that has not its dreamers! Woe to the land that has not its men of vision, its idealists, its enthusiasts, its God-inspired, its God-illumined, its God-intoxicated fools! The fools of one generation are the saviors of the next. Where the voice of the prophet is not heard, where no apostle goes forth to preach a gospel, where there is no dreamer to project his vision—there a people die. Every concrete thing of creation is a materialized dream. Every outcome of beauty or utility was dreamed out.

Dreams are the shadows of things hoped for, the substance of things not yet seen. First the seed of the dream, then the blade of purpose, and then the full corn in the ear—fulfilment. Statesmanship and law, religion and philosophy, music and art, literature and science are the results of men's visions. Take away those dreams, and their fulfilment and the race would go back to savagery.

My hat is off to you, O Class of 1926!

It matters not whether your school be at country cross road, on village common, or the green sward of college campus. The world may jeer at your "long, long thoughts," but as you stand on school step—the Plymouth Rock of your new world—the tall stars will burn for you. Your soul is monarch of three kingdoms. Memory gives you yesterday; today is governed by present reason; tomorrow is under the sway of your God-given vision.

When life is done may you be able to say, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision of the June night of long ago." And may the Great School Master say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

Give the Boy a Chance!

Text: And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.—Luke 15 : 12.

THESE are the words that start action in the highly dramatic story of "The Prodigal Son."

The parable ought really to be called "The Story of the Forgiving Father." It is the best known story of nineteen centuries. I am not now concerned with that rare story that Christ told in the long ago in which the son reveled and was ruined, and returning repented was received by the father with rejoicing. I am not now concerned about the wisdom or legality of the father dividing unto them his living—not "unto him," as is so often misquoted, but "unto them"—his two boys.

I am thinking of today, when society is asking not only that sons honor their fathers, but that fathers also deliver the goods. The father in the story was being called to an accounting, as every father will some day, as to what he has really been laying up and providing for his boy through all those years. Consciously or unconsciously every boy with his face toward the future demands what his father ought to have for him of those goods which we call "bringing up," that is, early training, education, example, influence, character, and religion.

It wasn't so in the parable, but there are times when a boy knows more of the inner urge than his father. Ours would have been a very different national story if Abe Lincoln, age sixteen or so, had been guided by the wisdom of Thomas Lincoln, age thirty-six or so. "Now, Abe, don't waste time readin' them books. So much readin' ain't good for boys—makes 'em good for nothin'." Robert Louis Stevenson knew more of himself than his father. That father would have shackled him to the dry problem of engineering. And the world would have been poorer by a great deal. The boy Jesus knew more of his inner self than his father. "Thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing," said his mother to him. "Let no man despise thy youth," wrote Paul to Timothy.

The difficulty with a boy is to know the difference between deep conviction and prejudices, selfish impulses, and passions. Youth is the main spring of the world. Its insurgency, its inquisitiveness, its eagerness to try the untried and do the impossible drives the world forward in spite of the conservatism of those of older years. Fortunate are those fathers of us who recognize the divine importance of youth's

cock-sureness and conceit, and yet know how, gently and appreciatively, to temper it with the riper judgment of added years.

It's Up to You, Dad!

If boys could be taught to be a little more careful in the selection of their fathers it would do much to solve the Boy Problem.

Some one has said that, "any kind of a man will do for a father, but it takes a good woman to be a mother." Nothing's more false than that assumption. It also takes a good man to be a father. Often a boy wakes up at—say, along about twelve to sixteen—to the fact that he has a father who is far from ideal. That's a critical day in a boy's life.

The business of being a father is a big business. Every man has two careers. One is his public career, his business. The other is his career as a father. I think Robert E. Lee's business of being a father was as great as being Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Northern Virginia, and Theodore Roosevelt's was as great as being President of the United States. I do not know just which monument is greatest of Lee and Roosevelt, but if I were stating it I would say—their sons!

I went one day to price pearls, a strand of them, at one of our great jewelry stores. I had seen "pearls" at the "five and ten," and some others that seemed worth while at the department store. The salesman took out a string that made me blink. "How much are they?" I asked casually. "They are only $50,000, sir." "Fif-ty thousand dol-lars!" I tried to control my face and not look foolish. Why if I had those pearls in the house I couldn't sleep at night! But I had a boy that was worth more than a freight car full of such gems.

Say, dad, you don't know what is in your boy. Be patient—wait. Remember he calls you "Father!" When he played in your lap you fondly hoped he some day would be a great and useful man. Maybe you feel a cog has slipped somewhere from your ideal. Maybe it has. And maybe it hasn't been his fault. Don't be snappish and snarlish and make him feel that you are disappointed in him. He is your boy, and you are to live in him after you are dead. He's to bear your name and carry it down the years. He will transmit it to generations to come. A girl is also a treasure, but in the nature of things she divides your fortune, transmits less of your fame, and loses your name. Through your boy you are to go down in history, live in the future, through him you are to act upon generations yet to come.

No one can tell what's in a boy. He may surprise you some day. I think that nine out of ten fathers with famous sons never suspected what they were bestowing on the world in their boys.

If one is a plant wizard like Burbank, he can transform weeds into flowers and grass into vegetables. It can be done just as well with boys if any one puts the same love and time and intelligence into it. Why not? How do you know what is in the boy? There may be an unkindled spark, an unfanned flame, a smouldering fire, a latent energy, that encouraged and developed, no power on earth can stop from reaching the heights of fame.

"'Smatter, Pop?"

You say Jimmie is twelve?

Then it's high time, if you have not done so before, to become Jimmie's chum. While he was more baby than boy it was proper his mother should have personal charge. He could tell her everything and she could help him in everything. She knew where he was and what he was doing.

It is different now. He is big enough to be called "James," and secretly yearns for long trousers. Unconsciously, perhaps, he is tugging to get away from his mother's apron strings—though it would break her heart to know it. He begins to be a man. He is falling in love with a girl much older than himself—very likely his teacher. He is likely to shine his shoes, put on a clean collar, brush his teeth, and clean his nails. He tells some girl his hopes, his ambitions, his dreams.

Jimmie wants a chum with whom he can walk and talk. You can be that chum. Under some circumstances he would rather be your pal than to take up with any other person on earth—under some circumstances. The danger is this:

He may become ashamed or afraid to confide in you. If he is either, he may take up with any harum-scarum of the street—or go with a gang. And that street education—well, just listen as you pass the street corner or the pool room. Some fathers are too dignified or too stern, proceeding on theory that a son must recognize parental authority. They lay down a law and then punish for any least infraction of it. You see, if Jimmie is afraid of you he is likely to deceive you and become a sneak. Or, under fear, he doesn't tell the truth, and so you make him a sneak and a liar. Say, dad, it's a great day when you recognize that you ought not to command, but to consult. That's high strategy!

And if Jimmie's ashamed of you—God, that's a tragedy! If you are a liar, and Jimmie knows it. If you swear, bully, neglect, talk slightingly of the public school teacher; if you are a hootch hound; if you speak of people who are trying to do right as hypocrites; if you treat your wife shabbily; if in the home you are only a policeman; if you are interested in dogs, horses, chickens, but not boys; if you are

going the way of the speak-easy and expect Jimmie to go the way of the church—say, dad, you are sharpening a sword that is going to pierce your own heart. In all literature there is no story so sad as the story of David and Absalom. God pity the man who is paving the way for an experience like that!

Dad, you ought to treat Jimmie as a partner. Recognize the fact that he is a coming man. Ask his advice once in a while. Instead of getting ready to beat him up when he is doing something that you do not approve of, ask him his point of view. "Why?" Put it up to his judgment. "That's up to you, Jim." There's a tendency to underrate and underestimate a boy's sense of his own importance to this world. There's a day coming when it will always be "up to him"—better help him now to cultivate the sense of wise, fair judgment.

Then there's that school report. Stand by the teacher and the school. Don't condemn them. They are dealing with a big problem, and largely in the mass. In spite of an occasional slip up, taken all in all, there's a rough sort of justice in our public school system. Maybe Jimmie isn't so "good at books" or is dull in some particular branch. The boy next door is a perfect "shark" for learning and good marks. Your Jimmie barely gets through. You get hot under the collar, go up in the air, or whatever is your favorite indoor rage. Let me tell you something, dad. I've watched the career of school boys for a generation, and this is my observation—"You can't tell how far a frog can jump by looking at it." Many brilliant men failed at school. Your boy may be the type who develops late. He may think slowly, but gets there finally.

Anyway—don't lose faith in your own flesh and blood. Stand by Jimmie though the sky fall. Don't discourage the boy by endlessly finding fault—that doesn't get you or the boy anywhere. Help him! Encourage him! Believe in him! Jimmie will come out all right—he'll be there at the finish!

"Gee—It was Fierce!"

And, Jimmie, you have a snap of it compared to what your dad had. The world is a better place for boys now than it was then.

When your father popped into it many an eight-year-old kid was driven out of bed at dawn to serve apprenticeship in a dark cellar or frigid shack. He had the toe of the boot of a task-master for a text-book. A working day often fourteen hours long. No laws about child labor, no sanitary inspectors, no compulsory school laws.

When smallpox or scarlet fever or diphtheria broke loose in the village no health officer was there to prevent the scourge from spreading. The schools were not so nicely heated and equipped with lunch rooms

and the other comforts and conveniences as today. If you didn't learn you got "licked" until you did. No questions asked as to why you weren't able to get the lesson. Free libraries were unheard of. Playgrounds and gymnasiums were just crawling into the dictionaries. Class organizations, class teams, and class banquets were undreamed of. You hurried home to do the chores before it got dark.

Now folk realize that the scientific agriculture of boys is as profitable as intelligence with any other crop. They're looking at your teeth and your tonsils and your glands and your eyes and your ears and your adenoids, and poking you in the ribs and pounding you on the chest and thumping you on the back, and telling you how to make the track team, and joshing you about the girls, and showing you how to put a radiophone from your chimney to the fellow's next door. And they're holding parents' and teachers' meetings about you. And they're devoting a whole week to tell your dad, "Be His Pal!" They have a boy's face on every street car, and a big parade on Broad street—'n everything. It's a cinch being a boy these days. It's great! You're some kid, Jimmie! In return, Jim, you ought to be a good scout and do your part, too. Cheerful service, prompt obedience, respectfulness. Don't let a dishonest dime cross your hand. Tell the truth though you are hanged for it. Out among the fellows play hard, play fair, don't break the rules of the game. If you win, be modest. If you lose, be a good sport—try to grin under it, and find out how the other fellow won—and improve on that!

I'm a preacher, a father, a public man, that is, a man in touch with public affairs. I'm convinced that there isn't any institution, outside the home, that so makes for solid citizenship as the church. It's the greatest human organization on the face of the earth. Jimmie, tie down to a church. Ten years from now, when you have found yourself, have adjusted yourself for time and eternity, you will find that the God of Washington and Lincoln and Garfield and McKinley and Roosevelt is the foundation rock for the average American Boy to build upon.

And, dad, Noah's children would never have gone into the ark if their father had stayed out. Think over that when you are counseling Jimmie for better things! And, finally, dad, give Jimmie a frequent smile, a word of encouragement, and—slip him a quarter now and then! Gee, you're the finest, best dad in the world!

The Best Fellow in Town

Text: Let my heart be sound in thy statutes; that I be not ashamed.—Psa. 119 : 80.

"SEND me the best fellow in town."

I was pastor of a little out-of-town church and the representative of our Congressional district gave me the privilege of naming such a person. It was to fill a highly desirable position in the great Capitol City.

"I'll leave it to you, Doctor. Send me the best fellow in town," wrote he—as if I were Diogenes or Sherlock Holmes!

For ten long days I went around with that weight under my hat. The responsibility of picking out "the best fellow in town." I certainly found it a big job. Those judges at the county fair who have to pick out the cutest baby or the prettiest girl will have my sympathy after this.

The "Best"—But Best What?

I walked with weighty steps and looked with judicial eyes.

In front of "The Pipe Dream" on Main St., ogling the high school girls going by, stood the best pool player in our town. The chalk was always on his sleeve. By his side, leaning against the door post, holding a tobacco bag in his mouth by the string, lounged the best card player in our community. He could shuffle a deceiving hand. The new clerk at the drug store was said to be the best dancer in town, but "Doc" Higgins could hardly keep him back of the counter. The best dresser in town inherited quite a sum from an uncle "out West." Shoo! but he was a heart breaker. But for some grave reason one of our town physicians has forbidden his calling on his daughter.

Last summer we had a young fellow, the idol of the place, who was the best ball player in town. Indeed, he claimed he "put our town on the map." But during the winter his old mother scrubbed the office floors over in the Trust Company's building to support him. He worked for a few days before Christmas at the plough works, over near the railroad, but he said it hurt his "pitching arm," and he quit. Each season he said he was going to play "semi-pro," and was going from our tall grass to the polished diamond.

I was perplexed. What kind of a standard ought our community to have for "the best fellow in town"?

Tradition has it that in Boston they ask, "What does he know?" In New York, "What is he worth?" In Philadelphia, "Who was his grandfather?" In Chicago, "What does he do?" In San Francisco, "Is he clever?" But what kind of a yardstick did our little town need? It surely set me guessing.

Then I did what I suppose most Christians do in time of perplexity —I took refuge in my Bible to browse quietly through it. Sure enough, there it was: "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." There was now only one thing for me to do. I must decide my standard to be, "What is he?"

A Man Among Men

Quite casually I asked our hotel proprietor, as we rode on the bus to the station, what his idea of a really good fellow might be.

He himself was very popular, was delegate to the State political convention, belonged to the "Reindeers" or some such organization, wore a button with big antlers sticking out, had the biggest diamond in town, and a gold watch chain that would hold a bulldog. They said he was a good "mixer," too—and they'd smack their lips and wink knowingly as they said it.

"Well," he said, "his biggest trump should be that he is a man among men." That sounded pat. I liked it.

But it may bear two widely different meanings. The meaning of any phrase depends upon the speaker and the listener as well. It takes two to declare a truth. One to speak it, the other to hear it. The wisdom of a Solomon may be rendered stupid by a dull hearer.

A "man among men" may suggest rubicund and jovial dissipation, fractured wine glasses, fugitive keyholes, and the "morning after" feeling, with corresponding tight hat band. Or it may, on the other hand, suggest a man able to deny himself any gross and sensual pleasures. It may suggest one able to control himself and, if necessary, others.

A "man among men" may be a tinhorn sport, a drunkard, a voluptuary, a friend of the bootlegger and mainstay of the owl taxicab, the "angel" of the chorus girl. Or he may be none of these—a fellow who loses neither nerve nor temper, who faces issues among men squarely, who fixes his own value, and to whom the world pays his price.

The two men may look surprisingly alike—except for such trivial features as the eyes and mouth. Yet there is a continent between them. One shouts himself hoarse and is not heard; the other whispers, and the community vibrates. The one is largely outer. The other is inner.

The Shadow and the Substance

Of course, character makes the difference.

Reputation is like a shadow, sometimes it precedes us, sometimes it follows us. Sometimes it is larger than we really are, sometimes it is smaller. Character is not aside from yourself. Like the kingdom of Heaven—it lies within you. We say of a person who has gone downward, "He has lost his fine character." Less frequently we may be able to say, "He has completely regained his splendid character." Silently, imperceptibly, each day we are growing stronger or weaker in our inner selves. Some day comes a moment which shows precisely what we are.

A great circumstance does not make a hero or a coward—it simply reveals him.

"Handsome is as handsome does," is a fairly true maxim. What a man is usually shows through what he does. A busy boy, crowded with studies at school, may show character by taking an hour off on Wednesday night for his home prayer meeting, or the college Y. M. C. A. A hurried girl may show a fine personal trait by stooping to straighten out a rug where some children are walking. I know a boy, now a prominent minister, who got his start, and won many friends, by the manly way he took a hard rebuff and bitter disappointment. I know another who opened the door to large things by the way he mowed a lawn and trimmed the hedges. I had a college chum, afterward a clerk in Washington, apparently lost in the great crowd of Government employes at the National Capitol, who is now private secretary to a Cabinet officer, because one day he missed his dinner and an afternoon of fun to do an unsolicited, unnoticed task that became national in the importance of its consequences. It was like carrying the message to Garcia.

"The Best Fellow in Town"

I didn't find him. But I found one of him.

The day before I stood at our little railroad station and waved him Godspeed on his first journey to the Nation's Capital I wrote to Mr. Congressman:

"Honored Sir:

"I wish to thank you for the confidence you placed in me recently.

"It was a task for God rather than for man, for only the Almighty who can read the depths of men's hearts knows truly 'the best fellow in town.'

"The young man whom I send is a member of my church and a clear-headed leader in my Christian Endeavor Society. In addition to that incidental membership in our organization he has some good, rugged,

everyday qualities that have won me to believe that he is one of the best fellows in town. He has clinched my judgment by some trifles that are indicative of the young fellow's inner self. He seems honest every time, he is truthful in details—can tell a thing without trying to color it. I have found him dependable in emergencies. His word is his bond. He has an atmosphere of manly cheerfulness that is mighty refreshing on dark days. Limited by my human knowledge, I give him my unqualified recommendation.

"I could strengthen this recommendation by telling you of some of the things which he is not, but which you will learn to your pleasant surprise. There are some points at which any one of us as human beings fail, but I always like to remember that the flexibility of weakness may sometimes be safer than the brittleness of perfection."

It doesn't seem long since I walked the Main Street of that inland town, and of which I have been writing, as if it were yesterday. It had all come back to me because recently a magazine of undoubted magnificent standing had his name and picture in its issue as a leading article, and stated, "if political goings go as every indication points that they will, he will be very much in the national eye for at least four years to come." When I visited him in Washington I saw over his desk this familiar couplet from Pope's "Essay on Man":

> "Honor and fame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

When God Calls a King

These are Commencement Days in high school and college.

As I sit upon the platform these June nights waiting to deliver my message of counsel and inspiration, I scan the faces of the boys and girls whom God hath led up to this moment of fulfilment, when the hard-toiled-for diploma is almost in their hand.

I cannot help thinking of that day when God sent Samuel to pick a king from among the sons of Jesse. Elias, the eldest, came with kingly stature and noble bearing. Samuel said, "This is he." But the Lord said, "This is not he." And so also of each of the seven sons. At last the little lad, David, who was tending the sheep, was brought in. The Lord said, "This is he." And then God announced this truth, "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh upon the heart."

Man looketh on the clothes, the Lord upon character. Man is concerned with the skin, the Lord with soul. Man measures the height, the Lord the heart. When shall we get over our idea that height and bulk are essential for hero or bishop? The pulpit committee or the

nominating committee wouldn't have chosen the freckled, red-headed shepherd boy. Even Samuel had to learn that real kingliness is of the soul.

As General Don Piatt was riding through an Ohio village one day he saw a constable arrest a rather seedy looking individual who appeared to be ill. "What are you going to do with him?" "Lock him up." "Let me have him." He took him home, put him in bed. "What's your name, son?" "Riley, I'm a sign painter from Indiana." A few weeks' rest and young James Whitcomb was out in the cornfield writing his incomparable poem that you and I love, "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin and the Fodder's in the Shock."

I do not know the name of your school, O young man of the Class of '26, but God's schools are often in obscure places—Bethlehem's pasture field, Nazareth's carpenter shop, or the cabin in Hardin County, Kentucky, but it may be that God is looking through your school today for the best fellow in town—a man after His own heart.

The Maw of the Monster

Texts: In perils in the city.—2 Cor. 11 : 26.
And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it.—Luke 19 : 41.

GOD did not start man in a city, but in a garden.

The first city was built east of Eden in absolute rebellion against God by a murderer named Cain. The city he named Enoch.

As a student of the Word I look my Bible through and I see city after city—always evil. Always is the city recorded as the hotbed of crime and sin, the place where life is soiled and damned. As a newspaper man, lecturer, and traveler I look outside the Bible, view the world through the centuries, and the same apparently holds true, from the city which Cain built to New York, Chicago, and San Francisco—coast to coast, and midway between.

Men seem always to be wanting to build cities. Possibly that gregarious instinct is a true one. God makes the country—man builds the city. God put man first in a beautiful garden; it isn't long till he is a vagabond and builds a city.

The city is fascinating because of its human interest. Its atmosphere is far reaching. Beyond its smoky horizon the moral breath of a great center of population is carried by currents created by newspaper, magazine, and personal contact. An odor, sweet or foul, wholesome or miasmic, is carried on the wing of the wind to village and farm. The country imitates the city as a younger lad does an older. Mode of dress, variety of amusement, social custom is introduced largely by city to country.

The Maw of the Monster

Savanarola denounced Florence, Jonah preached against Nineveh, the avenging angels came to Sodom and Gomorrah—few cities are noted for their goodness. Not ten righteous were found in the "City of the Plain" before the fire fell.

O, the tragedy in a great metropolis! Here the throbbing pulse is near the surface. Here every forty seconds, in normal times, an emigrant arrives, every six minutes a child is born, every seven minutes a funeral moves off, every two hours some one is killed by accident, every ten hours some one commits suicide, every two days some one is murdered.

I passed down the most brilliant street in the civilized world. Sons and daughters of luxury rolled by in flaunting touring car or modest limousine. A turn of the corner and I entered a different world. In a few steps I had gone through a dozen layers of society. Every step is down—darker, filthier, fouler—sickening odor from that cellar, startling oath from that subterranean den. Everywhere evidence of the bootlegger's booze and the dope peddler's drugs, to feed minds and bodies that needed food and oxygen—stimulation for flagging vitality. Everywhere the hacking cough, everywhere the fearful fever of unsatisfied human longings. Constantly I was asking myself, would they do any better with a larger chance? Suppose they might walk village street and country lane? I've sent some of them there and they came right back. A city, like luxury, gets in the blood.

Children fill these sidewalks—babies that never heard a mother pray, only swear. Babies are here who will occupy prisons, asylums, brothels, the electric chair. Here in the congested district old and young, black, white, and yellow, native and alien, Jew and Gentile, sick and sinning are herded together. Here the footpad brings his plunder, the beggar his scraps, the scarlet girl of the street her booty. Here is Mary Magdalene without repentance; Lazarus, the leper, without his God.

By the Eternal, though within sound of many church bells, this is the saddest spot on earth!

Into the flippant, pleasure-loving, Mammon-worshiping, Sabbath-breaking, hungry, thirsty, feverish Tyre and Sidon of the city is thrown the church of God. Woe unto it if it yields to the Devil and falls for every fad and heresy and ism under Heaven; preaching what is palatable rather than what is profitable; trying to heal the awful cancer of sin with religious vaudeville; sprinkling perfume upon the putrid iniquities that fester in this open sore of humanity; offering jazz and rag-time religion; the startling, the curious, the outre, the megaphone, and the bass drum for the healing gospel; acting as a mere sub-agency for social service, and trailing the blood-stained banner of Jesus Christ in the dust.

The Tribute to Minotaur

Were you raised in the country? Do you remember your first city impression?

You saw houses instead of hills, streets instead of streams, men instead of meadows. You commented that the city grew nothing but men. You remember the unpleasant thrill when your city cousin said, "The soil of the city is not as fertile as that of the country, but it is better adapted to the sowing of wild oats." You tried to smile at his witticism, but it was forced.

Human history repeats itself because it is human. The old Greek tradition tells of the doomed youths and maidens who were every year chosen by lot from the city of Athens, to be sent as a tribute to the Minotaur. The modern city pays its toll, and the toll is always in young and precious human lives who must perish in the maw of the monster. The Minotaur, who asked only fourteen lives, was mercy itself compared with the modern metropolis. More than 65,000 girls, for instance, disappeared in the United States last year. The majority of these girls, the police departments say, were lured to the big cities and there swallowed up; 18,000 strange girls came to Philadelphia last year, the Welfare Federation tells us, with no home; nowhere to go.

The modern city seems at times an insensate monster, ready to devour and crush all that life holds of sweetness and beauty. It seems to pound upon the hearts of men and women, making them as hard as the sidewalk they tread. It seems to turn existence into a struggle for survival, a fierce passion to clutch a desperate advantage above the heads of the crowd. The law of the crowd is the law of the jungle, whereby the weak must run and hide or else be preyed upon. There's something of the wolf in the crowd. Look out for the pack if you are weak or wounded! To the unfortunate it seems that might makes right, and no sense of kinship or neighborliness stands in the way of the domineering overlordship of the strong, who occupy unchallenged the seats of the mighty.

In our complex, highly civilized life there is always a great struggle. In our social competitive system it becomes fierce, like one trying to keep his foothold up a steep slippery rock.

There are more kinds of hell in a great city than Dante ever imagined.

To fall in a great city is like being wrecked at sea. In the country a man has friends, he can get some help and credit—nature is also bountiful. The church is closer to the people. In a city things are different. The man is lost in the multitude. In the roar of the crowd his cry is not heard. Baffled, perplexed, confused, often death seems the only way out. And such death is the maw of the monster.

"Loneliest Place in the World"

I talked to a chap on Vancouver Island. He had just returned from one of the stations of a fur-trading company, up near the Great Bear Lake.

"For six months you do not see a human face or hear a human voice. It's the loneliest place in the world!" Perhaps he was right. But there are persons who will tell you that the loneliest place is not where the

sighing of the winds in the great pines is the only sound, and where the only signs of life are the tracks of animals in the snow.

They will say that the loneliest place is in the midst of a great crowd in a big city. To meet thousands of people daily without a nod of recognition chills to the marrow. The roar of commerce and the surging multitude only makes a stranger feel more strange. Have you ever "felt" the solitude of a great city? You are encompassed by walls of humanity, which recede as you approach them. You are afloat in a sea of persons, but none of them touches you.

The worst of it is the people who really are worth while and who could help you are the most distant, due to painful experience with confidence men and strangers who have taken them in. The devil's folk are sociable. The pool room is aglow. The gambler gives you the glad hand. The fellow with death-dealing hooch seems a good Samaritan. The lizard of the dance hall seems an angel of light. The devil's agents have winsome smile and overflowing cordiality, but, like the robbers on the road to Jericho, they will strip you of your raiment and leave you half dead.

The Great White Way

Men may sleep, but the city is sleepless.

All night long there is an indeterminate roar and rumble, separate sounds fused and blended in one, welling to a climax in early morning, dying again at sundown, never wholly still, like the sea's unending inquietude. To one in the mood it is only the City of Dreadful Night, never the City of Beautiful Day. One murmurs:

"Could I but wander
Home, away yonder,
Far from your fretting noises and heats,
Sweeter than olden
April dreams golden
Would be forgetting you, city streets!"

The history of the street is the history of the long day. Different in different hours as in different years. At 5.00 o'clock milk wagons rattle by; at 6.30 the humbler toilers hurry by with pale, unrefreshed faces; at 8.00 the roar of traffic is trumpet like. There is a rush and clang of cars, and an army is pressing forward. At noon there's a lull. The multitude is feeding. At 3.00 pleasure cars are among the motor trucks in the business section. At 4.00 indolence, luxury, and repose are on the way to river drive and park. At 5.30 the crowd, like a flood returned, surges through the street. The toilers are hurrying home.

Street crowd psychology is subtle. If in the fierce struggle of the day one feels a lost sense of individuality, feels his personality non-existent, a leaf in a forest, a grain of sand by the shore, a drop of water in a great river, a small voice in a mighty roar, each hour increasing the sense of loneliness, helplessness, and submergence—night changes all!

Aladdin has rubbed his wondrous lamp. After dinner lights are blinking; theatres are gathering their devotees; at hotel entrances there are glimpses of lace and jewels; beauty bares its breast to ravished eyes. This is the hour when the angel in man seems to lapse back into the beast. There's ostentation of wealth, bewildering in its profusion, staggering in its effrontery, and much glitters that is not gold. The motion picture displays its products created by vanity, intrigue, and voluptuousness. Prosperity and bad taste make it impossible to distinguish between the woman of fashion and the woman of the street. Wickedness is rampant, but well clad. Forbidden fruit is frankly forced forward. There is a deification of the bizarre and suggestive. That which shocks the simple scarcely jars the jaded.

The monster is a serpent at night—sleek, shining, sinister. For a raw recruit the street between 6.00 and 12.00 o'clock is a Gettysburg or a Waterloo.

The Perils of the City

One of the problems of the twentieth century will be the city.

There is the peril incident to the crushing pressure of numbers with divergent ideas and origins. Seventy-five per cent of all the foreigners living in the United States are in the cities. Only two per cent of London's population was born outside the British Dominions. One-half of New York's and Chicago's voters are foreign born. These variants in speech, manners, ethical standards, religious training are rapidly affecting our American civilization.

There is the peril of materialism. Wealth is power and it is amassed in the cities. These American days of glory are more marvelous than any Arabian Nights tale. The accessories of life have multiplied beyond all inventory. We are apt to revolve around possessions instead of around men. The multitude worships at the shrine in the market place. I think one of the perils of the day is that business so engrosses that there is no outlook; no open window of the mind; no holy city of the soul; the shutters of life are closed. All so busy that there is no time to look to distant tower of sanctifying thought.

Two great roots of national life are home and church. There is a peril in the decline of both. What do *you* think? Is the American home life as strong as it was a generation ago? Is the church as large

a moulding factor as it was thirty years ago? Wendell Phillips once said: "The time will come when our cities will strain our Constitution as slavery never did." I believe that the strategic point of our American civilization is the American city.

Jesus beheld the city and wept over it. John's idea of Heaven was a city. The city may be a peril to civilization, but it is the opportunity of the church. Nothing but God can save the cities.

The Soul of the City

Text: Blessed shalt thou be in the city.—Deut. 28 : 3.

"Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be seas,
There I'll establish a city for me;
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well, where my vessels may ride."

THAT verse, you'll remember, is the one in which Robert Louis Stevenson pictured the city's early call to childhood. The call is one that the world has heard and obeyed through all ages of history. It has been the magnet, the lodestone, that has drawn youth from village and farm.

The interest of history clusters about great cities. The history of the ancient world is largely the history of Nineveh, Babylon, Jerusalem, Rome, Athens, Alexandria. Modern Europe is ruled by London, Paris, Berlin, Leningrad. The history of our American people gathers about the Puritans of Boston, the Knickerbockers of New York, the Quakers of Philadelphia, the Creoles of New Orleans, and the Argonauts of San Francisco. As the cities are, so is the nation. The cities hold the world's scepter. Carthage was representative of Africa; Athens, of Greece, and Rome, of that mighty empire.

There's something wrong with the man who has no pride in the city of his nativity or residence. I should look upon him with suspicion and ask what he had done to the place, and if he had ever done anything to make it any better. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantua, Lycurgus of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus. If you go to New York your friend tells you it is the metropolis, in Philadelphia he takes you to Independence Hall and gives you a glimpse of the Liberty Bell. If in Boston he takes you to Faneuil Hall, if in Washington to the Capitol and Congressional Library—from Portland, Maine to Portland, Oregon no city or town but has something of which its sons may boast.

The Common Lodestone

All roads led to Rome—country lane and village street lead to the city.

For the first time in our nation's history more people live in the city than in the country. New York and Pennsylvania rank at the head of

the list for the total population of cities. The Empire State has 6,589,-144 city inhabitants. The Keystone State has 5,607,815 city population and 3,512,210 rural, or nearly two to one. Notwithstanding the hard lot of some city dwellers, the great human currents are still flowing into the cities. No use warning youth about the dangers and confinements of crowded city life. It is futile to talk about the beauties and the fresh air of the country. Most of them come to the city not fearing lack of fresh air, but for a better job.

The city holds the foreigner. What an alien lot we are! Polyglot? Forty-two languages are spoken in New York. I wonder if any other world city is more cosmopolitan than that? Take away Chicago's foreigners and their children and her almost three millions would shrink to a few hundred thousand. And this new generation of Americans is pushing the native stock back into the suburbs and outskirts. Italy swarms around the doorstep of John Hancock. Dublin camps at the base of Bunker Hill monument. In the shadow of the steeple where hung the lanterns for Paul Revere I've heard more Italian than English. Within sound of the bell on Independence Hall is Philadelphia's "Little Italy," a new "Jerusalem," the "black belt," and a perfect Babel of Polish, Lithuanian, Greek, Russian, Armenian, Hungarian, Czecho-Slovakian, Jugo-Slavian—they are the new Pilgrims, and the city is their Plymouth Rock.

While we have been deploring the flood of immigration, these "foreigners" have been digging our ditches, draining our swamps, tilling our soil, mining our coal, filling our schools, electing our presidents, and, incidentally, filling some offices themselves—more power to them!

The Moth and the Flame

The city is humanity's trying out place.

Here life is at its intensest. It is the glowing heart, the throbbing brain, the ganglion of the world's body. Here is the place for bass drum and megaphone. Here the artist uses big brush, glaring colors, and paints large, for the crowd must see quickly and comprehend at a glance. He who runs reads. City minds like city streets are beaten hard with much traffic, but things must needs pass over them quickly. Queer that St. John's idea of Heaven was a city!

More than half of the hundred million people of the United States live in the city. Great cities have become the phenomenon of national development. The currents of life flow there. The philosophies of government are there given trial. We do not know how to run a city; nobody does yet. Nevertheless the cities are the practical test of our democracy.

Two men living on an island could solve most of the problems of their relationship, personal and environment—why not two million? Are the problems a million times as large—there are a million times as many to solve them! If we can put together, why not take apart? If we can add, why not subtract? If we can multiply, why not divide? Unfortunately the problem is not the simplicity of exact mathematics, but the complexity of the human spirit. Two oxen in the yoke may pull together, but the herd is gregarious and may be stampeded. The psychology of the crowd is different from that of the individual. Man alone is apt to be timid. In the crowd he may become a hero or a braggart. It seems easier to go to Hades with the crowd than alone.

The marvel is that we dwell together in peace, notwithstanding the differences of race, color, religion; and notwithstanding, also, that all are eagerly, hotly, even madly, trying to wrest from each other life's prizes, of which there are not enough to go around, or running a race in which one man's winning means another's defeat; one man's success another's failure. To me, that a couple million people can so live together seems a brilliant, stupendous achievement—it speaks well for the race.

The Hub of the Wheel

The truth is, human nature is pretty much the same everywhere, city or country—only there is more of it in the city than in the country.

It is equally true that in the great city great good centers. God made the country—man made the city. True! But God made the city just as well as the country. He is back of the electricity, the steam power, the mighty energies of a city as well as he is behind the plow and the reaper.

We think that a big city must, in the very nature of the case, be bad. The city does not need to be a Sodom. In the city, too, abideth faith, hope, love—only not enough of it. The country gives its children berries to eat and water to drink. The city gives only what can be had from your neighbor by wit of your mind or strength of your arm—you must earn or beg or steal everything you get—in the essential things there's nothing for nothing. The city grows nothing but men. To some it is the field of budding opportunity, to others the graveyard of buried hopes. It is the seething maelstrom of furious energies and the miasmatic swamp of human malaria.

The city is the arena of the skilled and the strong, and the hiding place of the weak and the failure. It is the center of philanthropies and human beneficence, and the rallying point of all that would level to the underworld and chaos. The city is the home of moral purity and

the den of lecherous vices. Hope and despair, courage and fear, virtue and vice, joy and sorrow, love and hate jostle each other in the city street.

Sometimes the city is ugly, sometimes beautiful, but always powerful, significant, important. It is a vast melting pot. Through the city gates come alike the hopeful and the hopeless, the dreamers and those who would destroy the dreams. They all come looking for their life's chance. They come singly and in groups, anxious, pathetically dumb; raw material for the human crucible; potentially powerful as the iron ore that enters the city by the same gate. The city takes them in, gives them sanctuary—and then forgets them until there's a cry of triumph or a cry of pain.

The Soul of the City

Cities are storm centers and nerve centers and financial centers, and every city has a heart throbbing with life and sending out good blood or bad through its thousand arteries of activity.

A city is a living thing, it has life—more than that—it has a soul. It is more than a collection of buildings or a crowd of men. It has personality. New York is not Philadelphia, nor is Seattle Los Angeles. Minneapolis and St. Paul lie side by side, but they are markedly unlike. Cities even have heredity—that means much. They have ancestry—some names they bear link them honorably with the past.

It is hard to get at the soul of a city just as it is hard to get at the soul of a man. There is a deeper, inner reality in a city out of which deeds arise—a self which feels and lives and wills and acts. It finds large expression in its newspapers. Let me read the editorials and whatever else is on that page, the "Letters to the Editor"—that forum of public opinion, and I'll tell you about the soul of that city. Let me hear what that city accepts and what it rejects. If it cries, like an ancient city of Asia Minor—"Not Christ, but Barrabas"—how it chooses, not good, but evil, and I'll tell you how that city lost its soul.

The soul of a city is just the living reality of the men and women who dream and do and dare in it. Where a city is working for the coming of a better day, for justice and righteousness, for humanity and God—there is the soul of the city revealed. A city reveals itself in its day and night schools, its parks and playgrounds, its hospitals and charities, its libraries and art galleries, its churches, its spirit of tolerance.

The Big, Good City

The word "enormous" need not carry the thought of "enormity."

In the city great good enters as well as evil. Some of the finest types of manhood and womanhood dwell there. The great organized

agencies that are a blessing to mankind are located in the cities. The worst men may be found there, also the best. Evil is entrenched; so are great moral forces focused.

The world's moral battles have always been fought in the cities. The first apostles and disciples of Jesus worked in the cities. The Master commanded his disciples to begin at Jerusalem. The history of cities is the history of civilizations. Cities are centers. In them are concentrated commercial, political, social, industrial, literary, and moral power. Study the great cities of history—Babylon, Athens, Rome, Jerusalem—these stand for their civilizations. Nations rose and fell with them. The world follows its great cities. Here wealth piles up her treasures, art blossoms into flower, heroism is commonplace, religion tunes her loftiest song. Here are universities, hospitals, cathedrals, art galleries, libraries, museums, common schools, trade schools. Professional schools open their doors to all.

Culture, comfort, convenience, urbanity, good clothing, entertainment, luxuries are within the common possibility of him who half tries. The city may spell danger, but it also spells opportunity. Her arms are full of gifts to her own children and the stranger within her gates—provided they are able and courageous.

You Are the City

Did you read the preceding sermon—The Maw of the Monster?

It pictures the lonely and helpless feeling of one who came to the city for the first time. The mass of humanity seemed a monster.

But stand back a moment, confident and unafraid. Resolve this monstrous crowd into its component parts. They are humans just like yourself. Stand with me for a moment and look. An old woman, clutching a paper bag coming home from shopping; a child with an ice-cream cone; two smiling bobbed hair girls arm in arm coming home from a shirt waist factory. Rosie is exchanging confidences with Rachael about what "He said to me." Trolley cars, automobiles, trucks, a big policeman—all within 50 feet of us. Anything among them to be afraid of?

Suppose your heart failed or you dropped from heat. Would they jump on your prostrate form or rifle your pockets, or leave you torn and bleeding? No; an ambulance would be there in a jiffy, and you would wake up in a cool room with a white-capped nurse bending over you; it wouldn't cost you a cent. Does the traffic cop seem a pitiless despot stopping all traffic with his upraised hand? I showed my teeth, smiling, as I passed. I said, "Officer, your congregation is easier to manage than mine." He grinned back. "You're right there, Father, you daren't bate yours up!"

Wherein is the city so dreadful, and soulless, and ravening a creature? The wonderful throng that flows through the streets of a big city is the river of humanity. Plunge into it. Let it enfold you. Be a part of its mighty swirl. Feel yourself kin to the eddying multitude.

Really, you and I are the city! A whole is no greater than its parts.

The Holy City

The history of our race began in the country—in Eden. It is to end in the city—New Jerusalem.

It is a curious thing that when St. John saw heaven opened it was not a holy farm that he beheld, but a Holy City. While men have the gregarious instinct they will flock together. The human heart hungers for the crowd. Fish go in schools, birds in flocks, bees in swarms, cattle in droves—men in crowds. One hundred years ago only one person in thirteen lived in a large town, now almost three out of five. Tomorrow every other person you meet will be city bred. The world is coming to town. Every passing trolley, every screaming train is calling humanity to the city.

And God is calling the city to Him. If Christianity fails in the city it fails everywhere. If we say the gospel cannot reach the city population we sign the death knell of the Republic. The gospel that captured Rome must capture the American city. The modern city is the boldest challenge ever flung into the face of the church of Jesus Christ! Shall the city be pagan, or shall it be like the Holy City of God?

New Year—Your Milestone or Millstone?

Text: How old art thou?—Gen. 47 : 8.

I WONDER who told us to begin our year on the 1st of January?

The Romans first started their year in March and afterward chose January because their god of beginnings, old Janus, had two faces, one looking east and another looking west—they thought that a good time, the beginning of his month, to begin a new year.

The Athenian year began in January. The Chinese new year began in late January or early February. The ancient Mexican new year was in February. The Mohammedan in July; the Persian in August; the Macedonian in September; the Jewish new year begins in September. The ancient Egyptians began their year with the summer solstice.

It is a wonder to me how the civilized world, so practical in everything else, ever made up its mind to begin the year near the winter solstice instead of the vernal equinox. Our New Year begins in the "dead" of winter instead of the "life" of spring. It isn't natural. I mean that our new year ought to begin in the period of the awakening of nature. If the calendar makers want to show genius, they ought to consult lilac bushes, pussy willows, daffodils, and crocuses. They ought to watch when the grass commences to get color. Another good plan would be to watch for the birds, when the crows commence to flap-flap their swift way northward, or note when the first robin bravely chirps his faith in the evidence of things not yet seen. Say, that would be a timely time to begin a new year!

It is unlikely that a change will ever be made now, but I wish that I would be on the committee if they ever do think better. I'd vote for the time when the sun crosses the equator, when the sap starts to run, when the buds make their appearance, when birds are considering mating, and "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." But maybe that wouldn't appeal to dwellers in the Arctic and Antarctic regions and those between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, where the sun crosses the zenith twice in the course of the year. To us folk in the Temperate Zone the spring-time, when nature puts on her garb of living green, would seem a highly auspicious time to begin a new year.

"When is Your Birthday?"

No matter what the calendar may say, one's real New Year's Day is his birthday. That's when you begin your new year!

Is your birthday a milestone or a millstone? Does it mark progress of which you may be proud, or does it weigh you down in dread and despair? Are you sensitive about your age? When people remember your birthday, do they rejoice or condole with you?

In some ways observing birthdays is a happy custom. It is nice when it is a red-letter day with your friends, observed with cards and candies, cakes, and candles. But when it simply reminds you of the flight of the years, then it is a tragedy—no wonder you hedge in fear that some one will ask, with polite interest or malicious fiendishness, "How old art thou?"

But for the coming and going of birthdays one might never grow old. The date of your birth has comparatively little to do with your actual age. Your usefulness outlives birthdays—there is no statute of limitations for one's activities. One of the good signs of the times is the fact that people no longer conceive of life as arbitrarily divided into periods of time. Women of forty and men of fifty do not take to knitting or croqueting under the impression that there is nothing left but to await the inevitable summons. The old-age limit was absurdly premature from Shakespeare's time to that of our immediate predecessors.

At fifty a man was supposed to retire. He could browse and ruminate under his vine and fig tree. It would not be long until he would be sleeping with his fathers, so what was the use of brushing teeth, clothes, or shoes? All flesh is grass, so what is the use trying to put one over on old Father Time? And the very fact of his thinking of old age hastened it. As Job said, "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me."

Back of this keeping count of our own birthdays is a secret dread of them, or worse, what other people think of them. We like to assure ourselves they are growing old just as fast as we are—and that they show it more! A woman says to herself, "Next year I shall be forty—when a woman is forty she is middle aged!" Then begins an obsession, a fear of mere time. From that day she's on the defensive, and is the victim of box and bottle, cosmetic counter, and beauty parlor. There's a furtive look in her eye. The jinx has got her—the jinx, not of age, but the fear of age. The Hindu has a saying that it is safer to pull the tail of a tiger than to ask a woman her age, or to casually call her attention to a gray hair.

Don't Let Years Count

Age isn't a question of years, but of state of mind and condition of body. You may have been born forty years ago and only have six months more to live; or you may have been born fifty years ago and have fifty more to enjoy.

I think that nature intended each animal to live to an age approximating five times the number of years which it takes to reach its bodily maturity. Man reaches his height and maximum strength about twenty, and might, therefore, live to be as much as a hundred. The last census shows that there are almost five thousand persons in the United States who are over one hundred years old. Two-thirds of them are women! Wonder why?

Age is a matter of habit—mental, physical, and spiritual. Mentally, age is a state of mind. It closes the doors, shuts the windows, bars the house against any new ideas. When Solon, the Athenian sage, was asked the secret of his strength and youth, he replied that it was "learning something new every day." The face cannot betray the years until the mind has given its consent. The mind is the sculptor.

Physically, I am interested in seeing how differently men and women show age. Men begin by letting go. Women begin by showing the effort to hang on! A man's cheeks sag, his jaw drops, his shoulders stoop. A woman doesn't do that unless she has been sick a lot. What you do see in a woman is the strain to keep up. She daren't slump! The constant effort shows in her face and eyes. If I could tell a woman what to rub in, or paint on, or swallow to remove the marks of age, I could loan money to Mr. Ford and Mr. Rockefeller—for all that a woman hath will she give to be chic and slight and willowy. I know a secret, but, Cassandra-like, it will not be believed until it is too late.

It is in spirit that a person ages fastest. Selfishness, self-pity, ill-temper, pettiness, hypersensitiveness, jealousy, and their like are powerful factors in aging human beings, especially the female of the species.

If some of the anxious sex spent as much time massaging the kinks out of their dispositions as they do the wrinkles out of their faces they would be amazed at the results.

Far be it from me to disparage the value of beauty cream, reducing exercises, an orange in the morning, an apple at noon, a drink of water at night; vitamines, carrots, and lettuce; picture hats and fetching gowns, but I know of no Ponce-De-Leon spring like that of loving. The heart that is kept warm by love is never frozen by age or chilled by New Year's winds. Don't let go of love or love of romance; they are amulets against wrinkles.

If you don't want the years to count, drop selfishness, stagnation, and intolerance, and substitute a cheerful, hopeful, loving spirit. "Faith, hope, and love, . . . but the greatest of these is love." The pair of lovers on a park bench holding hands have a secret that is worth more than money making, riding in motor cars, or eating asparagus and strawberries out of season. Love is the wine of life, it makes the world go round, and the head go round, and the heart go round, but the round of the clock it doesn't notice. Lovers have spring-time and cherry-blossom time in their hearts!

"Old Age is a Pose"

Old age is curable if taken in time.

Effective treatment must begin early. "Whom the gods love die young," doesn't mean that they die when they are young, but that they are young when they die. If at thirty, you expect to be an old man at fifty, you will be. You are going to have an old man on your hands because you are going to adopt that pose. You are going to sit back and let the years do what they want—and what they will do will be sufficient! They are likely to jump out and sandbag you at any unexpected corner.

Tell me not in mournful numbers about your blood-pressure and your arteries—you've been fooling with stiff, starch dignity! Maybe you've let your waist band increase while your hat band has decreased. Probably your purse band has increased at the expense of your heart band. Now you're calling, "Help! Help!" You're almost paralyzed with fear, aren't you? Body age is getting you!

"Many Happy Returns of the Day!"

Life is a series of birthdays.

Three of them are great birthdays. The day of your physical birth into this world is one. The second is that that the Christ spoke of, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." That is the spiritual birth. Then there is the birth that ushers us from this world into the next—it is the birth of death!

You think you have only the birthdays set down in the calendar? That you have only the date recorded in the Bureau of Vital Statistics? You are mistaken. Your birth was a sleep and a forgetting. It didn't begin at the cradle, nor will it end at the grave. Life is a shoreless sea and a boundless day.

The true birthday is not a date, but an experience. The calendar tells of the anniversary of that time when we were ushered into this world, but every new experience is a new birth. The baby has eyes,

but it doesn't know how to see; it has ears, but it doesn't know how to distinguish sounds; it has lips and tongue, but it knows no language but a cry; it has hands and feet, but it doesn't know how to use them. When it first perceives a bright color, or a moving object, it is born into the world of color and motion perception. Baby "takes notice!" Some day it turns its head or its eyes for a sound. It has entered the world of sound!

Each new faculty endowed with life is a new birthday!

In each human being is some capacity for goodness and truth, hope and joy, service and love. These sleeping capacities are nothing until awakened into life. You see, then, that age affects the body only, and only that in a relative way; the mind, if cared for, keeps young till the last. The spirit never ages. Like Peter Pan it doesn't grow old, but keeps "the eternal child tarrying" in our hearts. They may well dread the years whose spirits feed on malice, grudges, suspicions; who pervert the kind things you say, and the good things you do until you despair of the value of a pleasant look, a friendly handshake, a gracious smile. Their hearts shrivel and blacken, like an aged walnut. The greatest prayer they could make at this New Year time would be the prayer of David, "Create in me a clean heart, . . . and renew a right spirit within me."

Happy the man, the woman who makes the resolution at New Year to view the world and its fellows with the fine expansiveness of charity and love. The individual grows old and dies, the race remains eternally young. The individual body is a creature of time, the soul belongs to eternity.

New Year's Day is a new birthday of the calendar. Somewhere in the year you will record a physical birthday anniversary. But thank God that each day, each morning of the year, will be a new birthday. Regeneration is the soul's new birth. Heaven's great promise for us at New Year's time is: "Behold, I make all things new!"

The Creak of the Water Wagon

Text: But we know that the law is good, if a man use it lawfully; knowing this, that the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient.—I Timothy 1 : 8, 9.

THIS is Prohibition's sixth year.

I mean that it has been six years since "We, the people of the United States," adopted the XVIII Amendment to the Constitution, whereby we prohibited "the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors," etc. Some there are who ask with sly wink, "When does it go into effect?"

It is a good time to stop and ask what progress prohibition has made. Three great evils of man's own making have been a scourge to humanity through its history—Slavery, Drink, and War. The first has been abolished. Of the third, there are stirrings which indicate that the Biblical prophecy, "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," may find its fulfilment with our children, or our children's children. Of the second, one of the foremost nations on the face of the earth, the United States of America, has elected to grapple with the liquor traffic and battle to its destruction. In doing so it ascends an upward round in the long ladder of human progress.

Does Prohibition Prohibit?

"Is America dry?" Do you mean bone dry? Oh, bless you, no!

But I do think that while the amount of bootleg booze is murderously prevalent the alleged amount of "natural" drinking is fearfully exaggerated. In the race for the goal the water spaniel is beating the booze hound. There are interests whose interest it is to discredit the whole prohibition movement. They would have you believe that there is a drunken saturnalia everywhere.

But use your eyes. Be honest with yourself. How much drunkenness do you really know of from actual, personal experience and observation? How much have you been fed up by certain newspaper propaganda, movie stunts, vaudeville quips, or superheated baseless rumors. "There is more drunkenness than ever." Don't you believe it! I have had the fortune to be at the speaker's table at banquets, of all kinds of organizations, for over a quarter of a century. Twenty-five years ago drink and drunkenness was the common thing. Today, or

tonight, the man under the influence of liquor would be tabooed. Except in a certain district among the "bums" the sight of a drunken man on the street is now mighty rare.

Yes, perhaps there are lots of men with hip-pocket flasks—it looks daring to be able to violate law with impunity! And there are young fellows, as young as high school sophomores, who drink—it looks smart! And some quite young girls, flappers, who will drink in dark corners—it looks "awfully devilish!" But the "smart Aleck," "little-Johnnie-showing-off" stunt is only artificial drinking. The man who says "there is as much drinking as ever" is either playing Rip Van Winkle or else he has been dead for six years and hasn't been notified. "As much liquor sold now as before Prohibition." There is if you can pack as much liquor under the seat of an ancient flivver as they once did in a long freight train. And the fellow who "drinks twice as much as he used to," well, you can get ready to take part in a little ceremony with silver handles, white gloves, and a quartette from the lodge of sorrow held in his honor.

The truth is the liquor traffic is an outlaw. It is driven from respectable society. It has to be apologized for. It is off the main thoroughfares, and has its habitat in dark alleys, in the byways and purlieus of the city, a companion of the drug peddler and the street walker. The old corner barroom has given place to clean and profitable stores doing legitimate business. We in the "old-soak areas" adjacent to the big seaboard cities are so accustomed to read sneers at the waning influence of Prohibition that we half expected the United States Government was defeated out on Rum Row, and that the Anti-Saloon League was about to surrender its charter and quit. Tell it not in Albany, Hartford, or Trenton—but when the representatives appointed by the Governors of forty States met in Washington recently, men who had come out of the thick of the fight reported with sane and surely founded optimism that ground was being gained and held, and that not only was prohibition here to stay, but to prohibit. Back of them was the President, the Federal Constitution, and the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Bootlegger and the Booze Buyer

"The partaker is as bad as the thief"—the buyer is as guilty as the seller.

The patron of the bootlegger is the instigator of crime. He knows that the bootlegger breaks the laws of the country, not in an accidental way, not in any outburst of passion, but coldly and consciously to get the buyer's money. He knows that the bootlegger's trade drags after it every manner of violence from bribery to corruption, from piracy to

murder. The trail leads right up to the buyer's door. It is his money that causes it. He may represent property, respectability, and social position, but after all he is but a participant in crime—indeed, an instigator of crime!

And who is the bootlegger? Contrary to your opinion, perhaps, the trafficker in death-laden hootch is not a "conscientious objector" to the prohibitory law. He is in the game for what there is in it. He is a profiteer in poison. He is not interested in American ideals, laws, lives, or anything else except United States currency. The simple logic of bootlegging is profit. Eight out of ten times he is not an American citizen. Note the names and racial root of the bootlegging fraternity and you will see just what I mean. The fact is that real America is dry—and dry permanently. Now at once some renegade booze-buyer will arise to state that he knows some bootlegger who is an American—possibly lives in Kansas—where he bought from him.

Then, too, when there's a wail from the desert it is largely in an alien tongue, for the fact is that most of the present noise in favor of the freer flow of liquor is being made in the states where the people are from sixty per cent to ninety per cent foreign-born or their immediate progeny. Commissioner Haynes states that ninety per cent of the violators are aliens or the sons of men who have not yet taken out citizenship papers. Judge Landis, of Chicago, says his court recorded the same percentage.

And what does the bootlegger sell? Well, for every drink you take, the chances are eight to twenty that you will be poisoned. The makers of bootleg have no conscience. Not more than twenty per cent of the "stuff" is smuggled into this country—and all is not Scotch that is labeled "Scotland." The remaining eighty per cent is manufactured here of the deadliest poisons. It is made of denatured alcohol, wood alcohol, benzine (pyridin, a deadly poison), bichlorid of mercury (another very deadly poison), ether, kerosene, fusel oil, and sulfuric acid. It is colored with burnt sugar, poured into bottles, corked with old corks covered with foreign Government stamps, forged labels put on the bottles, the whole thing discolored and dust blown upon it to make it look ancient.

Seventy-five per cent. of the bootleggers' supplies come from denatured alcohol used for manufacturing purposes, obtained under permits under three formulas, known as 39-A, 39-B, and 40. The first formula is for the manufacture of barber supplies; the second for cleansing soaps for the kitchen, and for stove and shoe polish; the third for the manufacture of perfumery and cosmetics.

Don't shed too many tears over a fellow who will take chances with stuff like that. If he values his life so cheaply why should you make

your sympathy still cheaper? There's only one thing beyond him—the formaldehyde of the undertaker's embalming fluid.

The Law of the Land

"The Eighteenth Amendment has made a nation of lawbreakers." Hokum!

It is funny to see liquor folk get hysterical over the lawlessness of the booze buyer. Now think straight! We didn't become a nation of bootleggers and lawbreakers overnight. There's bootlegging in many industries. Immigrants are "bootlegged" over the Canadian and Mexican borders, and on many favorable coasts. Habit-forming drugs enjoy a brisk and unlawful trade. The law-defying sale of high-powered fireworks cost quite a few lives last year. Unfit civil service candidates are bootlegged into public service, and, of course, by a peculiar sort of logic, they prove that prohibition doesn't prohibit!

We didn't start lawbreaking the day Mr. Volstead's name was entered in "Who's Who." We have broken the automobile laws—when we could get away with it. We have broken the usury laws when we could devise a scheme. We made out our income tax returns with our fingers crossed. Big business has hired big lawyers to punch holes in statutes. There have been some millionaire murder cases that have shown what money, alienists, and shrewd lawyers can do to simple justice, and Judge Lynch has nullified the constitutional rights of many an accused one to a fair trial. The only reason why we have more lawbreakers—if we do—under Prohibition is that this law has crossed the desires and purposes of a trade that has always been the chief lawbreaker of the nation.

"Will we never have complete prohibition? I do not know. Never is a long time. The prohibition fight is repeating history. What happened in Prohibition States following the first dry days is now happening in the nation. Constitutional amendments cannot hope to get established in a day. Think of the Ten Commandments. It may be that there are heads without a gray hair today whose hair will be white as snow before the liquor problem is solved. It may be that we have attempted to take a short cut instead of going the full route. Prohibition is a way of shortening the time. And every advance shows us not only how far we have come, but shows us also how far we have to go. The "hung" jury at Weehawken not long since, and the official statement that our city is the wettest in disposal of denatured alcohol, makes bone-dryness seem afar off. One thing is sure—we will never go back. It isn't on record that the South made any headway after the Civil War in getting the slaves back to bondage. It used to be an English joke

that Charles I said after his decapitation, "It's all off!"—and made no attempt to replace his head. "Votes for women" also got into a Constitutional Amendment. Could you now take it away from the gentler sex? Try it and see!

There are four avenues open for the Eighteenth Amendment. The first is to prevent the supply of denatured alcohol from being diverted. The second, to take the machinery of enforcement out of party politics—many a political gray wolf has had official dry approval because he has promised to be a sheep if only he be permitted to enter the fold. Third, give the criminal rum-runners no quarter. They're a murderous lot. Fearless Father Bennett's revelations at Weehawken, New Jersey, proved that. Fourth, put the power of our Federal Government back of an insistence to foreign powers, that they shall not give approval to nationals in their violations of our smuggling laws. The United States has the strength, money, men, and might to insist that its rights be respected. Ask the Kaiser. He knows.

However, as law-loving, Constitution-believing Americans, it is no longer merely a question of amendment or anti-amendment—we are past that point. There is now something even deeper than that. The prohibitory law is not so much on trial as the American people are on trial. It is not necessary to be committed to one side or the other to be conscious of that fact. The salient point is that a large number of people, many of them avowedly of the criminal class, are openly challenging the power of the government to cause a law of the land to be obeyed. When men defiantly allege that a particular law cannot be made to apply to them, Mayors, Governors, and Presidents are bound by all the majesty and might of a nation to prove the contrary. The long and short of it is that it is now more than a question of liquor drinking or abstinence. It is a question as to whether a nation is strong enough to enforce its own laws.

Civilization can exist only as long as the people of a country obey its laws. As long as the Federal Constitution remains unchanged—and there is a way to change it when so desired—it is the solemn duty of every citizen to obey it. Anything else is a betrayal of the principles on which our free government is founded.

The Immortal Fifty-six

Text: This shall be written for the generation to come.—Psa. 102 : 18.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1776, is, on the American calendar, the birthday of the nation.

The morning of that first Independence Day was not hot, as is generally supposed, the temperature at one o'clock in the afternoon was only 76 degrees, but the day was cloudy and sultry. A thunder shower broke in the late morning, and through the clouds beamed the sun—harbinger of glorious things.

War had been raging for more than a year in the colonies. Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill had been fought. Ticonderoga and Crown Point had been taken. Washington was in command of the army. The enemy had been driven out of Boston. Yet the colonies were still bound together with but a rope of sand. The Quakers and Moravians were opposed to war as sinful. Pacifists and obstructionists were bold and outspoken. The Tories, loyal to the king, were in great number, wealth, and influence.

For fifty-four days, ever since May 10th, the Provincial Congress had been busy with its deliberations. "Should the colonies be free and independent States?" It was a tremendous question and fraught with danger to those who favored it. Any such declaration would be treason against the king, to be punished by loss of property, and possibly by an ignominious death. In the face of all this, however, most of the delegates were strongly in favor of separation. So much were they in favor that on June 7th, in the Continental Congress, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, offered, and John Adams, of Massachusetts, seconded, the following Resolution: "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between us and the state of Great Britain is, and of right ought to be, totally dissolved."

Then Congress on June 11th named, by ballot, a committee to prepare a resolution which would state the reason for the proposed action of the colonies. This committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. This committee appointed a sub-committee of two, Jefferson and Adams, to prepare the first draft of the Declaration.

The Building of the Ship

The sub-committee met. Let John Adams tell the story:

"Jefferson proposed to me to make the draft. I said, 'I will not.' Jefferson said, 'You should do it.' I replied, 'Oh, no.' 'Why not?' 'Reason enough.' 'What can be your reasons?' 'First: You are a Virginian, and a Virginian ought to be at the head of this business. Second: I am obnoxious, suspected, and unpopular. You are very much otherwise. Third: You can write ten times better than I can.' 'Well,' said Jefferson, 'if you are decided, I will do as well as I can.' "

Interesting as is this bit of by-play between two great men at the birth hour of a great nation, we must not think this Alphonse-Gaston politeness quite the petty thing it seems on the surface. The task about to be performed would bring the man who undertook it one of two things —a tragic execution or undying fame. Only the better prepared man could assume the risk. May I digress a moment, long enough to say that I think Thomas Jefferson was the best educated man in the colonies. Franklin was his equal in intellect, but not in the versatility of interests in which his intellect was employed. Patrick Henry had more dash and brilliancy, but lacked the will to devote himself to the mastery of any subject. Washington's approach to any question was solid, deliberate, correct, but he lacked the far-seeing vision of Jefferson. The Declaration of Independence and the purchase of the Louisiana Territory showed the breadth and the farsight of Jefferson's vision.

When Jefferson set about his task of writing the Declaration he ordered a sort of a desk top made by a carpenter, which he must have placed on a table, because it was only fourteen inches long, ten inches wide, and three inches high. Where was the Declaration written? Let Jefferson tell that. From Monticello, on September 16, 1825, he wrote to Dr. James Mease, of Philadelphia: "At the time of writing that instrument (the Declaration) I lodged in the house of a Mr. Graaf: a new brick house, three stories high, of which I rented the second floor, consisting of a parlor and bedroom, ready furnished. In that parlor I wrote habitually, and in it wrote this paper particularly. The proprietor, Graaf, was a young man, son of a German, and then newly married; I think he was a bricklayer. His house was on the south side of Market street, probably between 7th and 8th; and if not the only house on that part of the street, I am sure that there were very few others near it. I have some idea that it was a corner house. I have no other recollections throwing any light on the question or worth communication." Since it was forty-nine years since he had written the immortal document and Jefferson was now eighty-two (the year before his death) his memory of place and events was excellent.

It has puzzled many why Franklin, the man of ripe age, three-score and ten, the oldest of the signers, was not selected to write the Declaration instead of Jefferson, who was only thirty-three, and comparatively unknown. It was fear, not the fear that Franklin was not capable, or was not sufficiently in earnest—it was the fear of Franklin's humor. Jefferson said they were afraid Franklin would "put a joke in." So Franklin's associates passed him by and selected this lank, red-haired, freckle-faced young Virginian. As it was Franklin had his joke anyhow. When Hancock said, as they were about to sign the Declaration, "We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways: we must all hang together." "Yes," replied Franklin, "we must all hang together or we will be pretty sure to hang separately."

"What I have Written—"

On July 2d Richard Henry Lee's Resolution of Independence, submitted almost a month before, was acted upon and passed.

To John Adams that date, July 2d, seemed most important, and the date that should be celebrated. He so wrote to his wife from Philadelphia on July 3d that "it ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty," etc. The Congress then resolved "to take into further consideration the Declaration of Independence" on the following day. This "declaration" was Jefferson's immortal document. Congress met "the next day," considered, and adjourned "to 9 o'clock tomorrow," which day was the "Fourth."

A great crowd of people had assembled outside the hall, as it had been predicted the "Declaration" would be adopted that day. They could see Hancock's big high-back chair, behind the mahogany table, with its great silver inkhorn. Red-faced John Adams and Roger Sherman, the shoemaker, stood near the window. Jefferson, who took no part in the debate, and whose "Declaration" had been cut down one-fourth, was plainly nettled. Franklin strove to mollify his feelings by telling him a humorous story of one John Thompson, a hatter, whose sign was too long. Robert Morris, the financier, and Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who outlived all the signers, were near the door.

Thomas Jefferson says in his "Notes," "The debates having taken up the greater parts of the 2d, 3d, and 4th days of July were in the evening of the last closed. The Declaration was reported by the committee, agreed to by the house, and signed by every member present except Mr. Dickinson." The Declaration was adopted and ordered to be "authenticated," that is to say, signed by the President of the Congress (John Hancock) and the Secretary (Charles Thompson).

Did they all sign the document that day? Thomas Jefferson declared that they all did. Thomas McKean declared that not one did. On July the 4th, 1786, Benjamin Franklin wrote to Mrs. Jane Mecon: "There is much rejoicing in town (Philadelphia) today, it being the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, which we signed this day ten years ago, and thereby hazarded lives and fortune." Forty years later Adams and Jefferson had a long correspondence about this very question. One thing is certain—that copy of the Declaration is not now in known existence. On the night of July 4th, after the adjournment of Congress, the paper was sent as "copy" to John Dunlop, the official printer, who was to strike off prints to be circulated through the colonies. Whether that same copy was sent to be engrossed a month later or whether one of the "prints" was sent to the engrosser no one knows. It was either mislaid or lost. But Jefferson's original draft, thank fortune, with some interlinings in the penmanship of Adams and Franklin, is still in existence in the State Department at Washington.

On July 9th a resolution was adopted that the Declaration "be fairly engrossed on parchment," that the same when engrossed "be signed by every member of Congress." This carefully engrossed copy, now our official "Declaration," was presented August 2d. On it Hancock may have duplicated his wonderful signature of July 4th, written large so that "John Bull can read without spectacles." How many signed on August 2d the "Journal" does not say, but since only six are known to have signed at a later date the probability is that John Hancock and forty-nine others signed August 2d. The act of signing the official parchment was performed by the delegates through August and September. One signature was affixed as late as November.

Some changes in the personnel of Congress having taken place between July 4th and August 2d, you will look in vain on the engrossed copy for some familiar names of those who took part in the proceedings of July 2d, 3d, and 4th. Because of that change, some names still prominent in who's who of Pennsylvania are noticeably absent.

"These Are They—"

I wish you and I could go back one hundred and forty-nine years and look in at those brave Fifty-six Signers—or Adopters. They were going to be either patriots or traitors.

The oldest was Benjamin Franklin, who had reached his three-score and ten. The youngest was Thomas Lynch, Jr., not yet twenty-seven. Jefferson was thirty-three. There were eighteen lawyers, nine merchants, seven farmers, three physicians, two surveyors, a printer, a college president, and a clergyman. Nine were minister's sons. Twenty-

five were college men. Several had private tuition, "as high and costly as given at any university in the world."

There was John Hancock in the President's chair; good Dr. Rush; the Rev. John Witherspoon, descendant of John Knox; John Dickinson, whose monument is Dickinson College, the writer's alma mater, at Carlisle, Pa.; Richard Henry Lee, the Demosthenes of the Congress, and who was the author of the resolution calling for independence; John Adams, the forceful; Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, was also the author of the "Statute for Religious Freedom" in Virginia, and Father of the University of Virginia; and—but why enumerate? They were all brave men, pledging to each other "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Even those delegates, including the Pennsylvania delegation, who on July 2d did not think the time was yet ripe for an entire separation from the mother country were patriots and were convinced by July 4th.

The first of the signers to die was a Philadelphian, Judge John Morton, whose death occurred in April, 1777; the last was Charles Carroll, who died in November, 1832, almost ninety-six years of age. Button Gwinnett was killed in a duel with General McIntosh. Thomas Lynch, Jr., was drowned at sea. Of those who survived the Revolutionary War scarcely a man but was elected to some high office or honor by his fellows—Senator, Representative, Governor, Supreme Court Judge, Vice President, or President.

Not one ever tarnished his fair name by any act of recantation, but maintained the principles for which he stood in July, 1776. We will do well to pause this July 4th to do honor to those Immortal Fifty-six.

Who Is American, Anyway?

Text: The stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land.—Leviticus 19 : 34.

"WOULD you like to be 100 per cent American?" asks an invitation on my desk.

Would I? Well, I guess! If I were, I'd be the proudest fellow in this great Keystone State—this State that holds the sacred soil of Valley Forge and in whose chief city is the Liberty Bell. I'd be most maudlin with sentiment on the glorious "Fourth."

I'd like to be 100 per cent efficient, too, in these days when efficiency is so much in demand. Then I'd like to be a 100 per cent preacher and public speaker. Then all you'd have to do would be to get off the car at 13th street on Sunday night and follow the crowd. I'd like to be a 100 per cent writer, also, and the few remaining people of the "almost everybody" would be reading the best afternoon newspaper ever—especially the Saturday edition!

One hundred per cent is a pretty high average. Modesty and truthfulness compel me to report a humiliating deficiency in my ratings. However, I'll try to keep a little above the average, for the average is, so to speak, considerably below the average.

I find the task of getting definitions very confusing. One's mind runs hither and yonder seeking an outlet from the cage in which one's ordinary notions have been confined. Where is America? Ask any school child—a pink colored area on the map in the geography book. But did you mean the entire continent? Or just North or South America? Or Central? "No, no, just United States." Oh, then you weren't thinking of Porto Rico in the East, the Philippines in the West, the Canal Zone in the South, or the Pole where Peary nailed his flag in the frozen North? You only meant from ocean to ocean, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. Now, we are somewhere—we've located ourselves. We know just what we mean by America.

And the definition of an American is just as difficult. Previous to Columbus, or Thorn-Finn Karlsefne, or Lief Ericson, or Eric the Red, or the Toltecs, or the Aztecs, or the Phœnicians, mound builders, cliff dwellers, or even the modern North American Indians, whoever first loved these rocks and rills, these woods and mineraled hills, possessor of mountain, stream and prairie, that was the day when the question

might have been answered more easily, but to tell today who really is American—I'd want to tackle Edison's list of intelligence questions as a sort of preliminary.

How Much is 100 Per Cent?

I suppose a 100 per cent American ought to be native born. That would be one of the first qualifications.

But the native born just couldn't help being that—they'd nothing to do with selecting that high honor. If some were left to their own initiative they wouldn't have ambition enough to cross the Delaware, let alone a great ocean. Then, too, some native born had to be thrust into prison when the flag was in danger. I also suppose a 100 per cent American ought to be a white man. But, then, so was Benedict Arnold, and some others who are just being released from prison, for certain indiscretions in word and act in their nation's hour of need.

I do not know that either a literary or a language test would prove a sure high standard. There is a great deal that is un-American being taught in some colleges and universities, and the most insistent radicalism I have yet come in contact with is being taught by those whose language is that of the drawing room and would pass on any university extension platform or in any Chautauqua tent.

Americanism is a spirit in a man. It may mean flag waving, drum beating, hurrahing, red fire, and fireworks, but it has to be something else as well. It means a resident of the United States and one intending to make this his permanent home. It means a desire to learn the language spoken. It means an obedience to the laws of the land, and a respect for the flag that waves over it. It means a belief that America is the hope of the world—if freedom and justice, good will and brotherhood fail here, the world fails. If the trial of human government, of the people, for the people, and by the people fails in these United States, where else under the sun can it be set up under as favorable conditions? If the destiny of all people and all races is not bound up in the hopes of America, then the world is in for some dreadful days.

Patriotism, the kind we ought to observe this Fourth of July, is only 100 per cent if it is dedicated to the common good. Blocs, groups, classes, parties within parties, organizations devoted to prejudice, bigotry, selfish propaganda, in politics not for the common weal, but for selfish aggrandisement—these are the things that threaten our faith, freedom, and destiny. Antagonism to another because of his religion, race, or color nourishes class hatred, not patriotism.

Our Debt to the Foreigner

What is a foreigner? Why, he's the last one in!

He may wear red and green clothes, and a jaunty feather in his hat, or he may have a long black beard, a skull cap, and talk with his hands, but it isn't long till he trades his push cart for a fruit store. His daughter with the raven hair and the brown eyes won't wear a shawl over her head, and his son takes the prize at the high school or the evening classes. They now live on the avenue or the boulevard. We ought not throw stones. If you let all the foreign blood out of most of our veins there wouldn't be enough left to feel our pulse.

Our debt to the foreigner? The highest statue in this city, looking right over the top of The Bulletin building, is that of a foreigner, William Penn—an Englishman. Paul Jones was a Scotchman. Roger Williams was a Welshman. Albert Gallatin was a Genevan. Alexander Hamilton was a West Indian. Louis Agassiz was a Swiss. Andrew Carnegie a Caledonian. Nicola Tesla a Montenegrin. Augustus Saint-Gaudens —now hold your breath—was born in Ireland. True! In Dublin!

I do not know the exact figure of the money debt which Europe owes us, or just when she will pay it back. But I do know that if Europe said to us, "Pay what thou owest!" it would go pretty hard with us. France would demand Rochambeau, Lafayette, DeTocqueville, and Stephen Girard. She might also say, "Would you mind letting me have those 16,000,000 square miles that I sold you for less than three cents an acre?"

Germany would say, "After we have paid for your army of occupation, would you kindly pay us for Baron Stuben, Carl Schurz, General Sigel, and the 5,000 officers and 185,000 men we loaned you to fight in your Civil War?" And "Old Ireland" would say, "I've loaned you 5,000,000 of my sons. They've dug your ditches and taken places on 'the force,' and seven times I've sent my grandsons to your Presidential chair."

Canada sent us Silas Newcomb, Sweden sent us Ericsson. Italy has been sending us her sons from Cristofo Colombo to Marconi. Poland sent us Kosciusko. Out from the loins of the Dutch came Van Buren, Roosevelt, and New York City. Some of these foreigners helped make the Fourth of July—some of them have their names in the Hall of Fame over at the University of New York. I wonder with what per cent American they ought to be credited?

"We, the people of these United States!" That sounds good. That means us, of course. But, say, how about those fellows next door and around the corner? Their numbers stagger us. And they are coming in legions. No other such invasion was ever known. There's

an endless horde of humanity waiting to enter our gates. "We, the people!" Well, for weal or woe, here are those who are your fellow residents under the Stars and Stripes this Fourth of July:

75,000 Chinese.
75,000 Japanese.
116,000 Greeks.
120,000 Portuguese.
259,000 Finns.
300,000 Welsh.
1,250,000 French.
2,500,000 Norwegians.
8,000,000 Slavs.

And by the latter I mean Polish, Bohemian, Moravian, Ruthenian, Slovak, Russian, Bulgarian, Servian, Montenegrin, Macedonian, Croatian, Slovenian, Dalmatian, Bosnian, Herzegovinian, and a few others whose names you couldn't pronounce nor tell where they're from without looking it up in a very recent geography.

I wonder if we are far enough from the Great War for me to mention that we also have 10,000,000 Germans living peaceably among us, a great host of Hungarians and Austrians, and an army corps of Turks—not counting, of course, all those from your President to this pastor—who have worn a Shriner's red fez and talk in some terms Oriental. I ought, surely, to mention 12,000,000 of our neighbors in black, one-seventh of the working force of the country. Since there were 400,000 of him called to the colors, and 200,000 went overseas, we ought to give him a fair grade in Americanism.

These fair or swarthy, blue or brown-eyed folk, have left their fatherland, their lares and penates, and have come to dwell with us, strangers in a strange land. And the children of the Latin and the Slav, the Saxon and the Celt, go to school. Race matches race. They salute the Starry Banner and sing "America" with strange accent and pronunciation.

What do we owe the generations of foreigners? Rocks are blasted, swamps drained, forests leveled, railroads laid, bridges spanned, cities builded. Soon the night of stars grows into a widening dawn, and the children of the alien are now in the pulpit, in editorial chair, on the judge's bench, in the college faculty, on the hospital medical and surgical staff, and captains in the mighty works of industry. The heart of this preacher beats mighty close to these children by adoption, for his sainted mother also came, a bright-eyed, ruddy-haired Irish girl, with a splash of tears, and a look back, and a speechless pang of homesickness, a foreigner, to "Castle Garden," in the late 1860's.

When I write of the foreigner I cannot help think that Ruth, the daughter of the Moabite, a heathen girl, came to the congregation of

Israel a "foreigner." She was the ancestress of Jesse and David, and of the same line and blood came Jesus of Nazareth, the world's Redeemer, the flower of the Jewish race.

The World's School House

America is God's kindergarten for the nations.

We are not a nation like France or England. We are not a tribe, family, or racial unit. We are in ourselves a league of nations, a slice of humanity, an ideal about which the heart-hungry of all nations rally. I believe we are a thought of destiny, a melting pot of the metals of the world, an experimental station for the human race—a high purpose of God.

We of the Nordic race who dominate the mass in language, law, literature, religion, custom, tradition, with our peculiar notion of Sabbath, home, order, cleanliness, government, obedience to constitutional law, the things which we have thought to be American, are concerned about the rising tide of what we call alien races. Will they rule at the ballot box? Will they govern our great cities? Will theirs be the dominant faith, or lack of it? Will their ideals dominate our social and industrial conditions?

We are tied in one bundle of American life. We ask of them to obey the law, to reverence our Sabbath, to stand by the Constitution, and the Flag; to play the game fairly and according to the rules which we have agreed upon, as necessary for the Common Good.

On Fame's Eternal Camping Ground

Text: And this day shall be unto you for a memorial.—Ex. 12 : 14.

MEMORIAL DAY honors the soldiers of three wars—the Civil, the Spanish-American, and the Great War.

But to the man wearing the little bronze button in the lapel of his coat the day concerns chiefly the great Civil War, through which Memorial Day had its rise. This is a day of memories to the "boys in blue"—and in the Southland those who wore the gray. And what do they remember?

Friday morning, April 12, 1861, at half-past four o'clock, a shell from the Cumming's Point Battery on James Island in the Charleston harbor sped through the darkness and burst over Fort Sumter. The roar of that shell, like the shot at Concord Bridge in the Revolution, was "heard round the world." A fierce bombardment lasting thirty-four hours followed. Then the little garrison, worn out, suffocated, half-blinded, the barracks on fire from the shells, evacuated the demolished fort. Major Robert Anderson and his seventy-nine men were allowed to retire with the honors of war, carrying their tattered flag which they had so gallantly defended and which four years later Anderson, now a major-general, raised to the free winds over the ruins of Sumter.

The Divided Household

At the beginning of every war combatants fearfully misunderstand and underestimate their opponents.

The South misunderstood the spirit and purpose of the North, and the North underestimated the strength and endurance of the South. The nations of the old world were astonished at both. When the other nations looked on the two sections of the United States as they stood in the beginning of 1861 it saw the North divided and intent on money-making; it saw the South united and with but a single purpose. And the world said, "Here on one side are military skill and martial enthusiasm, and on the other is a nation of shopkeepers and money-getters. It is not hard to prophesy the result." The Southern people believed the North to be so engrossed in money-making, and so enfeebled by luxury, that they could send to the field only mercenary soldiers who would easily be beaten by patriotic Southerners. They said, "Cotton

is king," and believed that France and England were so dependent on them for that staple that their republic would soon be recognized and defended by those European powers. On the other hand, the Northern people did not believe that the South would dare to fight for slavery or State rights when it had 4,000,000 slaves exposed to the chances of war. They thought it all bluster, and paid little attention to the threat of secession and war. And, like most people who are prospering, all they asked was to be let alone. Both sides were mistaken concerning each other, and learned it too late. Every happening for thirty years, however, from the Missouri Compromise to the Dred Scott decision had apparently shown the North in the light in which the South had seen it.

So anxious was the North for peace and prosperity, so accustomed to bluster and threats, that it saw the Navy scattered so that only one ship of twenty guns remained in American waters, but it entered no protest. It saw the Army divided so that a full regiment of regulars could not be gotten together, and it entered no protest. It saw forts and arsenals stripped of arms, and munitions of war so placed that they could be conveniently seized by companies who were drilling every day, and it entered no protest. It saw companies forming, regiments rendezvousing, armies mustering, and it did nothing. When a Southern State protested against the National Government putting troops into a national fort for its defense, the North half admitted that it was right. When the same State declared it to be an act of war for the troops of a national fort to defend that fort against seizure by the State, half the North thought such defense was wrong. Forts, arsenals, custom-houses and ships of the National Government were seized by the States in which they were situated, and President Buchanan did nothing to prevent the catastrophe.

The President's Cabinet largely sympathized with the South. Some of the Northern cities, like New York and Boston, were hotbeds of secession. The cry of "No coercion" was general. The New York Tribune declared, "Whenever any considerable section of our Union shall deliberately resolve to go out, we shall resist all coercive measures to keep them in." Major Anderson kept the flag flying in Charleston harbor. He had been stationed in Fort Moultrie, but, fearing an attack, had crossed over to Fort Sumter, a stronger position. South Carolina looked on this as a hostile act and took possession of the remaining forts in the harbor. They erected batteries and trained their guns on Fort Sumter. Major Anderson was compelled by his instructions to remain a quiet spectator. "The Star of the West," an unarmed steamer bearing supplies to the fort, was fired upon and driven back. The Southern leaders declared that any attempt to relieve Fort Sumter

would be a declaration of war. The Government at Washington seemed paralyzed with fear.

The nation was waiting a new leader, and the God of Nations sent one—Abraham Lincoln.

We're Coming, Father Abraham!

When the new President, Abraham Lincoln, ordered Fort Sumter to be resupplied and reinforced at any cost, General Beauregard, the Confederate commander, on April 11th summoned the fort to surrender. The demand was refused. The next morning, Friday, at daybreak the bombardment began. It lasted until 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon. It was Sunday morning before the incredible news was flashed across the country.

At first the North was stunned, then amazed—it seemed an event too astounding for belief. Then came a settled purpose to stand by the flag and the Union. The sparks from that bomb fired from Cumming's Point Battery fell upon the North like fire upon autumnal prairies. It kindled a conflagration of patriotism. It unified the North—and also the South. Party lines vanished. Union men in the South were borne into secession, while the Republicans and the Democrats in the North combined to support the Government.

Lincoln issued a requisition for 75,000 troops. It was responded to by 300,000 volunteers—"We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong!" Factories were deserted, the plow was left in the furrow, the spade in the sod, the mining tool in the shaft. The law office was closed, the pulpit was empty. These citizen soldiers represented the very pathos of patriotism. Many of them had never seen a company of armed men, but from their ranks came a heroism and courage never excelled.

We like to remember on this Memorial Day that the conflict was between brothers of the same nation, the same family, the same race—they were men of like spirit. It was not courage against cowardice, intelligence against ignorance, strength against weakness. It was courage against courage, endurance against endurance. When Sherman and Johnston met, when Sheridan rode in from the North and Stonewall Jackson from the South, when Grant and Lee stood face to face it was no dress parade, but the marshaling of the mightiest heroes the world has ever seen.

The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, hurrying to the defense of the National Capital, was attacked in the streets of Baltimore. Several men were killed. It was the first bloodshed of the Civil War. The day was April 19—the anniversary of Lexington and Concord!

Which Side Was God On?

Napolean said that God is on the side of the heaviest battalions. I wonder!

The Civil War was not a war of ambition, or aggresion, or territorial conquest. It was a war of ideas. The Spanish-American was a war for humanity. The Great War was a war "to end all wars," and "to make the world safe for democracy." (I wonder if we are sure that was done?) The Civil War was a war for the supremacy of ideas. Slavery and state rights on one side; human liberty and nationality on the other. These two ideas with men of the same race and the same blood met at the battlefield. The conflict lasted four years. It cost the Blue and the Gray at least 800,000 lives. The money cost to the North was at least $8,000,000,000. Millions of women and children drank to the dregs the bitter cup of sorrow.

Which side was God on? Both armies prayed to God for success and victory, and both prayers were answered by the God who loves the nation. To the North God gave final victory of arms, freedom of slaves, and an undivided nation. Not a star lost from the flag. Not a blot of slavery on its stripes. To the South God gave victory in another form. Today there is a new South, new brains, new capital, new enterprise, and, best of all, labor performed by free men. No greater calamity could have happened to the Southern States than to have been victorious at arms. Slave labor was a curse in its internal influence, and the doctrine of State rights, with its right of secession, in its final results, would have led to endless division, and the Southland would have been broken into warring commonwealths.

The best and bravest thinkers of the South gladly proclaim that the magnificient development which has been the outgrowth of the failure of secession is worth all its losses and sacrifices. It was expedient that the day of the Stars and Bars and the Army of Northern Virginia fade into the dawn of another glorious morning of light and liberty in one magnificient united nation. As torrents of living water flowed from the rock smitten by Moses in the desert, so from the touch of liberty has come to the South an era of industrial revolution full of prosperity and promise.

The Blue—The Gray—The Tan

Today there is no North, no South, no East, no West—the Spanish-American War and the Great War banished every sectional division in the United States. Lincoln's birthday is observed in the South, and the United States Government has erected a monument to Robert E. Lee

at Gettysburg. When a Philadelphia orchestra played "Dixie" recently the audience burst into applause. Where I lectured at a summer Chautauqua in the heart of Virginia, the audience rose in quick deference when the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Lincoln's prayer at Gettysburg that those who died there should not have died in vain was answered on that same field at the fiftieth anniversary of that great battle when the Blue and the Gray had their reunion there. The remnants of Meade and Lee's mighty army shook hands and marched arm in arm over the field. It was a final covenant between brothers who once had been foemen that this "Government of the people, for the people, and by the people shall not perish from the earth."

Where and how did Memorial Day get its start?

When the Civil War was over, in the sunny Southland, where under warmer skies flowers are more profuse, the widows, mothers, and children of the Confederate dead went out and strewed their graves with flowers. At many places the women scattered them impartially over the unknown and unmarked resting places of Union soldiers. As the news of this touching tribute flashed over the North it roused as nothing else could have done the sleeping love of the people. It thrilled every household where there was a vacant chair and an aching void in the heart for a lost hero whose body had never been found. Old wounds burst out afresh, and in a mingled tempest of grief and joy the family cried, "Maybe it was our soldier boy!" Thus out of the sorrow of both North and South came the beginning of the beautiful custom of Memorial Day.

Because of what it stands for Memorial Day is more than a holiday —it is a Holy Day in the calendar of America.

The House of Happiness

Text: Whoso trusteth in the Lord happy is he.—Prov. 16 : 20.

LET'S 'fess up!

We're hunting many different things, but way down deep underneath we are all, saint and sinner, hunting one special thing.

Diogenes was seeking an honest man; the woman in the parable, a lost piece of silver; Columbus, a short route to the gold of the Indies; Ponce de Leon, the fountain of youth; the old Tibetan lama sought to escape from the wheel of things and wandered all over India looking for the river of life that he might see the great god Brahma face to face.

One seeks fame, another fortune, another health, another love. But whatever that thing is, its real object is to bring us what we think is life's supreme gift—happiness.

From the cradle to the grave man seeks—happiness.

As a baby he reaches out his chubby hand for something—"he will not be happy till he gets it"—he often is not happy after he does get it.

As a boy he will be happy if "he makes the team" or "passes his exams."

As a young fellow, with clean collar and slicked hair, he knows that if "she" will only marry him they will live happily ever afterward. There seem to be an increasing number who feel they would be forever happy if they were only un-married.

I think that nine out of ten of us are most convinced that money and happiness are about the same thing—we use the terms interchangeably. Sure! And by the same token poverty and misery are twin sisters.

"Happiness" is mighty hard to define. Webster's definition is, "Good luck; good fortune; prosperity." If Brother Webster went no deeper than this we would cross him off the calling list of our acquaintances. But he adds: "An agreeable condition of the soul arising from good fortune." Now he is commencing to see a glimmer of light. He mentions the soul! However, a lexicographer, like a preacher, has some job trying to please everybody.

You see, happiness spells different things to different people. If you want thought to chew on for a week, ask the next dozen persons you meet what is their idea of happiness. People usually know too much or too little to be happy. Remember Carlyle said: "What is thought but the daughter of pain?" meaning that the moment you start to think your troubles commence.

The happiest persons I ever met were idiots in an asylum. They laughed hilariously at trifles; played with their fingers like kittens with a straw. A straw hat was a crown; a faded shawl was ermine; bits of paper made one fabulously wealthy. I've since seen people with the real thing who were not only less happy, but unhappy!

Enemies of Happiness

No man is happy who knows he has a stomach.

I asked one cranky old fellow at a banquet, one night, what would make him happy. He growled: "If I could digest an egg without a pepsin tablet!" No man dies a triumphant death who has trouble below his diaphragm. I mean that one of the first rules of the game is good digestion.

The great vegetative organs of the body are lodged in two large cavities of the trunk separated by a thin muscle—the diaphragm, under your belt. The chest cavity is above, containing heart and lungs; below is the abdominal cavity, holding liver, kidneys, stomach, intestines. If disease is above your apron strings the general spirits are not much affected. Below the third button of your vest is the seat of discontent, depression, despair. I've had church members whose piety I suspected to be a disease of the liver.

I asked a poor soul at our county almshouse the other afternoon this leading question: "You seem so happy—which of the Lord's blessings are you most thankful for?" Her eyes brightened, she answered: "My victuals!"

Anxiety is also a gloom imp in the camp of joy. Tomorrow is often the sword of Damocles suspended over the feast of today. Idle folks are to be pitied—especially those of the rich who have no purpose in life, no work to grip uncertain days together. If you haven't experienced the weariness of flesh, vexation of spirit, enervation of dissipation that wealth and luxury bring, if you don't know the meaning of ennui, thank God—little do you know your own blessedness!

My observation is that men are, as a rule, happier than women. It was a masculine poet who wrote: "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." No one, not even a poet, would be rash enough to make that claim for woman. She wants the earth and the fulness thereof, and, bless her—she gets it!

Take such a commonplace, unpoetic thing as good "eats." Notice a man, how he abandons himself to the pleasure of the moment. He's primitive. A woman complicates it with daintiness of service, table etiquette, conventionalities—she lacks simple frank delightful enjoyment—finds it impossible, almost, without reserve.

Take the sorry spectacle of the newly rich trying to buy themselves into society. The man who has accumulated some money wants a good house, a good motor car, the best to eat and drink, a good cigar, and, like Mr. Jiggs, likes to be back in the old neighborhood with the people whom he has lived with and liked for years. But his wife's ideas are diametrically opposite. She craves for society that begins with a big S. She wants to move into that frigid zone where she never gets acclimated and must endure perpetual frost. One of the pitiful news items of a recent bank wreckage was that a wife was crazed with the social bug.

I think it also holds true subjectively. A man accepts happiness simply and without question. A woman turns it around, thumps it and tests it, to see if it is really genuine, no counterfeit. She suspects there's a string to it. The fact that she is happy is in itself suspicious—especially if she is married. She'll find a sore spot, or make one. Her ability to find trouble, and then some, is more than talent—she has positive genius.

"The Pursuit of Happiness"

Thomas Jefferson declared in the immortal Declaration that among our inalienable rights were "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I had a neighbor who tried to pursue it in a big red touring car. Incidentally he took another man's wife along to help find it. And in trying to overtake that fleeting figure they found not happiness, but trouble.

Happiness, like many of the best things of life, is incidental, a by-product. A by-product is that which is left over from the manufacture of some article. In the smelting of zinc the by-product is paint. The chief business is the smelting of the ores into zinc. The paint is the by-product. So, too, with coal-tar productions.

Happiness is a coy maiden. Seek her and she slips away. Attend to your work and pretend you don't care, she comes up back of you and slips her arms around your neck. If a man makes it his business to find happiness he will come back disappointed. Let him deliberately say, "I am going to be happy, cost what it will," chances are he will be miserable.

It is when we are not particularly seeking happiness that we find it. When we aim at something beyond, it steals out and joins us on the road, like Christ walking with the disciples on the way to Emmaus.

Put this down as a simple axiom: Seek it, it vanishes; forget it for better things, it comes unasked; pursue it, it flees like a timid deer, if you wait it will come up and eat out of your hand.

The stay of happiness is short, and is missed only when gone—it has been an angel unaware. Some declare that it is never in the present, only in the past or in the future. I have known it to be in the here and now. It is a question how long one could stand pure undiluted happiness—possibly that accounts for lovers' quarrels. If you loved any more or were any happier you would "bust." You try to do both—and "bust." Hence the "scrap." After it is over the "making up" is delicious—it's worth it.

The same Scotch cynic, "Tammas," also said, "Happiness is a common fraction. It is easier to increase value by dividing the denominator than by multiplying the numerator." Listen, friend! What you have is the numerator; what you think you ought to have is the denominator.

Figure that out and be happy!

Here's another observation: When we have enough of a thing we have too much. The first taste is best. No human being has the same ecstatic glow from a second great experience that he got from the first. The first time an author sees his name in print he reaches the height. The first kiss is the sweetest. The first dollar earned the biggest. A man or woman is capable of only one great love. There may be others, but they are only clever imitations of the great one.

Happiness is never found outside of ourselves. We think we see her glistening garb right over the hill. Like Rasselas, the Abyssinian prince, we leave our kingdom to seek happiness and come back to find it is in our own heart.

One of life's tragedies is that many of us imagine that we would be very happy if some one else would make it so. Happiness does not depend on whether some one is kind to you; it depends entirely on whether you are strong enough to stand or fall by your own merits.

"None but yourself shall you meet on the highway of fate," says a mystic poet. No one can make or mar you—that is for you to do. Don't ask Life to make a special case of you. Don't whine, don't pity yourself, don't ask things of Life—go and get them. They are yours for the taking. Don't be so intent on the kind of a road you walk that you forget that you are an individual on that road. Some folks are so engrossed with things that they fail to discover themselves.

"The moving finger having writ, moves on." Did it write your name? Did it spell recognition? No? Well then, tell it to go hang! Let your ability so illumine your task that you won't have to ask for recognition. When you compel success and attention the world will fairly embarrass you with recognition—when you don't want it! They recognized poor Blakelock's genius as a painter only after they had committed him to the Middletown, N. Y., insane aslyum. When he died on August 10, 1919 he was a member of the National Academy,

and his "Moonlight" sold for $20,000—when the poor devil needed neither the Academy diploma nor the twenty thousand!

The Fields of Elysium

I know a man whom folks call successful. They put flowers on his desk, send congratulations, and think him happy. He sniffs the air, and mutters "fools!" Then goes home and teaches his baby to make "patty cakes" with her little hands.

He is vulgarly wealthy. You see, colossal wealth doesn't add to a man's happiness or creature comforts. One of the greatest millionaires of America left the country a disappointed and disgruntled creature.

What do you suppose is the secret of happiness? I'll give you three guesses.

Love?

I knew you'd guess that first. It's a good guess, and so mighty near the truth that you have to be married at least a hundred years to learn that it isn't quite the whole truth.

Success?

Another good one. As they say in archery you "almost struck gold," meaning the gilded bull's-eye. But our fault with one of Mr. Webster's definitions was that he attributed happiness to that.

Health?

If we were bodies only your guess would carry off the prize.

Old Mother Nature, who knows you, who made you, and some day will unmake you, says—The Secret of Happiness is Work. Disappointing—isn't it? It makes one feel a little bit flat at first. For you and I know so many workers who are not happy. Then, too, doesn't the Bible say—"What does it say back there in Genesis 3 : 17–19?—does it say work's a curse or doesn't it?

Don't let's dismiss Nature's dictum too lightly—she's a wise old Mother.

My hat's in the ring to say that if you don't find happiness in work you won't find it anywhere. Not all work is happiness. It must be "The" work. It must be work you are fitted for, and enjoy. It must have others as a background. The light-house keeper's job of attending the lamps would be a foolish and dreary task if he was the only fellow benefited.

Charles M. Schwab is a human dynamo, a perfect glutton for work. He's at his desk frequently at 5 A. M., and does a fair day's work before his salaried folks arrive. During the Great War one afternoon at 4 o'clock he glanced up to find hundreds pouring out through the gates. "Where are they going?" he asked. "Home." "O—h, I expect to stay till 9 o'clock." He has a motto over his desk which says:

"The greatest fun in the world is work!"

You can't beg, buy, coax, or force happiness. Men fret, and scheme, and plan for it—and few there be that find it. It finds you!

Work today. Forget yesterday, and do not anticipate tomorrow. Your eternity is in the hands of God. "Happy is the man who trusts in God." Why? Because God is good, and "All things work together for good (happiness) to those who love God." Read the fifth chapter of Matthew. How it must have amazed those listeners of Christ to learn that happiness could be had without even wealth or position.

Happiness, like the Kingdom of Heaven, lies within.

Is There Really a Santa Claus?

Text: A little child shall lead them.—Isa. 11 : 6.

"IT'S all fol-de-rol!

"Ten years from now there'll be no Santa Claus!"

So declared a speaker at a woman's club the other night.

From her face and voice and manner I am sure there will not be at her house.

But, bless her sober heart, she's a false prophet.

Centuries before she was heard of, centuries after she has slept, Santa Claus lived, and shall live.

He shall live in the hearts of little children and all the folk of child-like heart.

He personifies something. Like the pictures you see of Uncle Sam, who stands for the United States. Uncle Sam isn't the United States, but is the make-believe person who represents our great republic. Santa Claus isn't Christ, nor the Kingdom of God, of course, but he stands as a symbol of the wonderful giver of all our gifts.

He particularly personifies the Christmas spirit in childhood.

It is significant that our great holidays more often commemorate a birthday rather than a battlefield, a personality rather than an event.

It is good for us to have the greatest holiday of all begin and end around a baby's cradle, for a baby is a wonderful leader.

To the little toddler he is real.

No Santa Claus? Huh!

Voltaire says somewhere, "If there were no God humanity would invent one."

If there were no Santa Claus—a hiatus melancholy to contemplate—we would have to work like a Nuremberg toy maker to construct one.

"Let's Pretend!"

I am sorry for that Massachusetts mother who has recently burned her children's copies of "Mother Goose" Anderson's "Fairy Tales," and the whole juvenile library of classic lancy.

She says, "Hereafter my children shall be taught facts!"

No "Peter Pan," no "Cinderella," no "Alice in Wonderland," no "Jack and the Bean Stalk," no "Aladdin" with his wonderful lamp, only "facts!"

I suppose she will abolish toy soldiers, too. They may foster the war spirit. So the "little tin soldier" will no longer be "covered with dust." He won't be at all.

And she will tell the truth, the "facts" about the baby. The angels no longer bring it.

Infidel!

If God's angels did not first convoy that little spirit, who then?

And Santa Claus shall no longer come down the chimney of that house!

Say, you sober-faced, worldly-wise mother, you are growing old, and care worn, and wise too fast. Better go back a few years and be a child again. Take off your big shell-rimmed glasses, and your coldly superior air, and get down on the floor with your kiddies. Try playing Indian, or cowboy, or soldiers, or "keepin' house," or "havin' callers."

Youth has visions. It is young eyes that see the invisible.

Go right in that nursery and play "let's pretend."

The fire-tongs by the chimney will in a moment become Cinderella, the brass coal scuttle her golden chariot, or the coal shovel and brush her coach and four. Help shovel coal into that imaginary "chu-chu car." Solemnly warn little folks to get out of the way, "Heads up!" as the easy chair steam roller lumbers by.

Don't forbid the children playing mother to their dolls, nursing them through measles and whooping-cough.

Let me tell you a tremendous secret, mother—

God has put into young eyes, and ears, and hearts some subtle mystic alembic that transforms the commonplace into the glorious, that makes the seemingly unreal real.

He puts a rainbow in the sky, there's a pot of gold at the foot of it, and makes this tired gray old world fresh and gladsome.

The Shadow and the Substance

I wish there were more things in the world so real, so good, so fit to last as Santa Claus.

After all, the only things worth while are those which are transfigured by the light that never was on sea or land. Life would be cold and dreary and cheerless, indeed, if it were bounded only by the actual.

Say, father, you with the grave eyes and the furrowed forehead. Just you thank God when you open your sleepy eyes in the gray dawn of Christmas morning, and see little round faces with wonder-filled eyes peeking through your bedroom door, and hear from the next room treble shouts of "Merry Christmas," and the patter and scamper of little feet.

You're a happy fellow, dad!

There are so many empty-armed folks who have no children!

Loosen up! Santa Claus is the last man in the office of the universe who ought to be discharged.

And you, mother, with your superior, high-browed knowledge of child psychology, but with the throbbing woman heart underneath. You who have had deeper sorrows, keener wounds, than anyone dare guess.

"There, there, little girl, don't cry!
They've broken your doll, I know."

You've had to pretend you didn't care. Now don't lose faith—you're still a girl. Things are not what they seemed at first? The world is a garden of lies? Well, praise be to the saints, and poets, and such folks, some of the lies are beautiful!

And, think!

Wouldn't this world be poor, and waste, and sad if the angels and fairies and Santa Claus should lose faith in us and never, never come again any more?

One would be afraid to go to bed in the dark!

An Enchanted World

The child mind is imaginative.

Imagination is creative.

By it this dull world has made its progress in invention, discovery, art, architecture, music, literature, science, and all else.

The actual and the imaginary, like legend and history, merge into one another.

Do folk that know only "facts" know greater facts than enthusiasm, ambition, initiative? Yet these cannot exist without imagination. The biggest things in life are faith and trust, and friendship and love, and God—things you cannot see.

The greatest of cosmic forces, like gravitation, electricity, the mystery of growth, the marvel of thought, are unseen.

I am nearly ready to assert that the real things are the unseen.

There is more in life than you get through the five senses. Else this world is all animalism and muck.

That which is seen passes. That which is unseen is eternal! What are realities anyhow? Are they things of flesh or things of the spirit?

Are our children what Mr. Gradgrind thought them, little vessels ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were filled to the brim? Or are they mind and spirit, creatures of two worlds, the seen and the unseen?

The world would stand still if there were no robust trees of fancy planted in the garden of child imagination years ago.

In the shifting kaleidoscope of child dream and imagination the stamping reindeer, the sled full of toys, the jolly old fellow with the white beard, the rotund waist girth, the turkey-red coat, the high-topped boots is real.

Santa Claus is the embodiment of the Christmas spirit.

In the world of affairs symbols stand for the real thing.

In the world of play they are just as real.

Bob's rocking-horse is a fiery, prancing steed, with crimson nostrils and wondrous flowing mane.

An old quilt and a clothes prop stand for a house. Mother's apron becomes an evening gown with a long trail. A paper bag hat with gorgeous plume from the old feather duster, a few crackers, and apple, some blocks of loaf sugar, and water sipped from the chipped kitchen cups—these are symbols of real things in the garret on dark, rainy days of childhood.

Time was when a drum, a toy, a doll seemed as big as a piano or an office desk now.

You who have raked together real gowns, and plumes, and fine houses, and rich fittings, and handsome touring cars, and heavy banquets, and all other surfeits that leave nothing to the fancy—

Are you as happy as those who feast with the symbols?

The Tragedy of the Empty Stocking

And children know.

If anyone thinks that the nativity of Christ is overshadowed by Santa Claus he is greatly mistaken.

Ask any child who is able to talk, and he will tell you: "For unto us is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Your youngster knows the history of the Christ-child better than you.

He will stop believing in a Santa Claus long before we wiser folks cease buying gold-bricks and fatuous mining stocks.

But as the embodiment of the Christmas spirit Santa Claus is not going to be driven back to the North Pole.

Though you may guard every chimney in your town, though no one may see him and his reindeers, that won't prove anything.

Nobody ever sees Santa Claus. He just comes when little folks are asleep.

Though this preacher passed the meridian yester-month, and is bald, and wears glasses, and talks of "when he was a boy," he believes in Santa Claus.

He will hang up his stocking until he is a hundred years old if he lives that long.

A flower is only a bit of sentiment, but who wants a garden with only carrots and cabbage?

Once as orphan boy he stood with empty stocking in hand. And the fireplace was black and vacant.

And he stood wistful, and lonesome, and forlorn.

And his boy heart sobbed in that Christmas morn that had no Santa Claus in it.

The Noble Company of Fools

Texts: If a man seem to be wise let him become a fool.—1 Cor. 3 : 18, 19.
We are fools for Christ's sake.—1 Cor. 4 : 10.

QUEER, our dislike of the different.

We insist that the other fellow shall go with the crowd—our crowd, preferably.

He must think as we think, act as we act.

If he persists in his belief, and insists on his way—he is a fool!

In common parlance, when a man departs a little from the way of the crowd, he is odd, strange, peculiar, eccentric, nutty, crank, fool.

Between the common mob and the bughouse the fool persists in walking. What right has a man to wear a silk hat in Calcutta or a turban in Philadelphia?

The man who differs at once becomes a target. He has singled himself out because he has pioneered away from the beaten track. All the time he is away reconnoitering, exploring, following his will-o'-the-wisp there is a hubbub in the camp over his alleged desertion.

The roll is called and he is not there.

That is proof enough that he is a renegade.

Then the simp won't march in the parade unless he is in the van carrying the banner or wearing a big badge.

However, he's the hardest worker in the ranks, poor fool!

In the battle charge he forgets himself and carries the flag to an impossible height—the fool!

How prudently most of us creep into our cautious, nameless graves, while some of these fools forget themselves into immortality! A man sits as many dangers as he runs, if we only knew it.

We insist on regularity and the herd grazing together.

Yet it is the individual man at every crisis of the world's onward swoop and not the institution—a Savonarola, not a church; a Washington, not an army; an Edison, not a corporation; a Wright, not a scientific society.

"Clod-Pate! Jobbernowl! Moon-calf!"

One who works or reads while others play is a "little off." If he shows brightness above the crowd, that's suspicious in itself. We quote:

> "Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
> And but thin partitions do their bounds divide."

The loon must be crazy or mad or he wouldn't collect stamps, and coins, and bugs, and beetles, while other well-meaning folks are at the ball game or theater or dance.

Poor, crack brained, day dreamers, they are surely dippy!

Edison works in a little room at uncanny hours of night when he might be at a jamboree filling up with champagne. Burbank grubs away at plants when he might be stacking chips in a card game.

They're a queer lot, these abolitionists, prohibitionists, socialists, suffragettes, pure food cranks, muckrakers, reformers, mugwumps, heretics, and whatnots.

And the addle witted, deluded, fanatical enthusiasts are ready to die in prison, in poverty, at the stake, too, if need be. Columbus dies in chains, Servetus is burned. Palissy dies in a dungeon of the Bastile. Hudson starves and perishes in unexplored waters. And that is only a few of them.

They sure are bughouse!

Yet it always comes true in human history that the madmen of yesterday are the wise men of today. The heretic of last century is orthodox in this. The radical socialist of a decade ago is considered mildly progressive today.

You cannot send your message C. O. D. It must be credited to the future.

And so the fathers kill the prophets, and the children build costly mausoleums for them. The fool of today asks bread and the next generation gives him a stone in the shape of a monument. He shivers in the cold, while his sons wear fur-lined ulsters. The individual plants the acorn, posterity sells the oak at so many dollars a thousand.

There was Shakespeare. We do not even know how to spell his name today. They have collected about twenty-four different spellings, not counting B-a-c-o-n. There is a dispute even as to whether he was an individual or a syndicate writing under a nom de plume, or whether it was another man of the same name. However, thousands visit his home at Stratford-on-Avon. One of our townsmen put up a big fountain there. And there is even some talk of dramatizing some of his more interesting plays for the "movies."

An Ancient and Honorable Fraternity

There are two kinds of fools mentioned by Tourgee.

The real fool is the most sincere of mortals.

He's large in faith.

He believes enthusiastically what others doubt, or say is impossible. The court fool, the trifling, jesting clown, only acts the family virtue, and steals the family name for sordid purposes.

The life of the true fool is full of the poetry of faith.

He may pursue an *ignis fatuus* while the wise deride—to him it is the star of a new day.

He differs from his fellows mostly in this, he sees and believes what they do not, and so he undertakes what they would never attempt.

If he succeeds, the world stops laughing and calls him a genius. If he fails, they laugh the more—they "always knew he was a fool."

Sometimes he is a fool while living, and a genius after his death; a fool to one generation, a philosopher to the next; or a fool at home and a prodigy abroad.

It is in the element of simple undoubting faith that the kinship of genius and folly consist. One may be an unquestioned fool without any possibility of being taken for a seer. This is the case, indeed, with most of the tribe.

Keely's motor failed to solve the "perpetual motion" problem, and Keely's name is still among the cranks.

A crank is an unsuccessful genius; a genius is a successful crank. Have a care how you jeer and insult the fool of today, he may be the genius whom you will fawn upon tomorrow.

The promoters of the Great Eastern were ridiculed; the builders of the Lusitania type are eulogized.

It is all a matter of failure or success.

Success alone transforms the credulity of folly into acknowledged prophetic prevision.

Later ages pay tribute, but few laurels ever crown their living brows. Their fame grows brighter with passing years, but it is a posthumous fame.

Still, the world is improving.

Time was when persecution was popular and the genius was burned or beheaded to make him see how foolish and wrong he was. Today we merely raise our polite eyebrows and look bored, or else we guffaw in derision—possibly thereby unnecessarily lengthening our own ears!

A superiorly wise world may draw aside its patrician robes from the sweaty plebeian garments of the fool.

But it is only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirtsleeves!

Note that!

It is a remarkable fact most of our geniuses have sprung from humble origin. They've struggled hand to hand with poverty and adversity.

Columbus was a weaver of rugs before he wove continents. Luther was a miner's son. Shakespeare was born in a humble cot. Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith. Fenimore Cooper a sailor; Ezra Cornell a mechanic; Garfield on the towpath; Grant in the tannery; Lincoln

splitting rails, show that the world rocks its giants in a rough cradle. The lap of luxury nurtures few of the world's truly great.

Do not sniff at the soil from which he sprang, his birthplace, or the modest school, his alma mater, which trained him.

Statistics show that 60 per cent of our nation's great men came from farm or obscure village, and that 75 per cent got their education from schools never heard of until their illustrious sons made them famous.

Times there are when a college may be a place where pebbles are polished and diamonds made dim.

But if a man is a diamond he may shine somehow by the light of his own genius.

The Higher Intoxication

Oh, the long line of hare-brained, dreamy-eyed, starving, ragged, enthusiastic fools!

See them, with their X-rays, wireless contraptions, airships—such bats in their belfry!

Fools! Dreamers!

Watts in his mother's kitchen dreamily watching the kettle lid. Fulton on that August day, 1807, pushing his "folly" against the tide, the shores banked with folks gathered to see it burn up. Franklin with his kite and key trying to draw the lightning spark down from the clouds while our wise Philadelphia fathers snickered on the town commons. Morse stringing his wires from Baltimore to Washington, while Congress laughed convulsively. Langley with his airplane going down into the waters of the Potomac, while the crowd quoted Darius Green and his flying machine.

Harvey, and Koch, and Pasteur, and Currie, the laughing stocks!

Day dawns where they point—though they may be in their graves before the sunrise.

There's a higher intoxication.

O, thou God of gifts, fill my cup!

"These men are drunk with new wine."

Spiritual, not bodily, drunkeness. There's a something that lifts us up out of ourselves, spiritually. We then do the impossible. The singer, the orator, the writer, the athlete, the soldier, "surpasses himself."

We catch a new vision, quaff some invisible cup, that makes us forget our puniness and limitations.

Or back of the natural we see the supernatural, back of the man we see the God.

"Mary, thou'rt wanton, spending so much on that little vase of spikenard."

Foolish, impulsive, girl!

But there's a place for that alabaster-box kind of religion in a cautious, conservative, look-out-for-self world.

I know that judgment ought to be on the bridge as well as feeling in the engine room. But the driving power of an unreasoning, unquestioning, spiritual emotion must not be gainsaid.

Near me there's a fool running a mission for homeless men, outcast women, and the like. He's smiling and eager. Thin as a bone, shadow of a coat, soles out his shoes. His eyes were bright and starved at Christmas time, but he said, "The Lord will take care of His own."

He went to bed supperless Christmas eve.

Next morn some folks sent enough for a big Christmas.

He said, childlike, "I knew the Lord would provide."

Poor fool! How'd he know!

O, the daring, the audacity of simple faith!

In that magnificent roll of the world's great men and great deeds found in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Hebrews are found the names of those who were fools in spiritual things.

"Paul, thou art beside thyself," said his boastful, lustful accuser.

"We are fools for Christ's sake," said the little Jewish tentmaker. "The preaching of the cross is foolishness," he declares.

The Word tells us of one of the saddest days in the life of the young Carpenter of Nazareth when His family tapped their foreheads significantly.

All His strange sayings, plans, and actions are clear now.

Furtive eyes have been watching Him askance.

One whispers to another.

"He is no longer responsible." In plain English, "He is beside Himself."

The crowd at the cross on that fateful Friday must have felt the same. Did they not "wag their heads" and "thrust out their tongues"?

"He saved others, Himself he cannot save."

The poor fool!

Today we wear the cross as the token of our highest wisdom.

Would it be wiser to have the world's applause and God's "Thou fool!"

Or the world's sneer and eternity's approval?

Pretending

Text: Why feignest thou thyself to be another?—1 Kings 14 : 6.

THIS is a human interest story which has in it a thread running through the warp of our common humanity. Here is the story, briefly:

A queen disguised in the humble garb of a peasant, basket on arm, goes trudging wearily, afoot and alone, from her palace at Tirzah up to the house of the prophet Ahijah. The Queen is the wife of King Jeroboam—that Jeroboam who is marked in history with the stigma, "who made Israel to sin."

There is trouble at the palace. Abijah, their first-born son, heir to the throne, lies sick at the point of death. The altars of the heathen god Baal burn on the heights above the town, but there is no help from that source. Only the God of Israel can relieve, and toward Him the sore-hearted mother goes in her extremity. The seer, Ahijah, has long since been alienated from the court of Jeroboam. The prophet is old and blind. In her peasant's mask the Queen hopes to deceive him and secure a blessing on her child. Ahijah hears her coming. He has known her footsteps in the years ago. With the preternatural hearing of the blind he again recognizes it. "Come in," he cries at her approach; "come in, thou wife of Jeroboam; why feignest thou thyself to be another?" Her method, sad to say, like most deception, defeats its very purpose.

Disguise and pretense are flimsy veils at best. Both God and men laugh at our foolish attempt at play acting. Life as a masquerade must end with the call, "Masks off!" That is the sermon of today:

> "All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players;
> They have their exits and their entrances;
> And one man in his time plays many parts,
> His acts being seven ages."

"Showing Off"

We are rarely satisfied to be natural, just ourselves. We are forever "putting-on" in some way or other.

There is no virtue that more men believe in and fewer men practice than natural simplicity and unaffected sincerity. Many of us, let us

be fair to state, are busily engaged in the utterly futile attempt to run a bluff on the rest of the world. From pink-tea politeness to imitation marble and watered stocks things are largely not what they seem.

In our actions, "showing-off" is trying to make a marked and favorable impression of some kind on those who are near us. We are usually trying to show our importance, our dignity, our smartness, our brightness, or our cleverness. It seems perfectly human, of course, to put our best foot foremost, especially with a nice new—and if we be feminine, small—shoe on. Though the person who truly has gifts and graces worth while will not find it necessary to be continually thrusting out that attractive foot.

Sit back, hold your tongue, and notice—not cynically, of course—the next half-dozen persons you chat with, what is their favorite way of "showing-off." There is the fellow with the stiff and starchy dignity, almost frigidity. He is showing-off his sense of importance. Real dignity may be quite an unconscious influence, at any rate it is an inner attribute and not an outward attitude. It has a quiet sense of its own security. A big dog doesn't have to bark his importance—only a little one does. All bragging is showing-off. It is the fear that others will not get to know our bravery or our prowess. Loud talk on train or trolley for the benefit of the other passengers is showing-off. Bad manners, brusqueness, and their opposite qualities—like overniceness, for instance—are merely a form of showing-off. Boisterous, shallow, immoderate laughing at trifling, inconsequential things is the way ignorance tries to show-off its idea of funniness.

The sin of men of my profession is said to be affectation in manner and speech. I am afraid that many of the craft will have to plead guilty. Perhaps it started back in the theological school where some elocution teacher taught that individuality and personality should be regarded as original sin. However it may be, there are some ministers who are really charming fellows when you meet them on the street, but when you are thrown in professional contact with them they assume a stilted, artificial manner that has an effect on the man on the street that is like waving the traditional red flag before a bull. And then why assume that "Bishop's voice"? I think there are some clergymen who would be shocked to hear their own natural voice in the pulpit—it would seem immodest! Still, I've heard some other professional voices, too—the doctor's, for instance. And did you ever hear the undertaker or his assistant announce in deep sepulchral tones, "The friends may now pass around the bier"? That's similar!

Our schoolmen with learned affectation show-off in pedantry. The ignorant affect culture. You try to hold your countenance straight when Mrs. Shoddy says, "We will winter in Washington on account of

its wonderful educational advawn-tages. We expect to put our daughter Alyce in the Smithsonian Institute." Much untruthfulness is merely the desire to show-off. Folks tell not that which is true, but that which they'd like you to think is true. Do we like folks to think we know prominent people?—"As Mr. Goldrocks said to me—," or, "When I was talking to Judge Wisehead yesterday—." Our jewelry, our furs, some of our clothes, our overdress is showing-off; we want others to be duly impressed with our prosperity. Much of travel talk—"When I was in London—" is the desire to show-off that we are by no means provincial, rather cosmopolitan, indeed.

All posing is showing-off—and how we do like to pose! The girl with the cigarette and the boy with the pocket-flask like to pose as terribly wicked and hard-boiled—doing "shocking" and "devilish" things—if it is noticeable! Like ill-bred children performing antics before company in order to attract attention so is the effort of those who cannot attain distinction in ordinary ways to get into the spotlight of notoriety. Notoriety is the effort of mediocrity and inferiority to attract attention.

Self-pity and hypersensitiveness are a form of showing-off. It is getting into the limelight by self-assumed martyrdom. Whatever our way of showing-off, be it affectation, bluffing, "kidding yourself," or whatever other name it may be called—it doesn't fool anyone—except, possibly, yourself. People have a sixth sense for detecting putting-on or showing-off.

Whether trying to be funny, "a perfect scream," a "great cut-up," a "terrible take-off," the "life of the party"; facetious, forcedly clever, cynical, in your own way to attract attention—

What is your favorite way of showing-off?

"Save the Surface—You Save All!"

The slogan of our American florists is, "Say it with flowers!"

The slogan of the paint and varnish trade is, "Save the Surface and You Save All!" It is a good slogan—for the paint and varnish business. It is a trifle bold, but there is plenty of evidence to prove what it says. It is much nearer the truth than some slogans get. And it preaches without offense the gospel of good paint, which isn't at all a bad gospel.

From church "ads" to those of the cigarette manufacturer slogans are interesting. Most of them have a trace of truth. Some of them are true part of the time, but each sponsor thinks his slogan is pretty near an eleventh commandment. The paint man, like the tooth-paste man, who says, "A clean tooth never decays," knows that the exposed sur-

faces of wood and iron and other construction material are most in danger from outside. But he also knows, in spite of the "you-save-all" statement, that if the destructive influences are on the inside, paint and varnish are poor things to depend on for saving the material.

Don't blame the paint and varnish men for making too sweeping a statement about "saving the surface." There are a lot of other folks who say the same. I've heard spellbinders proclaim it concerning their political prescriptions. Paint won't keep a specked apple from decay, nor will varnish preserve a spoiled egg from becoming still more undesirable. Legislation-paint will not cure the deep-seated disease of what we so confidently call "civilization." The "go-getter" in every trade is in danger of being a surface man. We church folk are in the same danger, especially clergymen in the competitive ministry. Will you emphasize work that shows on the surface? How will it look in the figures of the denominational year-book? Can it be put in a report? You see, "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord—" Oh, well, no matter. Carlyle said, "Great is paint." Carlyle was a man of considerable observation.

Some girls whom you see with their vanity case and hand mirror seem to think that "saving the surface" is very essential. They look as if they were pretty steady customers of the paint and powder industry. They want to have "that rosy flush of health," they'd like to "preserve that school-girl complexion." It can be done, too. But I doubt the process that treats beauty as being only skin deep. Beauty is blood deep, lung deep, heart deep, air, food, exercise, and sleep deep.

However, this is a great day for saving surfaces. The Chinese dread "losing face"—so do we. But I wonder if the inner is breaking through the surface? What is the meaning of the divorce scandal, the movie-nastiness, booze-rottenness, crime waves, jazz that libels the name of music, graft (not always in politics, either)? There was once a Teacher who said words such as these: "Ye make clean the outside of the cup and platter . . . cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also." If I were going to interpret the heart of Christianity I would say—

Save the centre and you save all!

Should You Dramatize Yourself?

Surely, but be careful not to be flamboyant and theatrical.

I am sure the little Corporal's pose was a good one. The projected jaw, the bent knee, the hand thrust into the coat was a great gesture. Napoleon dramatized it—but it failed, say about the 18th of June, 1815.

You must be careful about any pose or attitude, because it is only external. The clothing store dummy has a pose, but nothing else. It is all you look for. It is only a dummy. But when you wear an attitude or assume a pose, as the "wild" collegian or the smoking flapper, there's something about it that is apt to excite ridicule and derision in the onlooker. They recognize vaguely that there's a colorful mask for a pale personality, a piquant sauce for some unappetizing concoction. Ask your neighbors what they think of you as a "loud speaker," or the fellows at the office and shop their opinion of your pose, and their impression of you when you "show-off."

But there's an inner visualization that is really worth while. There is a sense in which there is nothing wrong in being a "copy cat." Is there some fellow who has the reputation of being an unusually good workman, an artist at his job? Well, it is worth finding out how he does it, and trying to do as well or better. Where shall Diogenes go with his lantern to find an honest man? If he were looking for an honest clothing dealer I know where the old Greek philosopher could find one. If I were in that business I would emulate that merchant's methods. Take the matter of your own personality, which is an inner condition, capable of great development. What qualities do you aspire for—not what you'd like to seem to be, but what you'd like to be and have. Go over the list of qualities which you think are so desirable, and in which you are so lacking. I know a person who is a chronic grouch in spirit and action. Another who has not a very friendly disposition. What shall such a person do? Just visualize and cultivate a cordial, cheery, friendly disposition and manner. But be careful that it is really within! If it is merely an exaggerated, external pose—down goes your apple cart.

Listen! Your illusions about yourself help make or unmake you for this world—and possibly the next. The power to visualize yourself is the power which the Almighty gives you to make, and even make-over, yourself. The psychologists call it your Ideal. If you are submerged in the inordinate sense of your own importance; if your ego fills your whole sky; if you are thinking of the impression your outer self is making on folks; if your desire to appear popular and to seem extremely clever absorbs your whole ambition—then you are on the wrong track. Your show-off may have to become a show-down at any time. One's inner, finer qualities rarely excite antagonism, they are admired. They are oak or mahogany clear through. "Show-off" qualities are veneer, and are likely to humiliate you some time. Visualize the best possible You, and you may attain it, for the Good Book says—

"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Passing the Blame

Texts: The man said, The woman . . . gave me, . . . and I did eat.—Gen. 3 : 12. *And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.*—Gen. 3 : 13.

IT began in Eden.

It continues until this day. It is the first lie of childhood—it is the last lie of old age. In pulpit language I call it "The Fine Art of Dodging Personal Responsibility." The man on the street, using language more forceful, calls it "Passing the buck."

Whatever the origin of the phrase, it stands for one of the most popular indoor and outdoor sports. Instead of taking responsibility when anything goes wrong, we put the blame on some one, or some thing else. The average man is unwilling to stand up squarely and manfully and assume responsibility for the results of his work if it has fallen short of the standard of perfection.

The Blame of the Flame

Our human resourcefulness in the art of passing the blame is simply amazing—as amazing as it is stupid.

There is a story in Holy Writ of a time when Aaron, a priest in Israel, led the people in idol worship. Moses was up in the mountain, the people were down on the plain. They had just emerged from slavery and were afraid without Moses. Aaron was Moses' brother, a weaker edition—no man to face a crowd. It was rumored that Moses was dead. The crowd cried, "Make us gods!" They carried Aaron off his feet. He told them to bring their gold, jewelry, and ornaments. He put the gold in the fire and made them a golden calf. They danced around it, worshiped it, and declared that it was the god that had led them out of Egypt.

Aaron stood back, fearful, and yet feeling secure in the crowd. In it he lost sight of his personal responsibility. That is one of the sins of today. Men will do things in a crowd that they would not do alone. Great cities and great corporations make us lose a sense of responsibility. We excuse ourselves because of others. Men stay away from church because they think the crowd is elsewhere.

Moses came down from the mountain where he had been with God. The crowd scattered to their tents. They left Aaron standing alone looking foolish and feeling worse. Say, when the crowd stops cheering you in your wrong—that's a tragic moment! Moses demands an

explanation. Aaron hedges. He stammers, "I threw some gold into the furnace and there came out this calf." It was a whopper! Preposterous! That's the trouble with the everage lie—common sense will shoot it full of holes in a jiffy. Truth will stand like the rock of ages. Aaron passed the blame on to the flame instead of on to himself. The fire produced the idol!

It was a mighty human trick. You and I want to be careful, however, before we accuse Aaron of being a hypocrite and a liar—or of "passing the buck," because while "passing the buck" is slang, and has not yet been adopted by the dictionaries, its practice has been adopted pretty nearly everywhere.

The Calf in the Making

Neither chance nor circumstance moulds any life.

Out of the fire of life's temptations, untoward circumstances, petty vexations, or overwhelming trials comes out nothing different in essence and reality from what goes in. Chance moulds no life any more than a molten heap of bracelets and ear-rings would take on themselves the shape of a calf.

There are a lot of young fellows putting the gold of youth into the fire just now. They are at the corner of the busiest streets with their hands in their pockets. The calf is in the making. They are standing in front of "The Pipe Dream" on Main Street ogling the high school girls as they go by. They haunt the corridors of the hotel. They have left school because it is too much work to study. They haven't learned a trade because it is too hard. They have not gone into business because no one would give them a "lift." But they can tell you the batting average of every player in major, minor, and bush league, and that if "Kid Biffem" had the punch in both hands he would be "K. O. Biffem." The calf is in the making. Twenty years from now you will hear their plaint—"I never had no show!"

The flippant, slangy, cigarette-smoking, gum-chewing, addle-pated, movie-running, petting-party, dance-crazy, snappy-story type of girl is putting the gold of girlhood into the fire. The calf is in the making. She marries on her own level—or below. The years will not be many, but long, when she will blame her "luck" on the poor marriage she made. It is all true but one point—her own connection with it.

It is a common practice to blame the fires of passion for the sufferings of a misspent life. "It was my nature that produced the man you now behold!" Be careful in starting fires you may not be able to control. A man is in the hot furnace of the world's struggles and competitions. About him play the flames of jealousy, malice, and covetousness.

Some day he is indicted for selfishness and meanness. He will cry, "I cast the gold of my life into the fire of competition—and this is what came out!"

There are folk who are caught in the hot flame of the social whirl. They are creatures of conventionality. They feel under obligation to maintain appearances, to "keep up the pace," to be "on the go." They must turn night into day, burn vitality at two extremes, make frivolities of high value, and social amenities the satisfaction of their soul. Some day when they realize how cold, shallow, and artificial they have become they will say, "The flame of social life is fierce and consuming—this is what comes out of it!"

Who Launches the Boat?

"I got in with bad companions." Ever hear that alibi?

Yes, but who chose the companions? We choose the current. We launch the boat. There are always rivers of swift currents. A drifting boat always goes down stream—never up stream. In spite of all danger signs there are some fools who launch their boat in the Niagara River beyond the tip of Buck Horn Island. There the pull of the Rapids begins. And they go down over the Falls!

Ever hear a fellow excusing himself to himself? You laugh at him—he's the dumbest kind of a dumbbell! "He's kidding himself!" the onlooker says. He excuses every shortcoming. Has a mistake been made? It is not his fault—never! Someone else to blame—always! Is he unpopular? The whole world has conspired against him. People say, "Here comes that joy-killing pest." People are heartless, cruel, don't understand him. Has he sinned in his ungraciousness and unfriendliness until his circle leaves him alone as much as possible? Then he is the victim of a monstrous injustice. If it's a man he goes around in hurt volubility; if it's a woman she goes around red-nosed and tearful. There's a constant attitude of martyrdom and self-pity. Pest!

When there's no one else to blame, when it's simply innate cussedness, then the personal failure is easily explained away. Heredity is to blame! That's a good one—and perfectly safe. There's not much of a comeback. Your shabby ancestors cannot return and deny the allegation. I think more alluring excuses and self-delusion have been hung on the word "heredity" than any other, unless it is the personal pronouns, "he," "she" or "it," and their plurals.

The "self-pity-er" and the "buck-passer" are never sinners, only unfortunate and helpless victims of forces outside themselves. They can quote the physicist that they are the victims of atoms, a sinister, criminal cabal of atoms. They can prove by the physiologist that they are

controlled by their glands, unhealthy, abnormal, subnormal, or supernormal glands. As a last resort there is Adam, and that unfortunate apple episode, carrying with it original, inborn sin. You cannot go much further back than that.

Queer, if a man makes a success of being a mechanic, a merchant, a professional man, he says, "Self-made!" If he fails, it's the fault of our social system, his environment, heredity, artistic temperament, nerves, or even fate, chance—"the fire did it!"

The truth of the matter is we are what we wish to be, plan to be, and work to be. Aaron could just as easily have fashioned a candlestick or a bit of tabernacle furniture out of the gold, but he intended a calf.

God's Nobleman—The Manly Man

Passing the blame makes a fictitious world—and flabby dwellers therein.

It makes difficulty in placing responsibility. It either shifts the blame on to the innocent or into the hazy nowhere. The buck-passer blames the weather, the high cost of living, the World War, the League of Nations or lack of it, prohibition, the Anti-Saloon League, tax burdens, soldier bonus, fundamentalism, modernism, Catholicism, K. K. K.-ism, indeed, anything. The radicals are as skilful as the reactionaries. It is as easy to blame Capital as it is Labor.

It is also easy to pass the blame on to people whom you don't know except as you read their names in the newspaper—J. P. Morgan, LaFollette, Bryan, Henry Ford, Harry Emerson Fosdick. The movies, lip sticks, cigarettes, smutty magazines, silk stockings; or he-vamps in dance halls, bold bad autoists who ask innocent, confiding, unsuspicious girls to ride with them, perfect strangers, these, and the lust of men's eyes—these drag down the frailer sex. When you are trying to climb to virtuous heights there is always some one, or something, to pull the step-ladder out from under you.

Back in that long ago Aaron was trying to deceive Moses. But he first had to try to deceive himself. The Self-deceiver tries to square himself with himself. After that it isn't hard to place the responsibility for any short-coming upon parents, neighbors, society at large, or even upon the Almighty Himself.

The Self-deceiver is a dope addict—the dope of passing blame. After a time he becomes skilful in deceiving—himself. The same has many forms, and each calls for its own method of playing the game. But there is only one rule: Never blame yourself; never admit responsibility; never own up to being at fault or mistaken; blame everyone, everything, but not yourself!

But, before God and man, the result is terrible. The buck-passer becomes a liar. He lies to himself, he lies to others—he tries to lie to the All-seeing, All-knowing God. He becomes an outcast to manly fighting humans. Frank people refuse to deal with him. Society hands double punishment to this weakling. Worst of all, his long practice of self-deception and self-pity, the dope of self-flattery, alibis, explanations, and the cowardice of forever shifting blame on others weakens his whole moral and physical fiber. He loses a certain sense of self-respect and a sturdy sense of personal worth.

I like the manliness of U. S. Navy men. Some time ago some naval vessels went on the rocks. There was a twist in signals, a miscalculation somewhere—no one seems to know just what even yet. But that Commander—bless him!—said, "The fault is mine. I was Commander, I'll take the blame!" Standing up to take his medicine? Not passing the blame to an under officer? Game in the face of punishment? Fine! I love that fellow! He's my idea of a naval officer! Makes me proud of the service!

I like to remember, too, that the Prodigal Son, coming back in rags and failure—made no excuses! I like to remember that David after his grievous wrong-doing said, "I have sinned before God!" And God called David "a man after His own heart!" There is hope for the man who says, "The fault is mine—I'm sorry." Heaven and earth quickly forgive the manly man—he's God's nobleman!

The Good Old Times

Text: Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this.—Eccles. 7 : 10.

YOUTH looks forward; age looks backward.

Youth lives in its hopes; age lives in its memories. Youth hasn't much time back of it; age hasn't many years ahead of it. It is one of the tricks of the human mind after folks have reached middle age —in spirit, if not in years—to look longingly back and say, "Them wuz the happy days!" And I think it is also the custom for each generation to mourn over the good old days of yore—"the good old times." "When you and I were young, Maggie!" folks sang a generation ago.

It is an age-long trait. On one of the cuneiform, or wedge-shaped, characters of Assyria taken from recent excavations the inscription states: "The times are certainly bad. Children no longer obey their parents. Women are frivolous and given to gaudy dress. Many say the end of things is at hand." That was about 3500 years before Christ. Nearly three thousand years ago Solomon was chiding the people of his day for talking so foolishly. The rebuke was also needed just as much later, for 200 years afterward Hesiod, the Greek didactic poet, was reproaching the people for the same error. Each generation has seen decadence in the next, while the former days were halcyon days to them. Of all the fine old fakes that have obsessed the human mind there is none greater than the myth of "the good old times." The Egyptians were subject to it, and the Assyrians, as well. The Greeks kept looking backward to their fabled "Golden Age." The Hebrews had it also. They worshiped the memory of Abraham, who was dead, and made life miserable for Moses, who was alive. It was a fine thrust that Jesus made at the same tribe of His own time, "Woe unto you! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous . . . that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets."

You and I think ourselves up to date, of course, and have a certain sly inner conviction that we are superior to our grandfathers, at the same time lamenting that with the attainment of our superior wisdom we, or our times, have lost oodles of happiness. These children of today, for instance, think that they have fun at Christmas, but, say, when we were boys—huh! But, dearly beloved brethren, turn to Washington Irving as he writes in 1836—some ninety years ago—about the "good old Christmas" they used to have. "But is old, old, good old Christmas

gone? Nothing but the hair of his good old head and beard left? Well, I have seen that, seeing that I cannot have more of him." Isn't that plaintive? He, like us, thought that while the world might be broader than in his childhood, it certainly was shallower.

Looking Backward

Looking backward is of value as a preparation for looking forward. Keeping a diary is all right for future reference, but you mustn't live too much back among its soiled pages.

There is no time like now. This is the best age the world has ever seen. Never was there a better time for a man or woman to live in and a child to grow up in. I know the man who thinks differently can get quite an audience for his megrims, his saturnine glum predictions, and his maledictions. With all its badness, it is a good world on the whole; a better one than it ever has been; and, anyway, since it is the only one we have just now, we must do the best we can with it.

What in the world do men mean by "the good old days"? Do they mean that the world was better in every way; that it was happier; more full of noble men and virtuous women, of chivalry and heroism, of truth and faith, of creature comforts, of larger civil, religious, and individual liberty? Are they lamenting the degeneracy of our times and insinuating that every thing is on the down grade? Time and distance cast a glamour over the past. But if you lived in that past you would find they thought their age also was at the brink of destruction. Beginning with the oldest Biblical accounts, and reading translations of the hieroglyphics deciphered from Eygptian tablets written 6000 years ago, now in the Imperial Museum at Constantinople, the writings of Hesiod, Seneca, Martial, Pausanius, St. Cyprian, indeed, down to this day folks there have been, and are, who see in the civilization of their times the worst the world has known, and assert that former times were more nearly perfect. But it has only seemed so. Distant times and distant conditions are like distant landscapes. We perceive only the summits bathed in sunshine. There are valleys beside those summits.

When folks lament the "good old times" I wish it were possible to put them back into them. Within forty-eight hours they would be glad to return to these degenerate days.

"The Good Old Days"

There is a spirit which keeps Asiatics plowing with the same implements that were in vogue 2000 years ago.

The "good-old-days" spirit isn't unlike it. The telephone is a convenience, but, alas, for the good old times that sent a messenger

spurred and booted a mile on horseback through sleet and rain and mud. The auto, the trolley, the train go flying, but when it took two days to go from Philadelphia to New York by stage you saw the scenery. Running water, hot and cold, in the house is pleasant, but it put more fiber into one to go to the brook and crack the ice in mid-winter. Cheap postage and the correspondence card is handy, but it has done away with the leisurely stately epistle of older days. William J. Brown, of Indiana, lost his place in Congress because he voted for the bill to erect a telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore. Hang these new-fangled contraptions!

In the good old days men wore satin waistcoats, had powdered hair, and good manners! The complaint of the deterioration of good manners is older than Cato the Censor, or Seneca, the caustic immoral moralist. In the days of Sir Roger de Coverly, or even of George Washington, they had manners that were stately and courtly. There was none of the boorishness of the crowded subway at the rush hour. Notice the crowd as you come home tired and all frazzled out after a racking day "in business." There isn't a bit of romance or dignity or courtesy in them! Where is the gracious, charming bowing, hand-kissing politeness of Colonial or Revolutionary days? Chivalry went out with the satin waistcoat! At least so it seems.

We are apt to look back on Colonial days through a rainbow-colored haze. Costumes and customs change with the centuries. Our life is busier, more hurried than the rose-shaded, soft music, satin knee breeches life that our ancestors lived. Maybe the dandy in the blue brocade coat with a couple of New England rum punches beneath his belt flung his boot in his fits of violent temper. Possibly the stately lady in the velvet frock was distressingly small and cattish in her Colonial hauteur, arrogance, and disdainful pride. The background of a subway is different, not so soft and quiet and charming as the porch of a Colonial mansion. Dainty needlework is not so exhausting as the tension of store and office work.

In the "good old days" they bathed in small tin tubs or from earthen wash-bowls. Their rooms were heated with open fireplaces or air-tight stoves. They had candles or whale oil lamps, later kerosene—the care of which was a daily and hated task. For household art there were wax flowers in glass domes, framed coffin plates, and gorgeous chromos. There were hair wreaths and hair watch chains made from the hair of the dead.

Were They Really Any Better Off?

Today it is a poor egg that doesn't bring a nickel, and butter seldom drops less than fifty cents a pound.

In the "good old days" eggs were six and eight cents a dozen and butter was "high" at twenty cents. But men were paid thirty, fifty, and seventy-five cents a day. The test is, of course, how much will your labor or its equivalent in money buy? Think of what the day laborer has today in comfort, convenience, food, clothing, and shelter, and contrast it with the living in the "good old days" and you will see the difference. Let them keep their six-cent eggs and their twenty-cent butter. Living in 1926 is worth more than it costs, even if it costs more than it did.

When Washington died the streets of Philadelphia were unpaved. Benjamin Franklin tells us that looking out from his office window he daily saw horses mired in the mud. There were no pavements. That later was his plan. The use of street lamps was almost unknown. Leather was so dear that boys and girls went barefoot most of the year. Medicine was hardly a science, and modern surgery was almost unknown because anesthetics were unknown. If a child had headache it was bled profusely; when the bleeding intensified the headache the child was drenched with calomel. Cholera was present in all the Northern and yellow fever in the Southern cities. Every other baby that was born died within three months.

Sanitation was unknown. Streets were undrained, wells were dug in the reeking soil, springs were horribly defiled. Every fifth person on the street was disfigured with smallpox. The great white plague met with scarcely any resistance—"Keep them out of the air" was the prescribed remedy. The doomed creature bowed to the inevitable. If consumption was "in the blood"—Kismet! Fevers, unless accompanied by skin eruption—scarlet fever, measles, chickenpox—were not considered contagious. The typhoid patient was never isolated. The "fever" ran through the whole family, and even a neighborhood—it was a visitation from God!

The "Old Time Religion"

"Old time religion" is the only religion worth while—if it goes far enough back.

I suppose men always have thought that religion in previous days was better than in their day. When God Himself was leading the Israelites there were those who cried, "Why have ye brought up the congregation of the Lord into this wilderness? Would God we had died when our brethren died!" Slavery back in Egypt with leeks and cucumbers was better than founding new conditions and a new nation under the leadership of Jehovah.

If we are going back to old time religion don't let us stop at fifty years ago, or even one hundred, nor any period except into the very

presence of the Christ who came to interpret God to man. We can go back to Abraham going out "not knowing wither"—the adventure of faith. We can go back to Moses—"Let my people go." Make right the condition of my fellow toilers and bondsmen. That spells one's duty to one's fellows. Back of all that is an old time religion that means the soul dwelling with God—"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." The emphasis is on "thou."

So often when we talk about "old time religion" we are thinking about some particular form, or expression, or belief, or device, or method that we knew about as boys, or that our father or grandfather practised. It is really not "old" at all. It is quite a modern invention—possibly not more than seventy-five or a hundred years old. At best it was man made. It was not enjoined in Scripture. Whatever the imperfections of the Church of today may be it surely wouldn't stand for the things that were done, let us say, some hundred years ago. There was frequently drunkenness in the pulpit and the pew. Colleges and churches were often built with the proceeds of lotteries. Things were tolerated in the Church that would not be tolerated even in secular life today.

Religion, true religion in the heart, does not change, but the expression of it changes. Yesterday it was more introspective—the individual was busy saving himself. But there was no home or foreign missions, no Red Cross, none of the things that make the Church such a vital, living thing today—homes, orphanages, hospitals, asylums, and settlement houses among our weaker brothers—"for whom Christ also died."

I think the "good old days" were the days in which we were active, busy, working for a definite end, helping to make the times, certain the procession was going somewhere because we were in the ranks. When our hand and foot, mind and spirit, are disqualified, and we are no longer forward-looking, we drop from the world's forward-going folks. Our future is behind us. We stop to argue, and tell of "the good old times." We have yet to learn that they were not back in Egypt, but now and forward in Canaan.

Money Talks

Text: Money answereth all things.—Eccles. 10 : 19.

MONEY talks!

Not Volapuk nor Esperanto, but money, like love, art and music, is the universal language. It speaks all tongues. What it speaks in one dialect may easily be translated into another. Doesn't require much of an interpreter. It's money. Enough said!

Not only does money talk, but for that very reason people talk about money. It's the world's commonest topic of conversation, not excepting the weather. Not only at the conference tables of Paris, London, and Berlin, but at out own breakfast, dinner, and supper table does the subject come up with exasperating regularity. Follow two women down the street and they are talking about either dress or men. Follow two men down the street and they are talking about business and money.

There are other things that talk, too. Beauty talks. The movie theatres, the latest altars of the money god, find that people come to them more readily when they are beautiful. Not only the artist, the architect, the decorator, the poet, the idealist, finds that beauty pays, but even the cold calculating builder paints his protecting fence and shed a refreshing green, and even embellishes it with small trees and hanging flower boxes, to please the eye of the passerby. Beauty talks!

Courage talks, too. Sometimes much louder than money. The Salvation Army, from the day William Booth stood up in Mile End Road until today, has stood uncompromisingly against the liquor traffic as its biggest, most deadly foe. Once when it had a half-million drive it hoped much from a famous millionaire's check. But he was a vice-president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. They said he couldn't hold that position and conduct their drive. They lost his check, but saved their soul. It isn't the only organization that cares more for convictions than cash. I know some denominations and ministers that stood out against a gigantic trust and its money. They declared—"Before High God, we are not for sale!" Courage talks!

"The Almighty Dollar"

"Money talks!" Well, what does it say?

It says: "I can multiply a man's power for good or evil. I can open doors for a man that would be forever closed to him without me. I can admit him to luxurious and exclusive clubs. I can entertain him

at the best hotels. I can let him travel in a comfortable Pullman car instead of a cramped and dusty daycoach. I can let him sleep on a pillow in that Pullman instead of on the iron arm of the seat of the daycoach. I can get him unusual and respectful attention from porters, attendants, waiters, managers, and proprietors. I will put him in a more comfortable hotel that is cleaner, better quality of food and service with bath tub, clean napkins, and every creature convenience more than he could possibly get without me. I will put him in a flat that will be in a nice neighborhood, beautiful surroundings, rich wall paper, wide windows, perfect ventilation, and 'every modern convenience.' I will give him an automobile that will not rattle, squeak, or bump. I will give him help in his kitchen that will be neat and efficient, and a stenographer in his office who can spell, understand her business and his, and is quiet and deferential. I will get him good seats at the best shows; he will sit in the grand stand at the ball game and by the ringside at the boxing match.

"I will give him vacations and travel. I will let him go to Maine in the summer, and Florida in the winter. I will send his boys to college and his girls to a finishing school. In his home town I will have him referred to as "our esteemed citizen." He will be consulted in community affairs. In his church he will be deferred to and elected to office; his money will sometimes outweigh piety. And for his wife—I can get her social prestige and clothes and trinkets and so many of the things that are dear to the feminine heart.

"There are some things that I cannot buy. Of myself, unaided, I cannot buy health, happiness, or character. I cannot buy the applause of sincere men, the love of a true woman, the approving smile of the Almighty. I cannot buy education, culture, refinement, or the power of appreciation and enjoyment.

"They say that 'Riches have wings.' They do—in more ways than one. I can be an evangelist flying around the world, touching millions of lives, feeding hungry children, healing sick babies, establishing medical missions, blazing the way for heralds of the cross to preach the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ. You can go to the bank and cable me to any part of the world. The greenback in your hand may become one of the green leaves on the 'Tree of Life.' 'Filthy lucre?' Yes, but I can be as clean and pure as the white surplices the angels wear. Much depends."

Money Making and Money Saving

This preacher's had a chance to be rich.

An agent was here at the parsonage the other day. He wanted to sell me some stock in something or other. He told me how it would

be increasing in value while I was asleep. The reason he was bothering with a little fellow like me instead of Mr. Ford or Mr. Rockefeller was because he thought I needed money more. That was thoughtful and showed a nice spirit. Maybe he knew that I had just paid for a ton of coal and that my life insurance premium was due next week. He, also, said that "Money talks," and showed the advantages of having some for yourself and some to leave to your children.

Speaking of inheritance, calls to mind the fact that one of our great traction magnates says he is not going to leave his son any money when he dies. That's my thought, too—only not for the same reason. It saves boys from spending it in divorce courts and cabarets—and everything. I suppose the fun comes from earning the money, not just having it. I've never had much fun either having or spending, so I don't know much about that—I'm just supposing.

Possibly folks who cannot get along without money cannot get along with it. Money will never make a man truly rich who isn't rich without it. I've seen monkeys handle money and then climb up on the hand-organ and ride off on Tony Italiano's back, but they weren't any richer than they were before. They just handled cash and ate peanuts and doffed their hats and made funny faces. I've seen men—Oh, well, maybe you and I wouldn't do any better. I suppose if we see money coming our way the best way is to insist on our doing the talking and let it do the work. Money is all right if you watch how it talks—it is like some rich folks in that.

Speaking of money-making—anybody can save, only a few can make, money. Is that a hard saying? All you have to do to save money is to spend less than you get. Very few people get rich, for the simple reason that money-making requires a certain order of ability. I really believe that money-makers are born. It's a natural gift—like a tenor voice, or the talent for painting, or the genius for writing. Some men would make a fortune if they were on a barren island with nobody but the fish to trade with. Some men would stump their toe against a gold mine and wouldn't see it, another fellow could pan gold out of sea-water.

The best thing we ordinary folk can do is to leave money-making alone. Nine times out of ten when we go into that game we are losers. Wall street is strewn with the corpses of lambs who thought they could outwit the cunning old wolves that hunt there. Lots of us money-earners have gold mining certificates to show how guileless in the game we are. I have one framed—it's so pretty!

Many a preacher stops his little money-earning and tries money-making—it isn't a sight to make the angels happy. Many a widow with a bit of insurance money takes her little mite and goes out to pit her inexperience against the clever gamblers of the world of speculation.

It's like taking candy from a child, and it makes her husband turn in his grave.

The money-maker may be a mighty unhappy fellow. The money-saver, if he be fairly intelligent and has common sense, is practically sure of contentment. The wolf may come and sniff at his door, but he hears singing and laughter and goes away. I wonder what makes us think money makes us richer and happier, anyway? Judas had $15.00 more than Jesus—and all that it bought was the potter's field.

Sometimes it Screams

"Money talks!"—sometimes it screams.

When it does all the talking it is loud and cheap—its voice is shrill and strident. It talks too much. It tells too much. "You don't know Nell as I do," said the bird on Nellie's hat. One of the dangers of today is the indifference as to how money is gotten. If a man gets it on the wreck of other men's lives, health, and happiness he is better without it. Better tie a millstone about it and drop it in the depth of the sea. It will not return to plague him.

Money is apt to talk too loud in women's hat, fur, dress, and jewelry emporiums. I've heard it talk in restaurants, in hotel corridors, and porches. I've also heard it talk in auto salesrooms, at the bank directors' banquet. I've even heard it at the councils of the church. They tell me that it talks at college trustees' meetings and occasionally at Bishops' cabinets. However, that's only hear-say. I've never been present.

If we could only stop our money from saying mean things about us! In the parable it was not only God, but the rich man's money that said, "Thou fool!" Wonder what our foolishly spent money says? Before me is a dollar bill of the "Series of 1900." It tells me of some of the wild things it could do in its younger days, twenty-six years ago. Its powers are only a third of those low-cost days. It says it was spent for cigars, cigarettes, candy, flowers, tooth pastes, bicycle repairs, and, later, auto accessories, food, rent, car fares, movies, vacation expenses, church dues, and Christmas gladnesses. Some other things it seems to want to gloss over, some places it would rather not dwell upon, some incidents that are closed chapters. Twenty-six years ago it was bright and fresh and new. Today it is soiled, wrinkled, dejected—there's a good deal of human history wrapped up in an old dollar bill.

"Money has wings" to the spendthrift, but it isn't a homing pigeon. It flies away, but doesn't return. Money talks to some, but all it says is "Good-bye!" To the thrifty fellow, who puts it away for future use it says, "Auf-wiedersehn," which is, "Till we meet again," not in German

marks, however, but in American money, interest and all, just when you most need it. Not the money which you grab and hold on to like the big ape at the zoo does his food thrown into the cage, nor wrapped up in a napkin and left in the bottom of the trunk or the top bureau drawer, but that which does service, is the money that helps you and your fellows.

"Earn all you can, save all you can, give all you can," said John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. When he died he had given all but five pounds away, but he carried much into the kingdom of Heaven. It isn't what we get but what we give. Rembrandt painted "Bath-sheba." It was sold at auction because he couldn't pay his debts. He shifted around with uncomfortable frequency, having nothing. Finally he died in poverty. In the register of the Werter-Kerk of Amsterdam it says, "Tuesday, October 8, 1669; Rembrandt van Rijn, painter, on the Roosegraft opposite the Doolhof. Leaves two children." The last time an individual bought the picture, "Bath-sheba," he paid $200,000. The buyer was a man who lived in imperial splendor and could have had goldfish for breakfast. Think of that when you feel you are not getting enough money for your work! I told that story to a millionaire in Buffalo one night. He said, "Poof!" I was glad to hear such a convincing refutation. I knew there was something wrong with Rembrandt, but I couldn't think of what it was.

Foolish fellow! He thought his paintings should talk—since his money never did.

Wonders in Waste

Text: Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish which are burned?—Neh. 4 : 2.

RIDICULE is a sharp weapon—not many can stand its blade. Sanballat looked down on the little group of Nehemiah's Jews preparing to rebuild the walls of the dilapidated city and ridiculed not only the workers, but took a thrust at the materials—"Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of rubbish, seeing they are burned?"

The old Samaritan leader had pretty good building sense. He knew the difficulty of getting building material out of rubbish heaps. You have a building lot and want to erect a structure. You say to the contractor, "How much will it cost me? There's an old brick building on the ground; you can use the material from it." The answer will probably be, "Aw, it will cost more to clean up the old bricks than to buy new ones. I'd rather start fresh."

The American solution of disposal is the waste heap of the city's dump.

French thrift is proverbial, but if we consider thrift as primarily involving skill in making use of things that are apparently worthless, the Chinese are even more so. Peach stones, broken pieces of pottery, oyster shells, even the dirt of the street is carried to farms and used as fertilizers. Magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers are carefully collected and used for fair-weather sandal soles for the poor.

The Tragedy of Waste

War is the greatest spendthrift. The next is waste.

Machines have been invented during the last hundred years easily capable of producing goods to let every one in the world live in comfort. Thus far our collective intelligence has not been equal to the task of releasing the energy of these machines for the benefit of all instead of about ten per cent. of a few highly industrialized countries.

We haven't even learned how to keep in operation the machines we already have. During the war we learned that factories could easily double their output with the same number of men and machines. The Federated American Engineering Societies recently appointed a Committee on Elimination of Waste in Industry. Its report is an eye-opener. Three-quarters of a million dollars a day lost in the clothing industries—not including shutdowns.

Shoemakers lose 35 per cent of their time because of poorly planned work. Building trades 37 per cent. The railroads waste a million a day because of inefficiency. They spend $200,000,000, a year for fuel; $120,000,000 actually goes to waste. Only $80,000,000 produces effective traction results. The problem around every factory is how to eliminate waste time, waste space, and waste effort. The industrial strikes in Pennsylvania in 1925–26 alone caused a loss in wages of about $208,000,000. The general public pays the bill. I wonder if the strike and lockout is the last word of organized labor and organized capital? How to stop that waste would be a fine big job for some genius to tackle.

Would you think that any one would waste actual money? 'Tis true! Holders of more than $80,000,000 worth of Victory bonds that were redeemable last December have utterly neglected the earnings that should have been collected and put to work.

There are wonders in waste. Remember the case of "coal-tar"?

It was a black pitch distilled from bituminous coal, condensed in the manufacture of coal gas. How to dispose of it was the problem. They tried to burn it and to bury it. They carried it out to sea. Then Sir William H. Perkin, the famous English chemist, experimented on it, discovered a new coloring substance called aniline purple, afterward named "Perkin's violet," now known as "mauve." This initial discovery has developed an entire series of coal-tar dyes, or aniline colors.

From this ugly, black, sticky waste product is now manufactured the colors of the rainbow, medicines powerful and beneficent, perfumes rare and delicate, antiseptics, and saccharine, sweeter than sugar of beet or cane. No wonder that in 1905, King Edward of England knighted this humble, God-fearing chemist for taking this mass of stenchful waste and turning it into flavors, perfumes, colors, medicines, and food for his fellows.

I know of no wonder in waste like that of the coal-tar products.

Burbank's Philosophy

"Burbank's philosophy?" Why, I never heard of such a word!

"I have heard of Luther Burbank, the wizard of the plants. You don't mean him, do you?" Yes, that's the very man I mean. Of course, he didn't write a formal treatise on philosophy, but he has emphasized, through his work, a principle that deals a death blow to fatalism, which is a great barrier to human progress.

To illustrate: You know how natural it is for us to say, "It can't be helped—you can't have roses without thorns." We shelve ourselves in a similar alcove of thought concerning orange seeds. I suppose the ostrich feels the same way about the cactus spike. In former times, when the

plague came along and carried off thousands of human beings, folks said, "It is the will of God; all must die. It can't be helped." Now, yellow fever is banished, smallpox is rare, and typhoid is passing.

Burbank's philosophy is that things can be helped; that disease cannot only be cured, but better still, be prevented. The Bible tells us that the crooked shall be made straight, the rough places plain; that sorrow, crying, and pain are to be no more, and that the last enemy, death itself, is to be destroyed. Burbank's philosophy is in harmony with this kind of inspired teaching.

Moreover, by giving us roses without thorns, oranges without seeds, cacti without spikes, he has demonstrated the possibility of world conquest foretold by holy prophets since the world began. Our fathers were laughed at for believing in perfection—bless them, they never attained it—but they were much nearer it than they would have been without the striving.

The Church a Repair Shop

Some people think of the church as a gallery for the exhibition of folk who are better than their neighbors. I do not so see it.

Near my house are a number of auto repair shops. They speak to me in many a parable. There is sand in the bearings, there's a break in the spark plug, tire and gear and engine troubles galore—the human body is not subject to more ills than an automobile—particularly after the newness of youth is gone, ills then come in either man or machine.

Many of the machines have been abused and misused in some way or other. The strange purposes to which an automobile can be put is amazing. Industrially and mechanically it has no end of uses when equipped with a belt or used as a tractor. From honest service of carrying folk to church and children to a picnic, to the devilish business of the bandit and bootlegger its range of possibilities is almost human. Carelessness, ignorance, and wilfulness, beside hard service, plays havoc with both men and machines.

The Church of Jesus Christ is a great repair shop. The Redeemer came to save the broken in spirit and the broken in heart. Hardship and poverty, sin and suffering, send men to the scrap heap or the repair shop. They come to Him and are restored. They have been formed, and are now reformed; generated, now regenerated; born, now reborn. For this cause came the great Master Mechanic into the world.

Human Salvage

It is nice, of course, to work with fresh unblemished material, but the world would be much poorer if it were not for the use of that which has been salvaged.

I was in a house up town the other evening and they told me the whole row had been made of the materials of houses torn down on Filbert Street a generation ago to make way for the Pennsylvania Railroad elevated tracks, now soon to be removed again.

The distinctive glory and genius of Christianity is that it can take human stone and brick and timber, even from the rubbish heap, and make it almost as clean and sound and useful as that fresh from the quarry of childhood. Men, churches, institutions, and nations may look like rubbish, but Christianity can find some mighty good building material among that which she has salvaged.

My facts are folks—

The Bible is my book of records. Men so altered by this renewing power that their very names are changed. Abram becomes Abraham; Jacob becomes Israel; Levi becomes Matthew; Simon becomes Peter; Saul becomes Paul. What a change from Peter the unsteady, to Peter, the rock; from Saul the bigot, to Paul, the catholic Christian! What a change from Augustine the profligate to Augustine the devout!

When the New Testament record closed, it did not close the record of changed lives. John Bunyan, the ignorant, swearing, blackguard tinker, becomes the immortal dreamer of "Pilgrim's Progress." Bedford Jail becomes an isle of Patmos. John B. Gough, the hopeless drunkard, becomes the trumpet-tongued apostle of abstinence. Jerry McAuley, the New York river thief, bully, devil's scullion, jailbird, becomes the shepherd of lost sheep. And what more shall I say? For time would fail me to tell of the thousands reclaimed in church and mission and street, a mighty host of men who have been made over, new creatures in Christ Jesus.

"Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken shall vibrate once more."

Just Folks

Text: The common people heard him gladly.—Mark 12 : 37.

I SUPPOSE Lincoln said it—at least he is credited with saying it—and it sounds like a Lincoln saying, "The Lord must love common people, because He made so many of them."

We have a habit of lumping people, taking them in the mass. In industry we call them "hands"; in politics, "votes"; in statistics, "heads"; in baseball, "fans"; in philanthropy, "cases"; in war, "cannon fodder"; to the salesman they are "prospects"; to the railroad, "passengers"; to the merchant, "customers"; to the evangelist, "converts"; to the onlooker, "the crowd"; the police say, "the mob"; the patrician says, "the rabble."

Mark, looking at the number and quality of the multitude following Jesus, said, "the common people."

I sing the story of the "common people"—that great mass of humanity that fertilize the glory of the great. They drag the chariots of Charlemagne and Cæsar and Napoleon into the empyrian, and fall back into the gaping grave of oblivion below. It is their bodies that fill the sunken roadway of Ohaine at Waterloo. In days gone by they were the paid panders of those notorious noisy tyrants called great men—the Bwana Tumbos of their time! The stars sparkled, the seas surged, the storms chanted their litanies in his ears, the seasons blew their aromatic breaths into his nostrils, cataracts of light fell from inconceivable heights to lave his head—and of them he saw nothing! He was worshiping a Corsican bandit, chanting hosannas to a spectacled monster born in Aix, or standing in mute adoration before the eloquent pomp of his war lord, the Kaiser.

But at last the meek have inherited the earth. The slave of the ages has come to possess the planet. The Sphinx has disclosed its secret—this rolling globe belongs to the common people!

Jesus and the Common People

Jesus was revolutionary—none more so—in spiritual things.

His belief in a new social order from that of His day became the inspiration of the multitude and set a new value upon the common man. When five thousand of them crowded about him upon a hillside

he fed them with a dinner instead of a dissertation—the preaching came after their appetite was appeased.

Dr. Lyman Abbott tells in his reminiscences of the celebrities that used to gather at the home of Governor Claflin of Massachusetts—Henry Ward Beecher, John B. Gough, John Greenleaf Whittier, Charles Dudley Warner, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and at other times companies of the most shabbily dressed and poorest mannered of Boston's slums.

It was Jesus who advised, "When you give a dinner do not ask your friends or your rich neighbors, lest they invite back again and you get repaid. Invite the poor, the maimed, the blind." He seemed to value human beings not in proportion to their achievements, but their possibilities. There was Andrew and Simon whose hands smelled of fish, and Matthew, the tax collector, whose hands were stained with graft, and there was Magdalene who had loved, but not wisely, and a woman of the street, and another about to be stoned for her offense.

When Jesus came the world breathed the air of aristocracy—Plato, Euripides, Aristotle had no word for the sandal maker or blacksmith, the fisherman or artisan. Jesus had a message for the common people, and the farmer left his plow in the furrow, the tradesman closed his shop, the fisherman forsook his nets—it was like a new sun in their drab sky. Christ had faith in the multitudes. He died for the million.

The Backbone of America

Our U. S. A. is the land of the common people.

Our rulers from Washington to Harding have been men of the people. Washington, the farmer; Lincoln, the rail splitter; Grant, the tanner; Harding, the printer—this is the way our democracy works its way out. There have been men with family trees and university degrees, but it counted not in political preferment.

Washington was pushed to the front as "Citizen George Washington." The dominant note in Abraham Lincoln was his belief in that vast spiritual somewhat we call The People. As the common people felt that Christ was a man of their own flesh and bone, His hands calloused and His garments smelling of the carpenter shop, so the American people had felt Lincoln to be one of them. He had struggled up through their privations, shared their longings, and battled with their limitations. He was without form or comeliness, like his Master, but the people still cling to his memory.

I like to remember this of President Harding: In August of 1921 he was a guest at a leading Atlantic City hotel. They had a gold service of a thousand pieces which was going to be used as a signal honor for the Presidential guest. Mr. Harding hearing of it courteously

declined with this frank statement: "I will not eat from plates of gold. I would rather be furnished with the tools to which I have been accustomed." Good! The man who had worked at the case, stuck type, and rolled proof on a printing press, and whose great enjoyment was to talk to neighbors on his home porch at Marion, would feel more at home with china dishes and plated steel cutlery, and would be acting more like his own plain-living American people.

"Vox Populi Vox Dei"

"The voice of the people is the voice of God," said old Hesiod in his "Works and Days," nearly eight hundred years before Christ was born.

That opens up two big questions: "Who are the people?" "What is their voice?" Among the people are many voices. Those who utter God's voice ought to be God's people—not in any sectarian sense, but in the sense of those who acknowledge their obligation to God and their fellow men—"The Lord knoweth them that are His." The voice of the people has been the thunder against divine rights of kings and the arrogance of autocrats. It is a voice achieving greater confidence as the years go on.

"How is the voice expressed?" O, in our country, by ballot and public opinion, legal forms, and processes. Lincoln said, "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." I believe that the intelligent, deliberate, sincere, religious conviction of a people is at length the voice of God.

I firmly believe that expressed in terms of short time the common people are not always right; in terms of long time the common people are seldom wrong.

I am sure many will think that debatable. It was the common people, not of the heights nor the depths, that put prohibition on the map, and woman suffrage, and children's rights, and every other reform movement. The common people are for the most part opposed to violence and bloodshed. Kings and militarists have been the bloodshedders of the ages. It was not the common people who plotted to put Jesus to death, but the ecclesiastical minority.

It is the common people who make up the rank and file of the church membership of the country; lovers of church, Bible, home, and schools. They are not patrons of the street bootlegger nor companions of the lawbreaker in high places. They do not figure in scandals, their names are not in the Sunday supplement, the great majority have never been divorced, nor have they ever figured in the criminal calendar—just loyal citizens, patriotic, lovers of the flag, obedient to the law. The

common people are unadvertised, hard working, paying their debts and taxes, giving their bit to church and charity. Louis XIV said, "The State, it is myself." In America the State is the people.

Just Folks

In the ranks of citizenship the common people are Grade A.

At night going through some of the streets on the trolley one looks out the window and sees long rows of houses—Philadelphia has 402,000 of them. One cannot help thinking—each of them holding its own family, with its happiness and sorrow; its wolf at the door; its skeleton in the closet; its fast diminishing coal pile in the cellar.

At 7.30 the children are getting out their home work, given in such amounts as to be the bane of childhood. "Mom's" clearing up the dishes. "Dad's" lit his pipe and is reading the evening paper, "Sis" is upstairs getting ready for her beau, the young man of the house puts on a clean collar and starts out in the general direction of trouble. No matter what is "on" at the movies each of these homes has its own reels of tragedy and comedy—weddings, births, sickness, funerals—the common lot of man.

There's the problem of rent to be paid, the life insurance to be met, the interest on the note, and the money to be made up for the building and loan. The vital question is how to make both ends meet, to pay the butcher, the baker, the electric light maker, and give the children the best possible education. If Susie gets her hat this week, Johnnie will have to wait for his shoes till next week. If Mary does decide to marry that young chap, the cost of the wedding will set back the possibility of getting the phonograph that the rest of the family are so set on having because the Joneses next door have a player piano. "Ma" calculates as to whether there'll be enough of Sunday's roast to make lunch for Monday, and how to take the chicken bones and make palatable noodle-soup. "Dad" plans how he can pay into both a "vacation fund" and a "Christmas club" for the family next year, even if the boss doesn't give him a raise.

Prosaic kind of an existence? Yes, but they make up the great mass of our American people. Most of us are very much like the rest of us. And when you intensify the average man and enlarge the sentiments of the common people, you have the genius that accounts for a Lincoln.

Christ said to a group of common-folk disciples who were without wealth, rank, or social position, "Ye are the salt of the earth." The common people are still the salt of the earth. The hope of the world is in them as long as they hear the Divine Voice "gladly."

The House of Mirth

Text: To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose. . . . A time to weep and a time to laugh.—Ecclesiastes 3 : 1–4.

MANY are the "days" and "weeks" set aside for the observance of something or other, but—

It remained for the motion picture industry to suggest a whole month of something. They suggested the month of January as National Laugh Month. Their thought was, I suppose, to have a whole month of their industry devoted to comedy. I am glad that they did not make it a year—in that they observed the scriptural injunction that there is a time for everything, implying that there should also be a time for something else beside comedy and laughter.

As desirable as laughing is—and it is a thing much to be desired—there is such a thing as "too much of a good thing." The man who has a funny bone, and who laughs at the right time and place is a blessing. But of all the exasperating bores under the sun, none is so insufferable as the man with the continuous performance laugh. The person who laughs in season and out of season is a faker, a poseur, putting on what is not felt, for daily life is not a funny thing exclusively. Nor is there any real mirth in the laughter of the person who is forever laughing—it is as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. A real laugh, a laugh that bubbles up suddenly and spontaneously from some well of humor that has just been touched, is as contagious as the measles. Everybody catches it.

In these days when girls think they have to be just terribly alive, full of pep, sparklingly vivacious, you will see and hear girls shriek and howl, giggle and cackle, ostensibly and boisteriously loud in order to get the reputation of being very fast and sporty. The poor deluded creatures are trying to give the impression of being immensely popular and the "life of the crowd." As one of the onlooking sex I think a girl misses the mark when she thinks she makes herself unusually attractive by being abnormally gay. The overvivacious girl who goes off into peals of laughter never is a belle. It takes your dumb little maiden, who has to have a joke diagrammed for her, to trail men in her wake. The loud, noisy, "life of the party" girl, sputtering with fireworks, may keep in the center of the crowd, but meanwhile the other demure little maid is apt to have the eligible fellow off in a quiet corner, keeping a

quiet tongue, while he is pleading with her to accompany him to the altar.

The one picture that has caught and held the fancy of men for ages is that of Mona Lisa with the soft, alluring, inscrutable, maddening smile, the smile that has kept men forever guessing as to just what she meant. And it still works, that smile. There's a time to laugh, and a time to smile, when the eyes and lips are talking instead of the throat.

The Jeer of the Mirthless

A hearty laugh is a wholesome thing—but there is laughter that is evil and poisonous.

One need notice the vicious laugh only enough to avoid it. Some music is called "devil's music." I doubt that any real music can belong exclusively to the Evil One, but there is certainly more than one kind of devil's laughter. Sometimes cruelty finds its expression in laughter. It is at the expense of another, or because of the ill fortune of another. As children we were laughed at—the jeering laughter of ridicule—and we suffered. There are children of older years whose hearts have been broken and whose lives have been wrecked by laughter that was heartless. Merriment is medicinal; mockery is maleficent.

The sarcastic laugh that holds a sneer is satanic, and the laughter that gloats over the suffering of another is sardonic. The hard laugh of the cynic and of the reckless debauchee are echoes from the pit. There is a bitter laugh of despair that makes your heart ache when you hear it—your chances of helping seem so hopeless. A wholesome, mirthful laugh brightens like a touch of sunshine, a derisive laugh blasts like a simoon from the desert.

Who can account for those perverts who laugh at the wrong place? Every playwright knows the anguish of some line written seriously, chortled over by some hair-trigger laugher. His best lines may be received in silence, while the moment of tragedy may throw some jelly-bowl auditor into convulsions of laughter. One never knows when or at what an audience will laugh. I see mighty few plays, but I remember in David Warfield's "The Music Master," when the old musician was compelled to part with his piano, a cheerful idiot next me just roared at the funniness of the music master's having to give up his beloved instrument and part with his means of making a livelihood.

The humorist, the satirist, and the cartoonist have plenty to work with, and their mission has its high uses. A thing that is taken very seriously may yet have its weakness pointed out by a laugh. A generation ago a humorist of national fame dealt jocularly with the Mormons, and declared that "their religion is singular, but their wives are plural." The saints in the Salt Lake region laughed with him, but it made them

wince as no other thing did. It was said of Oliver Wendell Holmes that he "dipped his keen-pointed pen often in the honeydew, but never in gall or wormwood." The clever pen or pencil of the cartoonist laughs out of court many an incipient abuse and injustice. His caricatures point out the fads and faults, follies, and foibles of society—we may laugh at his extreme, extravagant, exaggerated, excessive lines and presentation, but underneath we can see rare common sense. The nonsense of the paragrapher, the hard-boiled, iconoclastic thrusts of the columnist may be a more powerful weapon than a learned philippic on the subject. The writer is often as kind in heart as he is ferocious in style.

There is a Canadian university professor whose scholarship is beyond peradventure, yet I am sure that his gentle humor and satire will be of more lasting value to the world than many scientific theses. It is a large debt the world owes the satirist, whether a Juvenal, a Dean Swift, or one of a number whose names are now almost household words.

Merry, Mellifluous Medication

Allopathy, homeopathy, osteopathy, hydropathy, neuropathy are terms and schools more or less well known—I would give each of them my benison for the good they have done.

Merriopathy is the science of the healing laugh. It is better than any other "pathy" for curing gloom diseases and the grouch complaints that make life miserable. Some ills need mental, some medical medication; some need the apothecary's drugs, some the surgeon's knife. Whatever the value of a smile and cheery atmosphere, I have never yet known an ill that was cured by a frown.

The wise physician of whatever name knows the therapeutic value of wholesome laughter. I was once chaplain for two years in a hospital for the insane. I have seen fear and melancholy join hands with disease. It was taken almost as an axiom that if the nervous, gloomy, discouraged, neurasthenic patient could be started to smiling and laughing that the hostile forces of disease, worry, and melancholia could be driven back by the benevolent microbes of mirth.

Have you considered what happens when a person laughs? May I change my theological degree, for the nonce, from D. D. to M. D.? From Doctor of Divinity to Doctor of Merriopathy. (Five of the greatest humorists that ever lived in former days were men of the cloth—Rabelais, Scarron, Swift, Sterne, and Sydney Smith.) Well, let me now define, diagnose, and prescribe.

In the first place laughter relieves tension—both mental and bodily tension. Nature must have a safety valve. If pain is too intense

nature gives relief in a swoon. All nervous energy must find an outlet. The sense of humor is given man largely for the purpose of causing a sudden increase of nervous activity such as to compel, through laughter, a complete let-down of that nervous tension. When a man laughs, his whole organism takes, so to speak, a momentary holiday. In our strenuous complex twentieth century civilization any such temporary freedom from strain is of the utmost value.

A hearty laugh is a rare tonic. Every time a person laughs heartily and unaffectedly some noteworthy changes occur in the organs and processes of his body. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," says the Scripture. Which statement shows how inspired the Good Book is, for a hearty laugh moves the diaphragm up and down vigorously, empties and ventilates the lungs, stimulates the heart mechanically by its action upon the intrathoracic viscera, and is undoubtedly one of the best tonics we have for circulation in the abdominal cavity, and probably for all the important nervous mechanism centred there.

Let me say as an incentive to brain workers and manual laborers: Laughter stimulates the entire muscular system, and through its effect on the lungs and stomach improves the quality of the blood supply to the brain. As a result the brain becomes better nourished—better able to meet the incessant and extreme demand of modern life for quick, accurate, and forceful thinking. Mentally, laughter makes you "feel good." I mean this, that pleasurable emotions stimulate every vital process healthfully. For singers and public speakers there is no one exercise that gives flexibility, strength, resonance, and vibratory power like laughter. It is the secret of a rich musical voice. Practice it and see!

Learn to Laugh and Live

"Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone," says the famous poem—"Solitude."

The thought may be deduced that laughing is social, weeping is solitude. Undoubtedly it is true. The crier has to get off by herself. The very act is anti-social. I know that some women enjoy "a good cry." But don't do it too oft—that way lies the mad house. The difference between enjoying a hearty laugh and having a good cry is this, physiologically: When you relax and laugh you eliminate dead tissue. When you cry and clutch and hold, you harbor toxins. Try this experiment: when you feel like crying, just laugh. Laughter is an answer to some things that seem tragedies—until you laugh. It is not only an answer to absurdities and incongruities, but it is better than a medicine closet. People who cannot take a joke, usually have to take medicine.

Let me tell you a secret—much of the sickness that baffles medicine is in the mind. Any physician will tell you that. And as a preacher of psychology as well as of theology let me tell you that much of it is in the heart. It is evident, then, that if there is any "laughter cure" the laughter must be a thing of the heart. When the source of the fountain is pure the waters will be sweet.

Can you learn to laugh? Sure you can! If you are inclined to be sickly or sour start with a low potential like "Tee! Hee!" That is just done with the tongue and teeth, but it's a start. Now try, "Huh! Huh!" That is stronger, back in the larynx, and will compel you to "clear your throat." In a day or two you will be able to change from the vowels "e" and "u" to broad "a"—"Ha! Ha! Ha!" By this time the habit is getting cultivated, your chest-bound asthma and your nervous-strain bronchitis are commencing to show decided improvement. Your blood and nerve circulation in the abdominal area has aided your digestion and stimulated your liver. Now—if you are masculine—try the more robust vowel, "o"—"Ho! Ho! Ho!" The passing stages of laughter through these vowels will mark changes in your temperament and disposition! Too much trouble? No, indeed—it's easy. And it is worth remembering that gloom and weakness go together, while laughter and strength walk hand in hand. One of our city feminine beauty experts tells me that she steadily recommends laughter as a beautifier—that it is the only Simon-pure fountain of youth which has thus far been discovered.

Possibly laughter and longevity may also go together. Democritus, originator of the atomic theory, and who was known as the laughing philosopher, lived one hundred and nine years, while Heraclitus, who seemed to be addicted to weeping, lived to be but sixty. Chauncey Depew at ninety-two tells us he has learned to mix learning and laughter. Fine combination!

Thirty-eight times does the Bible speak of laughter. I think it is our duty to laugh—in wholesome moderation. It is just as religious to laugh as it is to cry. "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." We are not children of wrath; we are the King's sons, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. Here on earth "Every good and perfect gift is from above," and every pure joyous laugh comes from the fountain of all our blessings. But how about in Heaven? Well, I don't know. But Christ said: "Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh," and the Bible also speaks of a time when all tears shall be wiped away, but it doesn't mention a time when we shall cease to laugh. I suppose when we reach the Heavenly city we shall be so delighted that "our mouth shall be filled with laughter and our tongue with singing."

The Perfume of Life

Text: And thou shalt make it a perfume, a confection after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy.—Ex. 30 : 34–38.

PERFUME is the soul of the flower. It is the most mysterious, the most elusive, the least understandable of plant qualities. It is mysterious because the soul of anything is mysterious. You are in the realm of the unexplored. Why a flower is fragrant has never been answered. Some say to attract insects, but, then, some of the sweetest herbs attract no insects. The little busy bee prefers the almost odorless maple to the American Beauty rose.

I suppose perfume is the inner personality of the flower. You cannot find it by tearing the flower apart any more than you could find the personality of a human being by putting it on the dissecting table. There are some things that defy definition and analysis. Personality is one and perfume is another.

One thing is sure, the Creator originated it. He has placed a plentitude of perfume everywhere. You will find it on the mountain, in the valley, in the orchard, the wheat field, the new mown hay, and even the newly plowed earth. The Bible is full of sweet odors from the beginning of the first book, Genesis, where it says the Lord smelled the sweet fragrance of Noah's offering, to the end of the last book, Revelation, telling of the four and twenty elders falling down before the Lamb, each of them having a golden vial full of perfume, which was the prayers of the saints. In the Book of Exodus, where the text is taken from, the Lord tells about the preparation of perfume intended for worship in the Tabernacle. By the way, in almost every case where the word "apothecary" or "confectioner" occurs in the Bible the Revised Version correctly translates the word to "perfumer." The third chapter of Nehemiah tells of a guild of perfumers, indicating to what importance the art had then attained.

The fragrance of perfume goes back beyond history. Mythology said a drop of nectar was spilled on the earth at the feast of the gods to Cupid. Maybe that accounts for the sweetness of love, loving, and lovers. In religion it dates back to the pagan, idolator, Egyptian, Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, Roman. At the first it was merely the perfume of spices and woods, aromatic plants—thyme, marjoram, cinnamon, mint, myrrh; cedar and sandal wood; oils and gums. The favorite

Oriental perfumes were iris, rose, crocus, violet, and musk. During the Dark Ages the art of perfuming was lost, and not recovered again until the days of the Renaissance. It was the famous Florentine perfumer, Reni, who accompanied the fourteen-year-old Catherine de' Medici to France as court perfumer. Solon, the Greek, had to restrict the sale of aromatic oils and ointments. Compared with today, the Athenian had not many perfumes to choose from. In our day one perfumer alone advertises twenty-two distinct scents. Wouldn't that have put the court of Queen Elizabeth in a flurry?

I would like to have visited an afternoon with old Omar, who spent his days in a rose garden. In February, 1923, when the tomb of King Tut in Luxor, Egypt, was opened a tiny pot of perfume was found. Three thousand years old! Count Frangipani, who discovered the process of combining alcohol with odoriferous substances, and whose name recalls the odor of the West Indian red jasmine, would have given much to have known that Egyptian secret. But out from the coal-tar by-products of today we have hundreds of scents not known to the ancients, even if these moderns are but synthetic odors.

"The Faint, Sweet Smell—"

Smell is the neglected sister of the five senses.

People will spend money to gratify the eye, please the ear, pamper the taste, thrill the touch, but will begrudge the sense of smell a bit of luxury. They miss at least a fifth of life's pleasure.

Smell is the most elementary and the most emotional of our five senses. Likely it has its roots in ancestral, racial, and preracial memories. I suppose the smell of food that starts the gastric juices has had its inception back when our savage ancestors roasted the venison at the forest fires. The odor of a lemon will start the saliva in your mouth. Mother's cookies baking in the oven made your "mouth water" when you were a younker. Smell brings back old sentiments, imaginations, associations, memories. They carry you back to childhood, weddings, funerals, possibly to the village general store, where you went on errands for your mother. Honeysuckle and hyacinths, particularly the latter, seem to carry me back to some former incarnation, some astral plane of ages ago—so to speak. "But oh, the faint sweet smell of that jasmine-flower!" sang Owen Meredith, in his famous poem as he thought, "if only the dead could find out when to come back and be forgiven."

Perfume and passion are related. Some odors stimulate, some enervate, some effeminate. If the lotus makes one languid, the balsam of the pines invigorates. The bracing sea breeze, the smell of sea weed, the woodsy smell of the forest, the pungent odor of yarrow on the moun-

tain side, the heavy fragrance of the tropics—do you think they effect the human spirit? We recognize the unconscious influence of odor. We separate the kitchen from the dining-room, even though food is "the reason to be"—as your French primer would state it. I am sure that some odors arouse, some depress; some soothe, some irritate; some please, some displease; some are a stimulant, some a sedative. Some appeal to the highest, some to the lowest.

Says Shakespeare:

> "Rosemary, pansies, heart's-ease, rue,
> These are my garden flowers;
> Memories, thoughts, and responses true,
> These are my blossomed hours."

Fragrances often suggest places to me. Bergamot suggests the lemon and orange groves of Florida and California. Magnolia, the swamps of Mississippi. Rosemary, some old-fashioned gardens of New England. Lavender suggests the country side of old England on a moonlight night in June. Chinese punk makes me think of mats and tea chests in the Flowery Kingdom. All in my imagination? Very likely.

"All Arabia Breathes From Yonder Box"

Every object, plant, animal, human being has an aroma of some kind.

Each individual has his own scent—your dog proves that. That scent is individual, personal, characteristic. Bees differentiate between friends and enemies by scent. Maybe that's analogous to our soul—it might explain the phenomena of attraction and repulsion we have for one another. If every object possesses "vapor tension" (I believe that's the scientific name) enough to emit faint smell—food, fruit, animals, plants, houses, stores, and even towns—then it is a fine analogy to that other mysterious, baffling quality, which we emanate, or radiate, called Personality. When Jesus unknowingly healed the sick woman, He said, "Strength (virtus) has gone out from me." The significance of the halo in art is that an atmosphere of light is about the person so illumined.

Each one's spirit out-breathing is his own—as inimitable as jasmine. It is his own self. Culture is cold and odorless. Brilliant flowers seldom are fragrant, just as gorgeous birds have little song glory. As personality is the soul of the flower, so also personality is the soul of the saint. It is a mystic quality for which nothing can be substituted. Christ did not write twelve books. He sent out twelve men. Personality pulls.

Cultivated Fragrance

As the sailor can see farther than the landsman, and the woodsman can hear better than the city dweller, so the Parisian has developed an unusual sense for fragrance. From the earliest days Paris was noted for its flower gardens. Its kings as far back as Charlemagne were patrons of perfumery. On the Rue de Paix there may be bought attar —the "breath"—of millions of roses from the Department of Alpine-Maritimes, the heavier ambers of Arabia, and the strong smelling musks from the antlers of the Himalayan deer.

To the little city of Grasse, between Cannes and Nice, facing the Mediterranean, come flowers by the truckload—roses, lilacs, violets, heliotropes, jasmine, orange blossoms, tuberoses, lillies of the valley—and fields full of others. Two great factories and a number of smaller ones extract the quintessence of perfumes—and the French taste is as correct in perfume as it is in color. But—

Professor Daniel, of the University of Rennes and the Academy of Sciences, announces that they have succeeded in perfuming flowers that before had little or no fragrance. Flowers with offensive odors have been changed to sweet ones. Our own Burbank announced the same almost simultaneously. After twenty-five years of experimentation, struggling with thousands of blooms, isolating and cultivating, he has achieved the same results. The dahlia is given the fragrance of the magnolia, and the verbena the wistful sweetness of the trailing arbutus. Nature has again waited for the coming of the sons of God!

But herein is a parable of Growing for Fragrance—changing our personality from disagreeable to agreeable. It is the changed nature born from above. "His smell shall be as Lebanon," says the Bible—and that suggests balsam of cedar. There is fragrance on the heights. Near the timber-line of mountains the flowers are small, but amazingly fragrant, like the Alpine forget-me-not among the mists and clouds of Scotch mountains, and the Peruvian heliotrope on the Andes that the Indians think has mystic spell to open the gates of Paradise. On the highest peak of Teneriffe, in the Canary Island group, there is a broom brush, luxuriant, covered with white blossoms, deliciously fragrant. The natives bring their hives of honey bees up from the valley. Then for some weeks the bees revel!

Great secret! Souls that dwell on the heights attain Heaven's fragrance!

Frankincense—Spikenard—Myrrh

And what of the fragrance of flowers planted in the Garden of the Lord?

There's the fragrance of Gratitude—"Gratitude is the fairest flower that springs from the soul. The heart of man knoweth none more fragrant," says Lowell. In the same bed grow the fragrant flowers of praise and appreciation.

The fragrance of Friendship. I think it was Pythagoras who said, "Friendship is one soul inhabiting two bodies." Cicero's devotion to Atticus lasted almost fifty years. A friend is more than an acquaintance or a crony. The fire of reverses never destroys the gold of friendship; it tests it and purifies it. How rare it is to have a friend who will defend you in the dark! The rarest, most exquisite perfume of friendship is Loyalty.

The fragrance of Love. Here is a perfume of compound essence. Like the perfume of the flower, it, too, defies analysis. Try to pick the flower apart to find the fragrance, and it eludes you. You keep looking for the secret of love—it baffles you. You are an unusual lover if you do not ask, "Why do you love me?" "O, because you are you," is the happy answer.

The fragrance of Happiness. Happiness is a perfume that you cannot spray on others without getting some of the sweetness and fragrance on yourself.

The fragrance of Influence. As the violet gives its perfume, the pine its balsam, the new mown hay its fragrance, so there are persons whose very presence creates an atmosphere delightful and refreshing. You may even feel it after they have gone. Tuberoses will scent a room long after they have been removed. The frankincense and myrrh of the Wise Men and the fragrance of Mary's vase of spikenard have been wafted to us down through the long centuries.

Truth is never more beautiful than when expressed in symbolism. In the Temple service the Altar of Incense was symbolic of human life. It stood before the Holy of Holies. The Book of Revelation tells that the sweetest perfume of Heaven is the prayers of God's faithful children. That isn't hard to understand and believe. The sweetest perfume of our house and home is not elegant furniture and rare pictures, but the sweet spirit of those whom we love. Our spirit poured cut before God rises as sweet incense before His throne.

They that be planted in the Garden of the Lord shall grow fragrance for the courts of the Most High.

Being a Bee

Text: And, behold, there was a swarm of bees.—Judges 14 : 8.

EVER consider the bee?

More books have been written and studied about this wonderful worker than any other creature, with the single exception of the great egotist—man.

The Mormons chose a beehive for their symbol.

Which choice is one of a number of wise and significant things our Mormon brother has done.

However that may be religiously, I think the bee inclines to socialism. The beehive is a perfect product of equalitarian state socialism.

But, most of all, bees illustrate the successful working of the republican principle. The beehive constitutes a republic, not a monarchy. The queen bee is simply a mother bee. All the population is the issue of a common mother, and any bee of the family may become a queen—that is to say, a mother bee—if it receives proper nourishment, and becomes by proper election head of the little republic.

As Republicans have an elephant, Democrats a donkey, Prohibitionists a camel, the beehive would make a fine symbol for our Woman's Party friends.

That beehive is a city of 25,000 to 60,000 population.

There you will find streets, but no sidewalks, for the residents walk along the walls. No windows, for each house has only a door. In this wonderful geometrical city, each citizen obeys the laws; he goes out or stays in only when it is legal.

The drone is the male bee, supported by the labors of the workers—the female. Not the workers of human society, accumulating money or honey, are to be dreaded. It is those who inherit—the drones—enemies of wealth, labor, and society.

A Human Little Fellow

No other member of animal creation shows greater home love than the honey bee. Be it ever so humble or uninviting there's no place like home to him.

The guards patrolling the front door at the end of the day show how keen is their sense of ownership rights, for at its defense they will gladly give their lives.

Sometimes the bees will "light out," take "French leave," for parts unknown. You think you have built for them a hive that is "comfy," sanitary, with all modern conveniences for a bee, and some bright morning they will hear "the call of the wild," and they up and leave you and your glittering, civilized, modern, highly scientific hive, for a hollow log in the forest.

Wonder if it is the "reversion to type" Wandurlust, "back to nature," movement we high superior folks get every now and then? There is a strain in human blood that now and then likes to "kick over the traces," violate precedents and customs, smash conventionalities, that tells the rest of the staid, hide-bound, artificial folks to "go hang," and revels in just being a primitive human being, craving the simple life, unshackled by collars, cuffs, and furbelows. It may go to explain many an improper escapade and unaccountable human lapse.

We think of a bee as always mad. In a towering rage over something. Continually going around with a chip—or a sting—on its shoulder.

Buzzing doesn't always mean anger.

However, when a bee buzzes angrily or a woman scolds indignantly it is wiser for mere mankind to find an excuse to walk off in another direction.

Usually the bee is one of the most pleasant social and good-natured little fellows you ever met. Yes, if you pinch him he will sting you. But I've had church members who'd sting you when you didn't try to pinch them.

The bee is all right if he is kept busy. When he is gathering honey in the fields his hum is with malice toward none and with honey for all. It is the happy hum of honest industry and contentment in faithful toil.

After a rain, when they are idle, bees get cross and vicious. I've seen strikers in the coal regions of our Keystone State in that condition.

When a bee is stealing honey he stings—reminds us of the police maxim that "the thief goes armed." You can tell a robber bee by the cool and wicked way he stings you. When he is "crooked" he approaches a hive with sly and guilty look. If another bee is coming out he quickly dodges back.

"Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

If he gets into the hive his outcoming is in a hurried, guilty way. He is almost always wiping his mouth furtively—like a man coming out of a saloon.

Stinging—Honey Gathering

Bees cannot bite like dogs, kick like mules, or hook like cattle, but to a person stung for the first time he would rather be bitten, kicked, and

hooked, all together than to get the full, keen, and exquisite pain, of an enraged robber bee.

The pain is harder to bear if you keep thinking about it. Indeed, any pain is! The hardest sting is injustice, and it becomes worse if you brood over it.

Do not stand in front of a hive, nor get in the way of workmen at a factory. They'll jolt you or swear at you.

Perhaps stinging is a bee's way of swearing at you!

As a pastor over many people the more I see of some folks the more I think of some bees. For instance—

In love and understanding he is sometimes sadly lacking. When smitten on one cheek he doesn't turn the other. He is impulsive, hot-headed, and quick tempered. He stings first and regrets afterward—for when a bee stings he dies within one to three days, although if uninjured he may live up to ten days.

We say "Busy as a bee."

I know folks who are not only busy, but busybodies. Their sharp tongue stings on very slight provocation. They sting you with unkind remarks, bitter sarcasm, unnecessary fault findings, and harsh criticisms. Any in the church, shop, or home hive near you?

On the other hand, out from town is a cherry tree that has not borne fruit for years. Last year it bore. Reason—a neighbor had started a hive of bees. They carried the pollen needed to fructify and fertilize the blossoms.

I've had church members who couldn't preach themselves, but they could carry the truth. How they enriched the Sunday dinner table and the prayer meeting! What kindly, helpful, non-critical, suggestions they brought to the pastor, the Sunday school superintendent, and the chorister from other summer fields.

The Spirit of the Hive

Humanity is bound together like a bundle of twigs.

Held by ties of race, religion, occupation, common taste, family—human society. He only is useful and happy who is working in harmony with his environment. "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself," said Paul.

A single bee could never make and store honey by itself, any more than one could build and conduct a city by himself. The reason with the bee is that he is not in possession of all the secrets of the wonderful hive building and maintaining.

Bees succeed only as they work in conjunction with and for the good of other bees. A solitary bee, separate and alone from others of his kind, would be absolutely helpless.

Occasionally a bee will go off to the fields and gardens and come back drunk, gorged with honey, but with nothing for the common stock. This bee is quickly killed, stung to death by an execution squad who seem to consider that any bee who is so wilfully selfish must be sick, criminally insane, and cannot be longer tolerated by the community.

Would that families, churches, and neighborhoods could execute some such simple rugged justice!

The French have a term, "esprit de corps" which expresses spirit and enthusiasm shown in and for an organization. The term is extensive. The expression of the bee would be, The Spirit of the Hive, a term intensive. Toil, service, self—all to be given for the benefit of one's fellows—that is the spirit of the hive.

Imagine what a church would be with all its tremendous mighty latent force if it truly caught the spirit of the hive. Suppose every member of the church should be animated by such a spirit of loyalty to the common good! Suppose one of the conditions of church membership was service, no one admitted who wouldn't work, that no one would be permitted to remain who wouldn't work and contribute. The spirit of the hive shown in church finances, social life, home and foreign missionary interests.

The church of Jesus Christ would sweep the world in a generation!

And yet the Spirit of the Hive is merely the Spirit of the Christ!

Humble Bees—Unknown Service

If the humble bee died, so would much of our vegetation.

In Australia clover wouldn't grow till a human head brought a bee head and a clover head together. Some folks have the gift of bringing about the best in others. Some others only stand off and find fault—and their adverse criticisms are never constructive.

These humble bees go about doing a lot of good for the world they know nothing about. No one can tell the influence of any act of our daily toil.

The average life of a bee during summer is not over three months, and in height of clover bloom only six or eight weeks. And here is a tragedy—bee and human.

The life of a worker bee is cut short by the wearing of its wings. At the end of a hot summer day you may find scores of these heavily laden, ragged winged toilers making their way into the hives slowly and painfully.

If you examine the ground around the hive at nightfall you will find numbers crawling on the ground, evidently recognizing their own inability to be of any further use to the community. They seem

anxious not to enter the hive, but merely to crawl out of the way where the sick and worn-out body may die without hindering the new, rising generation in their work.

O, thou God of the Worn-out!

I have seen human folks—bread winners—making heroic sacrifice for the good of the home and community hive. I have seen some at the last in the county almshouse—the House on Heartbreak Hill—or in unwelcome homes of their own kith and kin, for whom they have toiled through many weary years, crawling into a corner to sicken and die, unwept, unhonored, unloved, unappreciated.

Near there, brother and sister mine? May God, the merciful, who said, "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest," may He take you quickly when your wings are toil-broken and you are dropped, politely or brutally, outside the hive!

The bee toils a season—his whole life—for one-half teaspoonful of honey, which you may eat at a single meal. Marvelous sacrifice!

The honey of two or three flowers would suffice him, but he visits two hundred flowers in an hour for treasures he will never taste.

Ask him why he renounces sleep, the delights of honey and love, the exquisite leisure enjoyed, for instance, by his winged brother the butterfly, ask him why—he knows no answer.

Neither does the genius know why he works and dares and does for the good of his fellows now and others not yet born. He does not know—he lives by faith!

And of the Power that leads the worker on he knows not much more than the bee. He hears the Voice: "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest!"

So he toils on through darkness and dawn, through heat and cold. I stand at the street at sundown where mill, factory, and office are pouring out their workers, I see the tired, worn, sweaty faces of the toilers. They are wearing out, not for themselves, but for wife and child, and home and nation. I read the spirit of abnegation that gives all, receives little, and yet wins all in the end—the spirit of the Carpenter of Nazareth, who said, "I must work the works of Him who sent me!" Him they took outside the hive and crucified!

Have you, friend, gathered much honey for the hive and had little for yourself? Have you answered faithfully the Voice, "Lord, here am I?" Have you toiled all life and got nothing?

It is the Spirit of the Hive.

From humblest mother to World's Redeemer—

He who in love gives most gets least!

The Knightliness of Daily Life

Text: The three mighty men brake through the host of Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, . . . and brought it to David: nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord.—2 Samuel 23 : 16.

IN Oriental countries water is king.

To us in whose lives water is a matter of course, obtained by just turning a faucet, it seems common and cheap. In the East, however, wells are possessions to be fought for, and water is something to be bought and sold.

The cry of the text was the cry of a man who was not so much thirsty for water as he was homesick for the joys of his youth. He was a man who had written the word success over his name in capital letters. He was king of his country, and was the greatest king that Israel ever had, and that is saying a great deal.

Now he is in exile. The Philistines have captured Bethlehem, the boyhood home of King David. He and his followers are encamped on a hill a few miles away, from which they could see across the valley the little town of Bethlehem. What memories stirred in the mind of the king at the sight of his home-acre you and I may easily imagine, for have we not felt the pulse of memory leap on coming back after long absence to some place made sacred by memory, by family, by boy and girl friends, and childhood happiness and sorrow?

David and a group of his followers had returned hot and faint after a day with the reaping hook. It was hard work, as any one who has ever used a sickle for any length of time will know. It was also hot under that Syrian sky. The sun sent out its beams like swords; there's an awful sickening glare; every stone is turned into a coal of fire; meanwhile there's the choking dust of the flailing and the winnowing. That dust brings on torment of thirst.

Captains Courageous

Up the hill from the harvest field comes David with three of his old army captains—"mighty men" they are, too.

Their rendezvous was the cave of Adullam. Perhaps David in his boyhood days had played hide and seek with his companions in that cave. Now he throws himself down tired and thirsty at the entrance to the cave. There was moisture on its walls, but David wanted a

drink—a full, deep, cold, satisfying drink such as a man gets from a well.

His mind flashes back to the old well by the gate of Bethlehem near his father, Jesse's farm. He had played around that wellside as a child. He had drunk from its cool depths on many a sultry afternoon. He can almost imagine that he can hear the liquid splashing as the bucket drops down into the cool water. His parched tongue moves through his hot lips as he says. "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"

The three soldiers give each other a quick glance. There's an almost invisible nod of the head. They fool around with some inconsequential duties. In a moment they have disappeared. David wants a drink from the old well! That's sufficient! The army of the Philistines lies between them and Bethlehem. To be caught means to be beheaded. What can they do? Where there's a will, there's a way. At sunset they are making their way on hands and knees through the enemy's lines. Not long after dark they are at the well. They get the water through the enemy's lines. They commence their dangerous journey back. They are not only carrying the water—they are carrying their lives in their hands. They are through the ranks. Now up the narrow paths, cheeks flushed with excitement, out of breath in their haste, they fling their short swords on the floor of the cave and come to David—

"There, captain, is what you longed for, a drink of water from the well at the gate of Bethlehem!"

And what did David do? Take it as an extraordinary act of kindness, and gulp it down? Not so. With the fine spirit which binds men to him even unto this day, he exclaims, "Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?" Therefore he would not drink it, but poured it out unto the Lord."

David is at his best here. I like to think of it when I read the story of his fall and the beautiful Bath-sheba. A great sinner has always in him the possibilities of a great saint. Strength and weakness run parallel. David could sing like a seraph and swear like a soldier. He could soar like an eagle or wallow like the swine. He had culture and coarseness, sympathy and cruelty, beauty and ugliness. Shadow and sunshine were in his eyes, clay and gold in his feet. As he stood there in the dim light of the cave of Adullam, to his quick imagination the water in his hand was not the water of the well of Bethlehem, but the red blood of brave men. Instead of slaking his thirst, he makes a votive offering of the water, and solemnly, reverently, pours it out as an offering to the Lord. I like that!

Life's Cave of Adullam

David's longing was for something deeper than water—he proved that!

There was the bitterness of the moment, of course. "Here am I," says this uncrowned king, "in this cave. Great things were promised me some time ago. I was to be king, and come into my kingdom. Instead of that I am tossed to and fro, driven from pillar to post, compelled to bend to harvest work by day and sleep in a cave like an animal by night."

But there was something even deeper than that. Something deeper than the contents of the well by the gate. It was his soul's thirst, deep, and parched and burning. He is thinking of youth. Oh, for renewal, freshness, the charm and carefreeness of childhood. "Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight; make me a child again just for tonight," is the thought in the mind of many a grown-up man and woman, as they turn heart-sick and weary from the strife and tongues of everyday life.

David is thinking of brighter days and times, and he sighs—just as you and I have many a time given a sigh, a "sough," as the Scotch and Irish say, thinking of the soughing of the wind among the trees. Have you ever given that wailing, fitful, sobbing, tempest of a sigh? Then you know what it means. It isn't satisfied with a drink of water—except the water that Christ spoke of to the woman of Samaria, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." And many a man who is an exile from home—away from the faith of his fathers—has sighed, "Oh, that I could get back to God, the living God."

David stood at the cave of Adullam when he thirsted for the drink of water from his old home. That is where lots of us are sometimes. Has the world always gone smooth with you? Has it never pursued you with lies and slanders, and bitterness and injustice? Has it never cut at you and slashed at you until you wondered whether you could live through it all. Have you knelt by the side of a sick child, and asked God to take you and not the little curly headed youngster on the bed? Ever gone through the cemetery gates when you felt as though you didn't care if you ever came out? Have you ever reached out a groping hand, hoping for love and sympathy and understanding? Well, when you are there you are at the cave of Adullam. You and I often thirst for the well that is by the gate of the New Jerusalem. How we will slake our thirst at that fountain that flowed in the House of David!

The sweet singer of Israel had not yet learned of the well in his own self. We think there is no water like that which we drank at our boy-

hood homes. But when we get back, in manhood and womanhood, and drink it, it doesn't taste quite the same. There are so many bitter things now, but they are not in the water—they are in our own lives.

The Water That Was Transmuted

A gift takes its significance from the giver.

What was the thought back of the gift? A wild flower might mean more to me than a formal floral offering—Who was the giver? "The kiss left on the edge of the glass" would turn water into nectar, if the woman I loved handed me the cup meaningfully.

David was of a race capable of fine sentiment. He recognized the principle back of the act of the men—that no gift is too costly for those whom we love. He met it with a principle just as magnificent—that what other men get at risk of life is a holy thing. It marks a great day with us when we learn to value a gift in the light of its cost. And that is true of things not material; freedom of worship, freedom of speech, freedom of press, indeed, all liberty.

These three men had not done a very sensible thing as some folks might view it. But a man does not live by sense alone. If he tries, he dies. The consideration of prudence untouched by any sentiment may point to conclusions as solid and verifiable as the statements of the multiplication table—but there are things that you cannot prove by the multiplication table! We are hearts as well as heads—some of us a little bit more so. But in the last analysis "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life"—so the good Book says.

Of the gifts of the wise men the gold was useful, the frankincense and myrrh were sentimental. Mary's box of spikenard was placed in highest esteem, for a similar reason, by the Son of God on His way to the cross. A soldier who enlists at a dollar a day, or a captain of industry at a dollar a year, in time of national peril, is not considering the dollar for either the day or the year—he's giving himself, and "greater love hath no man than this." You couldn't have hired the three men to have gone through the ranks of the Philistines for money—the lives of three good men are worth more than any jug of water from any well, if there is no sentiment back of it—they brought the water, because of the love they had for David.

The Inner Force In Humanity

There are quarter tones between the black and white keys that many of us fail to hear.

There is often a knightliness in daily life that helps us keep our faith in humanity and makes us proud that we are humans. The illustration

of Sir Philip Sidney at the siege of Zutphen is trite, but pertinent. When the water was handed him to assuage the thirst of a fatal wound, he noticed the wistful look of a wounded soldier at his side, and handed him the precious draught—"Thy necessity is greater than mine!" Shelly, whose vision was all the subtler because of painful personal contrast, pronounced him "a spirit without spot."

Things become invested with a higher value because of sacred associations. A woman of one of my churches sent her little youngster across the street for some knick-knacks, little sweet cakes. On the way back the child was run over and killed. When they stretched the body out on the couch in the parlor she still grasped the bag of knick-knacks in her little hand. What should they do with the knick-knacks? What would you have done with them?

I attended a lad afflicted with "the great white plague." We developed quite a friendship for each other. At his death they found his saving bank with a couple of dollars in it. What should they do with Danny's money? The family, after much debate, decided to buy me a fountain pen to write my sermons with. For thirteen years Danny's slowly saved pennies have done faithful service for this servant of the Lord.

I like to remember that the widow brought her mite, and the Master thought it was a large gift, for she gave her all. I remember that Hannah asked God for a boy child. And when Samuel was old enough she returned him to the Lord, for service in the temple. And—

We may go even further—here is the cardinal fact, the final force in the universe: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." He loved us not because we deserved it, but because we needed it. And Christ came and gladly ascended the hill of Golgotha to shed His precious blood for you and me. In return we pour back our lives in service to Him. Like George Matheson, we sing—

"O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be."

If You Had But One Wish

Text: In that night did God appear unto Solomon, and said unto him, Ask what I shall give thee.—2 Chron. 1 : 7.

THIS is a great story. It will pay you to turn back to the Chronicles of the Jewish kings and read it.

At dawn on that 20th day of June, 1837, as soon as Lord Melborne had announced to the young eighteen-year-old Princess Victoria that her uncle, William IV, had just died and that she was now Queen of England, he opened the Bible and read to the young sovereign this story of Solomon's dream at Gibeon. It was an inspiration—a stroke of genius!

Solomon was about nineteen, a year older than Victoria, at the time of his coronation. Up yonder on the hill at Gibeon, six miles north of Jerusalem, there had been a coronation day of magnificence and triumph. Thousands of burnt offerings were given at that place—22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep were sacrificed.

After the long line of parade was over, the cheers of the crowd had ceased, the blare of the trumpet and the clash of the cymbal were silent, Solomon went to the palace and in the hours of the night God appeared to him. "Ask what I shall give thee." The Almighty pushed the check-book of his riches across the desk to Solomon—no restriction, an absolutely unlimited range of choice was placed before the newly crowned king. He might ask anything that Omnipotence could supply. Think of it! What an opportunity! Choosing is the test of character. It is not what we get so much as what we choose. Our lives, our destiny depend on our choices.

The Dreams of Youth

Solomon's answer is a model for the statesman in the Senate, the judge in the court-room, the pastor in his parish—for every young man beginning his life's work.

"Give me now wisdom and knowledge that I may go out and come in before this people: for who can judge this thy people, that is so great?" The speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked the thing he did. And because he had not asked for riches, honor, the life of his enemies, nor long life for himself, only a wise and understanding heart, God gave him what he asked for, and riches and honor beside.

Solomon's choice was a good one. It wasn't the highest choice. It wouldn't have been the choice of his father David, nor Isaiah, nor of Paul. It was not a choice of devotion and faithfulness to God. If he had made such choice as that it might have kept him from shipwreck years afterward. Nevertheless, it was a good, noble, unselfish, worthy choice. That it was good is seen by the words of the Scripture, "And the speech pleased the Lord." "I have also given thee what thou hast not asked." This is one of the striking laws of God's government. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

Take the first twelve young men you meet coming out of any of our high schools or colleges. Take the first twelve men passing any street corner in our city this afternoon. Ask them the same question the Lord asked Solomon. Let them be assured that they will receive what they ask for from one who has the full power to give. How many will ask as Solomon did, "Give me wisdom." I doubt if there would be one, surely not many more. Nine-tenths of us think that is about the last thing we need. Most of us at that age thought we were as wise as Solomon, anyhow.

But take the twelve young men. Three would say, "Give us wealth." Then they go and purchase a high-powered motor car. Three others, perhaps a little older, would say, "Give us power, honor, distinction." They would then enter politics or military life, possibly the field of sports where the results are so prominent and the rewards so munificent. Three others, perhaps a little older, would say, "Give us a comfortable living, free from the spectres of poverty and dependency." Two others, still older, who have noticed their strength fail some and that pain seizes them frequently, would say, "Give us health and long years." There is but one left of our twelve. Where is he? What would he ask? I wonder if there would be even one who would say, "Give me wisdom. Give me Thyself, O God, for all things are contained in thee. Thou art wealth, power, comfort, length of days. Thou art all in all. Give me first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto me."

What Would You Choose?

If God handed you a blank check on the bank of Heaven, what would you choose?

If you were to be awakened suddenly tomorrow morning at three o'clock and find an angel standing at your bedside, and he said to you what the Lord said to Solomon, what would you choose? Health, wealth, travel, education, position, prestige, power, the applause of men,

the love of women? Remember when Mr. Wanamaker took Mr. Sunday, the evangelist, into his store one Monday morning, and said, "What would you like to have, Mr. Sunday?" What would you have asked for? What department would you have edged toward? Jewelry, clothing, furniture, sporting goods, books?

If you got what you asked would you want the same thing ten years from now? The queer thing is that by the time we get what we want in life we want something else a great deal more. As we grow older it takes more, and costs more to satisfy us. A brass ring at seven gives more pleasure than a diamond at twenty-seven. A boy of seven can have a whole barrel of fun on ten cents. When he is fifteen it takes at least a half-dollar. At eighteen he has to skimp to have any kind of a time on a dollar. At twenty-five it takes an "X" to give him a satisfying thrill. At what age will he have the most fun out of what he has to spend?

What about your answer to the angel? Would you choose a profession, an education, a splendid home, the love of some man or woman? If you are a woman, would you choose beauty or brains? If you are a man, would you choose brains or money?

If You Could Have What You Wish

Why not eliminate the "if"?

You can have your wish. In the main, people have what they wish for, that is, what they "will" to have. In these days a boy can have an education if he so wishes. One evening I was passing a corner a half block from the Bulletin building. I stopped to get my paper from the newsboy. He was bent for a second over a book. Then straightened up to call his wares. I leaned over the pile of papers on the sidewalk to see the title of the book. "Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic Wars"! I looked at him with staring eyes. "Just getting out my Latin for tonight. I leave my geometry until I get home." That Jewish newsboy will get an education! The angel will grant his wish.

Speaking of newspapers. When the history of printing for the nineteenth century is written it will tell the story of two young newspaper reporters who had a dream of magic possibilities in a queer crude machine for printing; how they scraped their savings together, to support the inventor while he improved it; how in the end he failed to make it sufficiently practical. Then that chapter of history will introduce Ottmar Mergenthaler. The men with the dream found him in Baltimore. Then commenced a story of long and painful years, shattered hopes, revived again and again in tangled masses of iron. Years of struggle for improvement in the machine, and the tugging for funds

to carry on. At last the perfection of an invention so unique that Thomas Edison named it one of the ten wonders of the world. Their plodding unromantic courage brought their wish true.

For eleven years John Muir helped his father clear their homestead in Wisconsin. Worked all day, studied half the night, built machines with his jack-knife. Then supported himself at the university; taught school; lived in the woods; studied trees and glaciers; loved nature; and was so moved by the spiritual forces that he compelled a careless nation to preserve the Yosemite Valley, the Big Trees, and the Yellowstone Park as an everlasting heritage of the people. "Ask what I shall give thee."

"Wishes and dreams come true?" Surely! It sometimes takes time. King Midas got his wish of everything turning to gold immediately. The flower in the garden, the cloak he would put on, the food he attempted to eat. Possibly your wish will not come true at once, as if you had rubbed Aladdin's lamp. It is better that it should not be so—it takes struggle and storm to toughen the oak.

The Choice and the Dream

The dream's the thing!

Prominent among our blessings we may count the joys of anticipation—the delights of erecting Castles in Spain. "There would be few enterprises of great labor or hazard undertaken," said old Dr. Johnson, "if we did not have the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them."

If you would discover the really happy men of history, look for those who have striven forward from one achievement to another, drawn by the power of their own anticipations. They have made every day yield a double pleasure—the joy of the present, and the different, but no less satisfying, joy of anticipation. I believe in day dreams. I'm strong for Castles in Spain. I have a whole group of them myself, and am constantly building improvements and making alterations. I do not let my work on them interfere with my regular job, however; it reinforces the job. I do not envy Mr. Ford or Mr. Rockefeller and any others who can have everything they want. I have everything they have—a roof over my head, three meals a day, work that I like, and plenty of it—the love of a number of mighty fine folks, and the misunderstanding dislike of a few others—just enough to keep me humble. I have also something else that very wealthy folks do not have and cannot know—I have wants.

Then there's a remarkable thing—some day the dream, the desire, seems to create the opportunity and, lo, and behold, choice appears at

my side as the Lord appeared to Solomon. That's the critical moment. I'll largely decide according to what my dreams have been.

I'm glad for the Bible. It gives me a chance to see how other men chose—and the results. There's the contrast between Abraham's choice and Lot's before Sodom. There's Moses' choice of his fellows rather than the riches of Egypt. There's Joseph's choice in the prison house of Potiphar, and Daniel's choice of the king's vegetables rather than his meats. Paul paid a glorious price when he chose his lot with the early Christians. Christ made marvelous choice when he set his face toward Jerusalem, at the garden of Gethsemane, and in the Judgment Hall.

Adam's choice cost him Eden. Esau's, his birthright. Achan's, his life. Lot's, his home and herds. Absalom's, his father's throne. Saul's, his kingdom. The rich young ruler's, the companionship of Christ. Judas lost his apostleship. Demas, his discipleship. Pilate, Agrippa, and Felix chose wrong and missed immortality. Ananias' choice fooled no one but himself. Caleb and Joshua chose well, while Jonah's first choice nearly shipwrecked himself and the crew.

I suppose our choice is what we have secretly or openly wished for. If God should say to you tonight, "Ask what I shall give you," what would be your answer?"

The Bottomless Meal Barrel

Texts: And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which He spake by Elijah.—1 Kings 17 : 16.

When I sent you forth without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye any thing? And they said, Nothing.—Luke 22 : 35.

THIS is the story of the widow of Zarephath.

Half-way between Tyre and Sidon, in a hillside hamlet surrounded by fertile plantations and orchards, and looking out toward the great Mediterranean, lived this humble woman, whom our Lord, nine hundred years later, immortalized in the gospel of Luke while emphasizing an immortal truth.

She kept the home her husband had left her and made a frugal living for herself and her boy from her olive trees and her little barley field. When the season was good this meagre support was enough for their modest needs. Just now, however, a terrible drought was over the land that killed the growing harvests and made both herself and her neighbors poor.

One day she went out toward the gate of the village to gather some sticks for her fire. As she was starting toward home, with her apron full of fagots, a queer looking stranger approached her and asked her for a drink of water and some food. Strange request! Did he think that when the whole land was starving that a lone widow with her child had cakes and oil enough—and to spare? Unkempt and travel-stained as he looked there was nevertheless something different about him from the ordinary tramp that frequented the great seaboard highway between Tyre and Sidon.

She said, "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, only a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse; and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son that we may eat it and die."

The stranger was Elijah, the Tishbite, prophet of the Lord, on a mission for Jehovah. A while before the Lord had sent him food by the ravens, and he later drank from the brook Cherith. Now the brook was dried up and parched. The Lord then directed him from the Jordan toward the sea coast. I think it dawned on the woman what manner of man he was when he told her to go make him a little cake with the oil and meal she had, and that she would find that after she had made it she would have as much left as when she had begun. And

he further assured her that her slender stock would never grow less till rain came again, and every day there would be food enough for three!

The Lord often asks us to give Him a share when it seems as though it would impoverish us. But ask the "tither" about that!

The Cupboard That Never Was Bare

The astonished woman had nothing to say—only to do.

The prophet's bold prediction and the manner of its announcement gave the man's order a commanding solemnity and made her hasten her hospitality. Obediently she carried in her bits of wood and prepared to cook the last of her corn. It must have been a trial of her faith. That bit of corn had cost her a lot of hard work to sow, and cultivate, and harvest, and thresh, and store away. How prudently she must have doled out her daily supply when the famine came. How carefully she had watched the last grains in her little hand-mill lest any should be lost. And now to think that her scanty handful had to feed three mouths instead of two! Nevertheless, the cake the traveler should have.

I imagine her boy as he sat at the door glancing over his shoulder toward the kitchen must have felt that his mother was taking big chances with a promise of that sort. Boys have a healthy sort of skepticism. There's a period between childhood and manhood when belief doesn't come easy. But the mother goes ahead. Faith is daring! Soon the meal is ready. She would be a little less and a little more than human if that anxious housewife didn't steal back tip-toe and peep into the meal tub before she called her guest. I can see her face light up when she sees the meal has not gone, and the oil cruse which she knew she had just emptied had oil in it again! Truly her guest was a prophet.

I cannot help remarking in passing that this nameless widow of Zarephath was a subject of King Eth-Baal, the father of Jezebel, and had been brought up among worshipers of his cruel gods. But there can be no doubt that she had become a worshiper of Jehovah some time before Elijah had come to these parts. In the episode that now associated this poor woman with the great prophet lay a purpose far too reaching for either of them to understand. Like her, Elijah himself was not an Israelite. God selected him, who was very likely a Bedouin of the sons of Ishmael, and her, a daughter of the idolatrous Sidonians, as a remarkable witness to the world that the tribes of Jacob did not include all His children.

So this Gentile seer became God's instrument to rebuke the covenant-breakers of Israel, and now at a time when he was on a most daring mission a converted Gentile mother gave him the last particle of food

in her house. The reference which Christ makes in Luke 4 : 25 and 26 is worth noting, but the speech Christ made that day in the little Nazareth synagogue nearly cost Him His life.

The Rewards of Religion

The years have been many and the years have been long since that day when the widow of Zarephath found that her barrel of meal wasted not, nor her cruse of oil failed when she loaned them to the Lord. But the sons of men—and the sons of God—have not yet sufficiently learned that he who loans to the Lord has good security.

Once upon a day Simon Peter said to Christ, "We have left all and followed Thee; what shall we have?" Like a man at a shop counter putting down his money and standing waiting for the exact equivalent. It had been a good while since Simon had left off his fishing, tied up his boat, hung up his net to dry, packed away his tackle, and said good-bye to his fellow craftsmen sorting their fish on the beach. He knew that this young Teacher had no gold to give, no offices to fill, not even a home into which he might receive His friends. Peter was told that henceforth he was to catch men instead of fish.

Now he comes asking, "What shall we have?" What did he want when all was over and the new kingdom had come—a new fishing boat, a franchise that would give him a fishing monopoly of all the Lake of Galilee? Or did he want sufficient money so that he wouldn't have to fish any more at all? The sacrifice that he made to follow Christ was a sacrifice of material goods. Did he now expect the Master to reward him with much material wealth which would, in reality, be only an exorbitant interest charge? If that were to be his reward Peter made no sacrifice, but a good financial investment. If that were the only kind of reward that Christ offered for the Christian life, heaven would be packed to the doors with folk—of a certain type. Give me enough money to distribute and I will, or could, put the rest of the churches and charities in Philadelphia out of business.

Peter was not the only disciple who associated material reward with his service for Christ. That attitude of mind did not die with the original disciples. "What is there in it for me?" "What will you give me?" "What do I get out of it?" These hard-headed folk cannot understand the idealist. Yet the idealist lives and the materialist dies. He is forgotten with his funeral. Abraham, the idealist, is honored; Lot, the materialist, is not. Yet each one got something.

And what did the disciples finally receive?

In the Church of San Stephano at Rome there is a series of panels representing the deaths of the Apostles. Here is James bowing his head

under the glittering axe; here is Peter being crucified head downward; here is another being cast into a caldron of boiling oil; here is a fourth facing the lions. And was this what they received for their surrender of all? No; not this. The land of milk and honey lies beyond the wilderness. The realms of glory are full of those who came up out of great tribulation. Among them all there is not one who regrets his choice. Nor is there one of all those here on earth who have entered into full fellowship of the service of Christ who regrets it—or feels that he is not repaid one hundredfold here—and in time to come life everlasting.

Does Religion Pay?

If it doesn't, no one should invest in it. If it does, then everyone should invest in it.

I am told that the Bank of England, one of the greatest financial institutions extant, asks twenty questions of applicants for positions. The first is, "How do you spend your Sundays?" I wonder why that question? When I was pastor at Columbia, Pa., quite a railroad center, the Pennsylvania Railroad helped maintain a Y. M. C. A. in that delightful borough. I wonder why? Nearly every business house and every bonding company wants a reference from a pastor of every person who is a prospective client. I wonder why? People who never give a penny to the church nor set their foot within the church door come to me for character references. I wonder why?

The proprietor of a large factory near my house said to me two weeks ago, "I am not a Christian, but I like to employ people who are." I wonder why he said that? Religion must have some commercial and industrial value.

Does religion pay? What do we mean by "pay"? From what angle are we viewing pay? What is our definition of pay? Does it pay to work? Does play pay? Does recreation pay? Does travel pay? Does reading pay? Does observation pay? Does conversation pay? Does education pay? Does a good reputation pay? Let us apply a Binet test—an intelligence quiz. In regard to the questions preceding (I think that is the language formula used)—what is your employment? Does religion pay in pleasure? Does religion pay in education? "If any man lack wisdom" does it pay to "ask of God"? Does one find all these things come easier if he has religion—true religion—in his life? Should we "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness" before business, pleasure, travel, education, success?

Mark your test paper candidly and hand it in—to yourself—your own innermost judgment.

I cannot help thinking of Peter's question—"What shall we have?" In questions of love and sacrifice your reckonings are different from what they are in ordinary business transactions. Sacrifice has nothing to do with arithmetic. And love doesn't calculate—it gives! Mary didn't estimate the value of her vase of spikenard—it was Judas who did the figuring!

In Old Testament history what did Abraham get who entertained the three stranger "angels unawares"? What did Obed-Edom get for storing the Ark of the Covenant in his household? The Old Testament is full of the stories of those who gave without a thought of recompense. But, verily they had their reward. And if one turns to the New Testament—what did the Wise Men get who brought their gifts to the Infant in the manger? What did the man get who loaned his colt for the Christ to ride on that first Palm Sunday? What did the woman get who brought her costly perfume and broke the vial on His head? What did the poor widow get who gave her all—two mites? What did Mary and Martha get who entertained Him so frequently? What did the lad get who parted with his lunch of five loaves and two small fishes? What did Nicodemus get who brought his hundred pounds of spices to anoint the body when the Master was dead? What did Joseph of Arimathea get who loaned his tomb for the crucified Lord?

Did it pay?

I believe that the religion that gives ourselves and what we have to God pays. It pays even if there were no hereafter, because it makes a man better now in every way. A man has all to gain and nothing to lose by giving to God. Does it pay? Best investment you ever made. And the more you invest in true religion, the more you get out of it. In every way, in the world which now is, and that which is to come—

"Godliness is profitable unto all things."

The Clay and the Potter

Text: As the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand.—Jer. 18 : 6.

"THERE'S a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will," says Hamlet to Horatio. And, says old Omar Khayyam,

> "A potter near his modest cot
> Was shaping many an urn and pot;
> He took the clay for the earthen things
> From beggars' feet and heads of kings."

When God says human-clay is in His hands as soil-clay is in the hands of the potter—does that spell fatalism or Fatherhood?

Pottery is one of the most beautiful and most ancient of the arts. Cinerary or burial urns, vessels for holding or cooking food, drinking cups, and many household adornments and cooking utensils have been found in graves and burrows of both old and new world. Every race on the face of the earth with the exception of the cave dwellers of the Drift Period have fashioned earth's clay for human use. The pottery of Athens was celebrated through all Greece. One entire quarter of the city was called Cerameicus, or "the Potteries." Their art extended from the simple clay drinking cup to the famous Portland Vase—ours from the earthen flower-pot on your kitchen window-sill to the Sevres plate upon your dining-room table. With the possible exception of dressmaking, pottery and agriculture are the oldest of the arts.

Jeremiah has been called "the weeping prophet." His weeping was like Christ's weeping over the city of Jerusalem, caused by grief for the condition of the people. Their sins weighed heavily alike upon the prophet of Judea and the prophet of Galilee. One day when Jeremiah was low spirited God sent him for a walk through the potter's field. He halts him at the door of the humble hut of the artisan in clay. He is transferred from the school of the prophets to the school of the potter. When God teaches us in His kindergarten of the world He teaches in objectives, showing that the rim of man's intellect isn't capable of delving very far into God's subjectives. Instead of cumbersome argument or philosophy He points to the fowls of the air, the lilies of the field, the ant toiling industriously. A Divine Froebel!

Jeremiah stands at the potter's workshop, notices the vertical spindle rotating under the treadle power of the potter's left foot, sees

the horizontal disc spinning around, and hears the potter's song as his deft hand and nimble fingers mold the fictile clay. God says to the prophet, "Now watch the potter work and you will see Me work. Look at the potter's clay and you will see human material. Look at the marred vessels and see what the potter does with them. There are marred vessels over all the earth. See how I reclaim them."

As Unto the Hand the Clay Is

That evening Jeremiah dips his quill into the inkhorn and writes, "As the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand," saith the Lord.

"Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?" says Paul, quoting Isaiah. Yes, the thing formed may ask the question without impertinence or irreverence. We sometimes have a trick of asking bitter questions when we are disappointed or perplexed. Why are some well, and some sick? Why some distinguished, some commonplace? Some brilliant, some dull? Who controls the circumstances of birth, heredity, environment? Are we completely in the power of destiny, the victims of fate? Kismet? Are we just cogs in a great wheel? Is the Creator merely a merciless inquisitor who breaks us on the wheel of threescore years and ten? If so, then is life a tragedy indeed.

But I like this Jewish idea of the Potter and the clay. Instead of fate and destiny, I believe in faith and God. It shows me the immense and unimagined possibilities of human nature. At first thought how imperfect is man—ignorant, petty, jealous, prejudiced, with temper, appetite, and passion—at his worst not far from the brutes. At his best, submitting himself to God, a little lower than the angels. When a man places himself into the hands of the Creator—the Divine Potter—you can no longer weigh him or measure him by ordinary human measurements, henceforth he must be measured by the possibilities of Omnipotence.

God is the Potter and we are the clay. If we say, "Thy will be done," if God is given the right of way in shaping our lives they cannot but be right and useful. As the clay hears the call of the potter to be either a simple drinking cup that shall be a daily benediction to the wayfarer as it hangs at the wayside well, or a thing of beauty that shall adorn the glory of a palace, it rises out of shapelessness to become a thing of usefulness and beauty, so, too, the human soul hears the voice of the Divine Potter and rises to the glories of human possibilities touched by the hand of the Almighty. A John Newton, a John Bunyan, a Jerry McAuley, a John B. Gough arises to the glory of God, and the blessing of his fellows.

The dull and unpromising creatures which you and I see round about us are simply raw material, soul stuff. You can never tell what they may be if submitted to the hands of God. The circumstances that surround us, perplex us, and try us, may be only the rough, unsightly, but the most skilful and adaptable machinery by which God turns a lump of human-clay into a vessel fit for finest service. We surely are fashioned for use, we human folk, but, unlike the soil-clay, we folks of human-clay are clay plus something else—our own will. There the simile ends. It is possible for us to defeat God's plan for us. Because of our free will we can defeat and defy His purpose. In the thirteen blocks between where I am writing this and the Delaware River I can show you many hundreds whom God would make into citizens of usefulness and honor—but they will not! Christ wept over just such folk thronging through Jerusalem's narrow streets!

The Design of the Divine

Learned ethnologists grade civilizations by the pottery of their period and the designs upon the vessels.

Earthenware, stoneware, and porcelain mark human developments as surely as water power, steam and electricity, or the stage-coach, the locomotive, and the airplane. Those ancient designs are open books to men who study potsherds and the ceramic arts. The burial urns and vessels found in ancient graves and burrows were baked in open fires, and are usually ornamented with patterns of straight, crossed, or zigzagged lines (very seldom with wavy or curved lines) stamped into the clay before firing.

Before the potter's eye, or his mind's eye, there is an image of the vessel he wants to shape. Before the unshapely clay takes its form he has a definite plan for it. As the wheel goes round and round it is the potter's desire to get his purpose wrought in the clay—the vessel is to be the expression of his thought. What would you think of a potter who had no intelligent design for the clay on the disc? "What are you making, O potter?" "I don't know." "What form will come?" "I have no idea. It is a matter of chance." The purposeless potter would be a madman. Atheism elevates a fool to the throne of the universe.

The Divine Potter is working on a plan. Back in Genesis we read of a place where a world, or an earth, might be, but was not yet. It was a deep shapeless darkness. A vast emptiness. An ocean of the unformed. Yet a plan brooded upon it. "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." God planned an earth there. On his wheel he turned round and round the rocks and the sand and the clay. He planned an earth and brought it into being! And shall He not much

more plan your existence—O, ye of little faith? And if there is a design for the fronds of the fern, the wing of the humming bird, the fin of the fish, the body in which you are placed, think you He has not also a design for your immortal spirit after this human-clay has gone back to the earth from whence it came?

And what is the design, the form, He would have you take? Here it is: "And God said let us make man in our image." The image of God-likeness! And that is the real you after all. Not the vague, blurred, broken picture which the world sees of you, but a picture like that which your own mother sees of you the longest day you live. She sees you as a little baby still, with life's lessons not yet learned, its tasks untried, its problems unsolved, its discoveries not made; good, because you have just come from God. It is the real you before the world got hold of you, and you became spotted, and gnarled, and warped and twisted—and marred.

If a man submits himself to God's will and God's way he commences to take on the Divine image. We say of him, "He is a Godly man." We say of some great, heroic, magnanimous action, "Wasn't that God-like?" As the potter's desire is to get his thought wrought into the clay, so God wants our lives to be the expression of His thought. The glorious vase in the Louvre or the art museum can say, "I was only a bit of common clay until I fell into the potter's hands." That is a parable of human life.

"So He Made it Again"

God told Jeremiah that while he was watching the potter He would speak to him.

The potter stands at his wheel molding his vessels. As he finishes each one he examines it with critical eye. One, as he completes it, is defective, it stands somewhat awry. So the artificer, while the clay is still plastic, crushes it together again in his hands, places it upon the wheel, and makes it over again. The Lord said to Jeremiah, "Can I not do so in Israel?"

No wonder Jeremiah is fascinated. God is represented not as a destroyer of men's lives, but rather a Divine Artist, touching humanity into shapes of imperishable beauty. You've read the story of the Portland Vase (or Barbarini)? It was an ancient cinerary urn, of the third century after Christ, found in the sixteenth century, in a marble sarcophagus in the tomb of the Emperor Alexander Severus. It is of transparent, dark blue glass, coated with opaque white glass, which has been cut down, in the manner of a cameo, into figures representing the marriage of Pelus and Thetis in Greek mythology. In 1810 the

Duke of Portland bought it for $50,000, and presented it to the British Museum. In 1845 a madman among the sightseers drew a heavy cane from beneath his cloak and smashed the priceless vase into pieces. The pieces were collected and reunited. The cracks and breaks have been cemented with wonderful skill, yet one can see on close examination the seams and cracks. It is a marred vessel yet, of course, but restored once more to a thing of rare beauty.

Sin is the madman, and our lives are marred. But the Divine Potter can restore us again. I have stood, with my hand at my chin, in many a mission service and watched curiously the waste products of the potter's wheel. I have been impressed with this tremendous truth—there is not only the fact of formation, but the hope of reformation! He that formed can reform. He that made can make anew. He who gave us life at first, can cause us to be born again. Thank God!

The Bible tells us of many men whom God "made again."

One night by the brook Jabbok, Jacob, the thief, the "supplanter," met the angel of God. After a night of struggle God changed his name to Israel, Prince of God—"He made him again." David's hands were red with murder and his soul black with lust. He, too, went into the crush of the Potter's hands as he cried, "My sin is ever before me." The Divine Potter said, "The Lord hath put away thy sin"—"He made him again." Simon Peter fell. Denied his Lord with oaths and cursing. He went out into the darkness and wept bitterly. There came a sunshiny morning by the Sea of Galilee where he met Christ, and—"He made him again." Saul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus met the Lord whom he had been persecuting. As he raised sightless eyes to behold his Lord—"He made him again."

Have you and I failed? Come short of the glory of God? We may lift up our eyes and say, "Lord, I am the clay, thou art the Potter. Make me as thou wilt." And we will be made again—"born again," Christ called it.

The Young Sheik and the Shepherdess

Text: And Isaac took Rebekah, and she became his wife; and he loved her.—Gen. 24 : 67.

THIS is an Old Testament love story.

There are at least ten wonderful love stories in the Old Testament—no modern "best seller" can surpass them. Indeed, the inspiration of every great love story in literature came from the Bible. Not a picture on the silver screen; not a novel of dashing romance but gets its plot from the Book of books.

A happy home broken up by a tempter—Adam and Eve. Husband and wife hardy pioneers—Abraham and Sarah. Love at first sight—Jacob and Rachel. The "eternal triangle"—Joseph and Potiphar's wife, though one side of this triangle was square. A handsome Hebrew and a vicious vamp—Samson and Delilah. A sweet refreshing old-fashioned love story—Ruth and Boaz. An illicit love affair that featured in the "Smutty Story Magazine" of the day—David and Bathsheba. A high-class story of a noble queen amid crafty court intrigue—the story of Esther and Ahasuerus.

Then there is this gripping story of Isaac of Hebron and Rebekah of Haranbrook farm. This story of the handsome young sheik and the raven-haired shepherdess makes one sit up after midnight till he finishes the last chapter. Beginning with clover blossoms it ends with orange blossoms. I could have picked other stories—the love of man for man, the love of woman for woman, the love of God for man, but I picked out this wholesome old-homestead kind of a story because I knew that you yourself have the heart of a lover. I know, too, that the love of man for woman has led to more deeds of devotion and deeds of damnation than any other human motive power.

The Honeymoon Camel-train

In Oriental countries parents do the choosing. Strange to say, the plan seems to work as well as ours.

Abraham is getting old. Age has bent his form, grief has whitened his hair, trouble has softened the lines of his face. Sarah, his beloved, is gone. She had journeyed with him from Bethel to Egypt, and back to Hebron. Now she is resting in the cave in the field of Machpelah.

Before he dies he would like to see his boy Isaac married. Not to any of the daughters of the heathen Canaanites and Hittites about him,

but to one back in "God's country" where he had come from years ago. He calls Eliezer, his most trusted servant and manager, tells him his mission, assures him of divine guidance, and gets ready a camel-train, forerunner of the Honeymoon Express. He loads it down with choice gifts. A camel caravan in search of a bride had to be as attractive as a modern twin-six. Abraham was business man enough to know that the girl's parents would want to know something about the financial condition of the prospective husband. Our Jewish friends of today have the same common-sense foresight. You and I, Gentile folk, have much to learn concerning that simple wisdom.

It is a long 500 miles distant from Beer-lahai-roi in southern Palestine, where Abraham now lived, to Haran in Mesopotamia, between the Tigris and the Euphrates, from which Abraham had once set out for Canaan. When the old servant approaches Nahor it is at the sunset hour and all about him is entrancingly beautiful. The day dies out of the sky and the glow of the setting sun lights up the brilliant trappings of the princely camel train halting among the palm trees and wells of Haran.

A bevy of beautiful young maidens have come to the well with their pitchers for water. How was he to know which was which? Eliezer, was chairman of the first Lookout Committee. He had a good deal of Abraham's faith in God. You couldn't be around Abraham long without getting a glimpse of his God. I've met folks who radiate about as much vision of God as a cold-storage plant does of heat. He said to himself, "I'll ask for a drink of water, and the first girl to answer will get the Prince's proposal."

He edges near. Then timidly asks, "Is there anyone here who will give me a drink of water for myself and camels? Things were moving as rapidly as in the motion pictures. If some of the girls curled their lips, others started to giggle, and still others said, "Let the old fellow tend to his own camels," one there was who started out toward him with a smile and radiant face. "You do look tired and dusty and thirsty. Let me give you a drink—and then I will draw some for your camels." Elastic of step, radiant of face, friendly in spirit, deferential in manner, this girl with the golden grace becomes the bride-to-be. She gives a goblet and gets a groom.

"Whose daughter art thou?" asks Eliezer. She tells him she is Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel, son of Miloah, the widow of Nahor, Abraham's brother. You who are skilful in figuring out genealogy try that. My humble guess is that Isaac and Rebekah were "first cousins once removed."

The drink of water given, the camels cared for, Eliezer reaches down into his treasure bag. He slips a gold ring on her finger, bracelets on her

arm—a trifling present from Prince Charming. "For her?" It was like being left a fortune for loaning a stranger a car ticket!

They go up to the house. The jewelry catches Laban's eye. Laban was Rebekah's brother. Rebekah's name means "noose," or a "rope with a noose"—referring to her attractive beauty. Laban's name meant "white"—it should have been "tight," for he surely was. They hold a family counsel!—as they do in most homes when "Sis" gets a beau. The family agrees that it is a great "catch." Rebekah's eyes sparkle. Going to a strange country to marry a man she had never seen, and who had sent his servant to scour the earth for the girl.

And she was the girl. She had heard enough to keep her thoughts busy. And what she hadn't been told her imagination supplied. When a girl is in love her imagination works overtime.

The trip home was made in record time. They met in the field in the twilight of a perfect day. He was exactly her ideal. And she was the girl of his dreams. She brushed imaginary dust from the lapel of his coat. He debated whether she would rather he would call her "Reba" or "Becky." And they lived happily ever after. Happy the man and maid who take God into their plans. The godless marriage keeps the divorce lawyer busy.

Courtships and Wedslips

God smiles on the ground where true love walks.

This romance of the rich young Sheik of Canaan and the beautiful Chaldean shepherdess is, after all, but the story of our John and Mary over again.

There's an eternal fascination about love and courtship—"all the world loves a lover." If Isaac had been "not a marrying man," and Rebekah had been a "bachelor girl"—in the nineteenth century B. C. or the twentieth century A. D.—this would be a drab old world.

The courtship of Isaac and Rebekah was followed by wedlock and not by "wedslip," as in the case of so many modern marriages. So often today the nuptial knot is a slip-knot. In the case of Isaac and Rebekah the matter of love, courtship, and marriage was lifted to a high level of balanced and enduring partnership. Too often it is a matter of thoughtless joke or weak sentimentality. There's a fast and furious courtship. She in her most fetching gown and vivid complexion. He with his best foot forward flying his flivver. Or the decision is made in a sweet swoon of sentiment in the back parlor with the gas turned down. The man wouldn't buy a touring car nor the woman a hat under such a poor light. Ask the auto salesman or the hat saleslady about that.

"Moonlight trips into matrimony" might be advertised on the walls of skating rink or dance hall. Shut your eyes and take a plunge. Check

your good sense at the cloak room; you will not need it. The man who picks a girl for the hat she wears, the way her dress hangs, or how thick the roses on her cheek and the cherries on her lips, really marries the milliner's skill, the dressmaker's taste, the hair dresser's curling iron, the blandishments of the beauty parlor artist, and the cosmetic counter's demonstrator. The pose and smile copied from the movie, the lisp and the bird-like voice, make good courtship bait, but when the bloom's off the face and the curl's out of the hair, when the veneer's off the courtship manners, that's the test whether folks are mated or merely married.

Don't Fall in Love—Rise to It

Outside of saying that it is giving one's supreme goodwill, I have no words in my lexicon to tell what love is—indeed, it isn't a thing to be defined, but to be experienced.

And while some learn to love slowly, ordinarily love comes with the suddenness of a summer storm. A person in love acts almost as a hypnotized person does, acting, thinking, feeling nothing but the mad delirium, the quasi-insanity, of love, the insatiable desire to be near the loved one. Asleep or awake, working or playing, there is one feeling, one desire that fills the whole of one's sky and absorbs the whole life.

I think the heart and body of practically every human being are just poised, "set up," so that when the stimulus of exactly the right person comes along the whole being responds and the soul leaps into flame. The person who isn't sure whether he or she is in love or not—isn't.

In a sense, it is true we fall in love, in another sense we rise to it. Love lifts! "Yes, but it soon burns out." Then it isn't love—it's passion only. A man may love and marry a woman, and discover year after year that she is increasingly attractive, that comradeship with her becomes increasingly vital. He finds that the physical elements of sex, while basic, are but the foundation of the real structure. It's the woman's soul he loves. It's truly a tragedy when folks are good courtship-mates, but not good team-mates.

While census figures show that marriage is on the decrease, and statistics show that divorce is on the increase, I think it is due to changed industrial conditions, and more than that to larger feminine independence. The frail sex is gaining ground. When William, Duke of Normandy, in love with Matilda, daughter of the Earl of Flanders, found his beloved making eyes at a rival, he took her by the neck, threw her down in the mud of the street, rolled her over the cobblestones with his strong loving hands, and beat her up. Matilda was put to bed. Next day she remained in bed, history tells us, admiring William.

She called her father to her bedside and said, "I have firmly resolved to marry no man but the Duke William." Rare caveman stuff!

That was not the way Isaac courted Rebekah, nor is it the way of this year of grace and love. An increasing number of Isaacs are gun-shy of the increased cost of living, and an increasing number of Rebekahs hate the thought of parting with their little manila envelope, all their own, for the uncertainties of Isaac's divided pay check. "But two can live on less than one." No, they can't! You might as well say that two and two make five. The multiplication table is still in force no matter how much you are in love. You cannot pay the grocer's bill and the rent of the flat with happiness—you must have cold unsentimental cash.

A wife doubles a man's expenses, and if she is a good wife she more than doubles his happiness; so that it comes out all right in the trial balances. The employment departments tell me that more and more people are marrying under conditions where both must remain in paid positions. More's the pity that there's such necessity!

However, where Isaac and Rebekah are willing to begin humbly in the fear of God, love finds a way, for, let me repeat it—God smiles on the ground where true love walks!

The Science and Art of Prayer

Text: Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.—Jer. 33 : 3.

IT may seem queer to speak of the science and art of prayer.

But if prayer is a real thing, if it is not just an imagination of the human mind, if it is possible for us to communicate with, and be in harmony with, the Almighty, if there are secrets and powers in prayer, then there must be some principles and laws governing prayer. The observation and classification of those principles and laws is the science of prayer. The application and practice of those principles and laws toward the desired end is the art of prayer.

It is not necessary to argue for the belief in, and prevalence of, the practice of prayer. In some form or other it is, and always has been, universal. It has been offered in all ages and in all lands. In times of greatest stress it is often offered by lips quite unaccustomed to it. In human extremity the ungodly will turn to Him whom they have denied or ignored in their hour of self-sufficiency. I suppose it is mankind's intuitive testimony to its dependence on its Maker. In moments of danger and helplessness men instinctively seek for a power higher than themselves. Sooner or later we all become conscious of great spiritual forces which surround us and hold us in their embrace. We somehow feel that within us and around us there is a power influencing us—a power not of ourselves and quite beyond our own. From time immemorial men have sought to come into touch with that power.

While the impulse is natural, the more it is followed the stronger becomes the assurance that prayer is the key to the invisible world. Superstition seeks forms and charms to give power to its appeals. Intelligent faith asks a truer understanding of its own needs, a deeper knowledge of the elements of prayer, and the purpose and intentions of Him who answers it.

According to my text God not only hears prayers; He actually calls people to try Him in prayer. He issues a mighty prayer challenge. Out from the great silence comes a Voice saying, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." And while that is the challenge, it is like the challenge of the soil and the handful of seed to the farmer. Prayer is as jealous a guardian of her secrets and powers as nature is of hers. And I am sure that it is wise that this divinest and most omnipotent of all God's gifts

to man should not be promiscuously or carelessly dispensed. That would work havoc. Here, as elsewhere, we must earn the right to power. Prayer is the key that opens the doors to infinite storehouses—"Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

The Book of Rules

You can play better and more surely after you know the rules of the game.

Ask a railroad man a question. He reaches into his coat pocket and reads you the rules of the road on the subject. That's final with him. Out on the ball field, baseball or football, the game stops for a moment. The wind is howling and the crowd on the bleachers join in the howl. The two captains are off to one side with the referee or umpire. He pulls out a book from his blouse. Says something in a voice backed by authority. The game goes on. Every business, every profession, every pleasure has its rules.

The business of prayer has its rules. Never mind who edited them. The Almighty abides by them. He plays no favorites. They are for rich or poor, high or low, educated or uneducated. There are times when He hears the saint, there are also times when He hears the sinner. Let us look at the rules. They start with an admonition:

"When ye pray ye shall not be as the play actors, for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, in order that they may be seen of men." Does "play actor" surprise you? In the old Greek drama they had no women actors. All parts were taken by men. The actor went behind the scenes, dressed for the part, putting on false-face and wig. They said he "spoke under the face of another," which translated from the Greek makes the word "hypocrite." When you pray do not play a part. Do not be anxious to be seen of men—or heard of them. At the dedication of Bunker Hill monument one of New England's preacher-orators prayed. A Boston newspaper next day said that "it was one of the finest prayers ever delivered to a Boston audience." You've no doubt heard such prayers. They do not rise any higher than the roof of the church.

That admonition was really Rule 1. Pray to God. Whether other folks hear or not is incidental. Another rule is a bit of advice: "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray!" That's for concentration. The Eastern "closet," in their adobe or stone buildings, was an inner room, untouched by the sun, but ventilated. It was the storehouse for keeping food in those hot climates. "Enter into the storehouse"—isn't that suggestive? Who have a right

in that storehouse? Members of the household. We have a right to take from the storehouse of God if we are members of God's family—the household of faith.

Another rule: "According to your faith be it unto you." The audacity of faith! Faith's daring is equalled only by its simplicity. "If thou canst believe—all things are possible to him who believeth," said the Master one afternoon. God's reservoirs are full—full to the brim. The water never fails. The size of your pitcher determines how much you will carry away. The width of the pipe determines the stream. If the pipe is clogged there's no water. Of one place where Christ was it says, "He could do there no mighty works because of their unbelief." A tremendously significant statement. Ask quietly and simply. Believe that you have now received it. The answer has arrived or is already on the way. Mentally see your desire realized perfectly—and never stop to doubt it. "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" said Christ once to Simon Peter, when he had undertaken a daring thing. Not, "Why did you try?" but, "Why did you doubt?"

"Lord, Teach Us How to Pray"

Another rule: "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

Do not let that word "abide" seem too antiquated and scare you off. Put into the English of today the expression means that if we want God to answer our requests we must live in Him. We must study the wishes, the aims, the purposes of God, and—I am delighted to say—they are full of good-will toward us, that is, for our best selves. We ought to study what would be fitting requests. Taking, in a manner of speaking, a sort of course in divine psychology. There are some things we ask for so foolishly that we might just as well ask God to brush our teeth—we ought to perform such cleansing ourselves.

Be careful not to ask anything wrong, lest it come upon you and mean your undoing. One of the unkindest things that might be done for a child would be to give it always what it asked for. Possibly one of God's kindest mercies to us is that He denies us some things. Five years from now we may say, "Thank God, He did not answer my prayer as I wanted it at that time."

A study of Bible prayers will help us much and teach us many things. Here we see the aim and will of God reflected. I notice a number of things about those Bible prayers. There is adoration, confession, restitution, thanksgiving, forgiveness, unity, faith, supplication, submission, confidence, persistence—and some other attributes, according to the person praying and the nature of the petition. One notable thing is an

absence of selfish motive. It seems impertinence to ask God to side-track the traffic of the world that our little train may have the right of way. Why should we pray for a south wind for ourselves if the world is panting for a west wind? Why should we pray for sunshine if the earth is parched for lack of rain?

From the Bible I learn that the highest type of prayer does not ask that aught of good or ill be set aside for our advantage, but that we may use whatever God in His infinite goodness and wisdom may send for our welfare. Such a prayer is not asking God to do what we want, but is an effort to make our will co-operative with His eternal good will. It does not seek to compel any change in the nature and purpose of God. The change is in ourselves. The prayer serves to break down the barriers and remove the obstacles which may have been hindering the accomplishment of the Divine will in us and for us. I believe—and this may sound disappointing—that the highest type of prayer has for its object not any material benefit, beyond those necessary for our activity and usefulness, but the enlightenment and amendment of our own wills, the uplift of our fellows, and the coming of the kingdom of God on earth. "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven," said Christ in His model prayer. His main thought was God's will.

The person who catches that spirit of communion and harmony with God does not need worry as to whether a thing about to happen is good or ill, from the world's point of view, because he knows that all things are somehow working together for good. It may be today, it may be tomorrow, it really doesn't matter—our times are in God's hands. Socrates, grand old heathen, said, "No evil thing can happen to a truly good man." Nor can it. "If God be for us who can be against us?" There's our secret! And in quietness and confidence of that assurance shall be our strength.

"In Tune With the Infinite"

"Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought," says the writer of the book of Romans.

May I write of my personal experience in the school of prayer? The reader may find a grain of superstition in my views. However that may be, it is my prayer knowledge up to date.

When I began to "seek after God if haply I might find him," I seemed to be talking into thin air. I was not aware of a listening God at all. My prayer atmosphere seemed nebulous and unreal. My first sense of progress was that of coming to feel that a higher power was present, knew that I spoke, was hearing with sympathetic and under-

standing attention. I felt a rare sense of relief, exactly as if I had spoken orally to a companion and found a fine sense of understanding and sympathy. Incidentally, I found it helpful to consciously and audibly utter my prayer—it seemed to give outer definiteness and substance to the inner desire.

Times without number, in moments of supreme doubt, disappointment, discouragement, unhappiness, a kind of prayer formula by degrees built itself up in my prayer structure, and was followed, in its utterance, by quick and astonishing relief. Doubt would be transformed into confident assurance, mental weakness would be followed by strength, self-distrust changed into self-confidence, fear into courage, dismay into confident and brightest hope. Best of all was the quiet and confident assurance that nothing really mattered if myself and my affairs were in God's hands. In periods of bodily indisposition there was a mystic calling to "Launch out into the deep"—I could feel wholesome breaths of fresh air from "off shore," so refreshing after the smothering influence of an atmosphere charged with what was noxious.

There also came the profound conviction that if my prayer was not answered immediately, and in precisely the manner I asked, that God must see further than I. I could afford to wait. Delays are not always denials. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Some folks commit a matter to God, then start to pester Him about it, which is the height of folly. Commit the thing to God, leave it with Him, even to the point of forgetting about it, go ahead with the next duty at hand—and He shall bring it to pass—or something better. That's the art of prayer.

There is no question asked me so often as that concerning unanswered prayers. It is hard to take "no" from folks. It is no less hard to take it from God. We human folk are so set in having our own way that we sometimes part company with others when we do not get it. So great is our egotism that we would even coerce God—if we could. I've seen a household where a child browbeat, bulldozed, and domineered parents into giving everything it asked for, but you wouldn't want to live in that house. If you did you would long for some power of administration.

Moses had to take "no" from God, and so had Paul, and many others. Yet God's "no" may be better than most people's "yes." God withholds things that would hurt, and gives us something that is better than the thing withheld. Then, too, some of the puzzles about unanswered prayers would disappear if we remembered that "no" itself is sometimes an answer. We have come a great distance when we are able to rejoice when our prayer is not answered—"God has evidently saved me from a blunder." After all we do not want things, but life; not gifts, but God.

If you pray for a bitter cup to pass away, as did Christ in His Gethsemane, and it does not, know then that God has some larger and longer purpose in view for you. Say, "Thy will be done." Such a prayer can never pass away. You are now in tune with the infinite. All's well—if God says so. Your prayer is essentially answered if you rise from your knees quiet and confident, in harmony with God. "His prayer is answered," said Meredith, "who rises from prayer a better man." From that moment the Almighty is able to operate in you, and through you—for your good. For "All things work together for good to them that love God."

The Passing of the Picket Fence

Text: Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him.—Eccles. 10 : 8.

"THOU shalt not!"

I shall not? Who said so? God. But why shan't I? There's a reason. You need not know the reason—possibly you could not understand it if it were told you.

When you tell your little three-year-old that coffee is not good for growing children you don't bother explaining about caffein, the active and dangerous alkaloid of coffee. You might as well read to her Kant's Critique, Butler's Analogy, or Browning's poems. Her nervous system will become just as strong by obeying your "Thou shalt not" as if you had tried to explain.

It ought not to embarrass you to learn that in quite a number of things you must believe first and know why afterward. You knew your multiplication table a long while before you could prove it. Indeed, most of your knowledge came that way.

"Thou shalt not" is a hedge. The purpose of a hedge is not to annoy, but to protect. Uncle Sam maintains 3000 beacon lights, 7000 buoys and signals along his two coasts. Each one says, "Thou shalt not." No mariner is quite so foolish as to think Uncle Sam a bullying policeman with a big stick. He is merely studying the interests of his people and marking out safe ways. Those flashing, twinkling lights are hedges calling "Thou shalt not." Disregard them you may—but at your peril!

Don't Go Out the Gate!

First came walled cities. Then feudal castles and communities had moats with drawbridges and ponderous gates. Then came houses with brick or stone walls. Our colonists built stockades. After the Indians had gone came board fences, then picket fences, and almost invisible wire, or a bed of geraniums—now none! "Johnnie, you can play in the yard, but don't go out the gate," mother used to say. Now Johnnie plays on the street. Whether he did better among the lilacs, and the old-fashioned holly-hocks, protected by the box-wood hedge, or out in the street dodging automobiles and picking cigarette stumps is a question.

It is an age of transition. Customs are being changed, and truth is having a new setting. Iconoclasm is in the air—we are smashing our

images. Following the trend of things we are tearing down many fences. They are so old fogyish—"mid-Victorian!" That latter term is usually the height of contumely!

Some of our States are trying to tear down the Prohibition fence which we thought so wise, and patiently tried to erect a few years ago. Some very prominent men have said that the fence has so many holes in it, and has gotten so unsightly, that it is really already out of date. Besides, say these liberal folks, when people build a fence, don't they fence out more than they fence in?

Johnnie used to hear family prayers at home, but now father has to catch the 7.02, or go to town by trolley, and mother lost at bridge last night and is cranky. The family prayer that used to hedge in the day is almost gone. More's the pity!

There was a time when folks got married they said, "For better or for worse, till death do us part." That was the understanding, and they meant it. If they had a tiff they made it up long before communion Sunday at the old church. But the marriage fence seems tottering. Only one in ten stands—in some places only one in six! Reno and Hot Springs have a permanent settlement, and our wives get circulars mailed from there at the breakfast table.

In many places they are busy tearing down the old Sabbath fences that our forefathers thought were so necessary for the safety of the Republic. Even the theological professors are feverishly removing the barriers about the Bible. Stars! We can remember when mother used to read those wonderful Bible stories to us—we thought they were true, but it seems not. Of course, fences are antiquated and outlandish. That verse about "Remove not the ancient landmark which the fathers set," must be all fol-de-rol!

Hedges Are Laws

Sin says, "Don't bother about hedges." When you read tomorrow morning's paper you will scan the story of suicides, murders, home wreckings, sensational divorce trials. The whole surface of the social sea seems strewn with this human flotsam. Who are they? They are hedge breakers, and the serpent has bitten them. They have broken some law.

Law makes the earth revolve. Light follows darkness. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter follow each other in endless procession, with their flowers, fruits, harvests, and snows. It is law that lets birds fly, fish swim, cattle roam in the field. If a fish leaps on the shore it has broken a hedge. If a beast remains under water it has broken a hedge. If a plant would refuse sunshine or rain it would be breaking a hedge. The serpent of penalty bites the hedge breaker. The broken

law and the penalty go together, like fire and heat. They are berries growing on the same bush.

We are hedged in with law—natural law, civil law, social law, commercial law, moral law, ecclesiastical law, international law. Law is the throne on which the Almighty sits. Don't dash your puny, headstrong will against it. He that sitteth in the heavens will laugh!

That story back in Eden doesn't have to be true. There are numberless cases before the public eye today where men and women have closed the gates of Paradise on themselves. The banks of the Delaware or the Susquehanna are as dangerous as the banks of the Tigris or the Euphrates. God help us! The brambles of the hedge have scratched us more than once. We covered our hands quickly, hoping no one else saw the blood drops, but the telltale marks were there just the same.

The Sting of the Serpent

Better keep your hands off the hedge. Before sundown of your little life's day you may feel a festering wound.

It means restraint! In the family, parental authority; in the social circle, conventionality—and Mrs. Grundy; in the church still more stringent limitations. How you envy the Bohemians! Will it never cease? Never—from the cradle to the grave. Children hardly move without "Don'ts." You'll outgrow some of these "Don'ts" only to encounter others. Seems tyrannical? Feel as though you were merely a cog in a big wheel? Don't have liberty to do, or get, or be, or have what you want? Well, listen! You can reach through and get the coveted thing—illicitly—others have, but you can only get it as the mouse gets the bait in the trap—you pay the same price.

Fame comes slow? You can become notorious in an hour. But the serpent is there. Want money without earning it? You can get it, but the serpent of theft and embezzlement lie on the other side of the hedge. Want to gratify passion? First visit your county or municipal hospital. Want to enjoy your social glass? Better not. The red light of danger glows sullenly ahead.

A broken hedge is a short route to the poor house, bug house, or death house. The verdict of the school bully, "It don't pay to fight the teacher!" was right. Life's teacher has the whip hand. Hedges are really rails put along the side of life's foot bridge. They limit your liberty, it is true, but they also limit your danger. The night may be dark, the sky may be starless, those rails are your safety. They shut you out, but they also shut you in.

Would you let your child walk the bridge without them?

Neither would God!

The Boy Carpenter of Nazareth

Text: Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?—Mark 6 : 3.

THE silence of Scripture is sometimes as fascinating as its revelations.

The hope of the world is built upon the three years of Christ's active ministry as recorded; and yet the thirty previous years of His life are scarcely mentioned. Assuming the return of His parents from Egypt to have been when Jesus was from two to four years of age, we have but one incident in all those twenty-six to twenty-eight years in the obscure little hamlet of Nazareth.

Was He then God? Could God so limit Himself? In 878 when the Danes invaded England, Alfred, King of England, hid himself in the hut of a shepherd, and while he did not change his title or nature as king he laid aside for a time all marks of royalty. Kingship does not depend on the act of wearing a crown nor of wearing a purple robe.

We are accustomed to think of Christ as a man in the public ministry, as a personality in the market place and the crowd, the teacher who spake as never man spake, the physician who brought life and blessing to hundreds, the man who rebuked sin in high places, and the one who lifted the child in His arms and blessed it. Yet only three years were lived in such life. How about the other thirty? The most of His life was not spent under the glaring light of publicity, but in quiet seclusion —where the greatest numbers of the world live.

The Babe in the Manger

A baby's skies are its mother's eyes.

The earliest heaven is the love shining in a mother's eyes—all the world is heavened in the firmament of her face.

This Babe of Bethlehem looked from its mother's face to the little gleam of light in the cave, the one rude window that lighted the place. It was but a rectangular hole cut in the side of the shed, open to the outer air, and unprotected, save for the fact that two iron bars, one stretched from top to bottom, the other from side to side, had been set therein to close the way against prowling thief or wild beast of the night.

Little did the Child looking now for the first time at the cross outlined against the twilight sky dream of the close of an awful day to

come when three stark and cross-hung figures should hang dead against the darkening skies of a world that had crucified its God.

The Boy in the Temple

The next is a wonder glimpse, a glittering flash.

At the age of three the Child assumed the tasseled robe. At five He entered the rabbinical school, where the Scriptures were His text-book, mostly the study of the Pentateuch. At ten the boy began the study of the Mishna, or traditional law. At twelve He became a ben-hattorah, or "son of the law."

He is now permitted to attend the Passover at Jerusalem. Great day! Like our high school boys and girls taking a commencement trip to Washington, the national capital.

It is a memorable event in the life of this Jewish boy. Eighty miles of a journey. They join one of the caravans taking their way to the Holy City. The land is just coming into its vernal beauty; the fig yards and olive groves are in bloom. Yonder is the battlefield of Esdraelon; to the east Gilboa, where fell Saul and Jonathan before the Philistines. A little further on the heights of Bethel, where Jacob dreamed his wonderful dream. Beyond that the Vale of Sychar, "where Jacob's well was."

At length, on the fourth day, Olivet—and then Jerusalem is before them! The gilded roofs and colonnades of the Temple are gleaming in the sun. The outskirts of the city are luxuriant with gardens and flowers, whilst the city rises toward the Temple on the summit of Mount Moriah. They cross the Kidron and at evening are ascending the opposite slope where, probably, Joseph of Nazareth pitched his tent outside the walls. The Paschal lamb was slain on the fourteenth of Nisan, and its blood is sprinkled on the posts and lintels of the tent. There are thousands of fires on the hillside round about where multitudes of other pilgrims are celebrating the feast. There will be six days of imposing ceremonies in the Temple before the crowd begins to disperse.

Next morning Joseph is taking the lad, Jesus, through the crowded streets. He is pointing out the famous palaces, towers, and buildings, the names of which had long been familiar. What thrill of patriotic pride! What awe climbing long flights of stairs leading from valley to plateau on which the Temple stood! What devotion is kindled as His feet stand within the sacred precincts!

Doesn't take a boy long to learn the streets. Jesus is soon out by Himself. Every moment is packed with new sensations. There is so much to be seen. The camel-ships coming in from the desert, the sturdy Roman soldiers striding by, the fig sellers, the quaint shops, the ever-changing street-crowd chattering in subdued and happy excitement.

His eyes are filled with boy-wonder, His mind like a sensitive plate is receiving the lines and shades and fine lights of the realization of a boy's dreams. The Christ-boy has found His way to the Temple. The fires of the sacrifice, the solemn chants, the singing of the Hallel hymns and the beautiful response, the ceremonies of the priests, and the silence deeper than silence when the High Priest enters the Holy of Holies to intercede for the sins of the people, claim His attention till He loses all thoughts of Himself and the parents who have brought Him to Jerusalem.

"Joseph, where is Jesus?" "I don't know, Mary. He started in the direction of the Temple." A strange look comes into Mary's eyes. She has many things pondering in her heart.

The Boy and the Doctors

Six days soon go by. Feast and festival are soon finished. Homeward bound!

The pilgrims are scattering to the four points of the compass. There is much confusion incident to the departure of the numerous caravans. The main roads are thronged until different groups break off for their respective towns and valleys. Mary's eyes glance apprehensively about now and then. "Joseph, where is Jesus?" "Oh, He's back there somewhere with His cousins." Not till they reach their first night's encampment are they sure that He is not in the company among their kinsfolk and acquaintances.

In panic they return to Jerusalem. Where shall they look? I am sure it was Mary who suggested, "He went most every day to the Temple. Let's look there." Happy Mary! Many a mother would give her good right arm if she could look in the same place for her wandering boy.

"They found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions." What were those questions do you suppose? Of doctrine, conduct, law, prophets? "Who is God?" "Has He ever revealed Himself to Man?" "Man—what was his origin? What caused his fall? How may he recover?" "What does Isaiah mean about the Messiah?" "How came sin?" "How an atonement?" "Why is there blood everywhere?" Joseph and Mary break in distracted. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" "His Father's business"! God of Israel, what a strange answer! The doctors look astonished. "But His mother kept all these sayings in her heart."

They say good-bye to the doctors and the Temple. Out from the Hall Gazith and its distinguished body of scholars—Annas, the high priest and president of the Sanhedrim; Ben Uzziel, the Targumist, who

wrote the Chaldee Paraphrase; Joseph of Arimathea, a man of wealth and character; Ben Buta, who had been blinded by Herod for his devotion to the Jewish cause; Nicodemus, a renowned counselor; Hilliel, and Shamai, his rival, and Gamaliel, a professor in the University of Jerusalem. Good-bye—for years—till the Boy returns again to this same Hall.

The Boy Carpenter

Back to Nazareth. Every Jewish boy had to have a trade. Wise provision!

The lad, Jesus, is in His father's carpenter shop. I see Him as He goes in at daybreak each morning to learn to make yokes for oxen, stands, cabinet ware, house construction in its limited Oriental wood work. And as He works He dreams!

Thirteen short verses in Luke is all we know. Nazareth is small. A village is a microcosm. In a city we see things in a mass. Sorrows, sufferings, injustices, miseries, misfortunes are the property each of his neighbor in a hamlet—men live closer to each other. Here in Nazareth the Christ lived—childhood, boyhood, manhood. The children stop in on their way home from the synagogue, sit among the shavings and listen as He tells of Moses and Joshua; Samson and the young lion; David and Goliath; Daniel and the three captive Hebrew children.

Ten minutes distant there is a little hill for an evening's walk. From its height he can see the blue Mediterranean sparkling north of Carmel. From that sea coast two great highways fork. He can see strings of camels from the far east, laden with merchandise, bound for the coast, and caravans bring from Western lands goods for Tiberius and Damascus. Roman soldiers are marching toward Rome's far-flung colonies. The pageant of the world's life, its commerce and empire, unrolled before His eyes. He saw "the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them." He dreams a dream. To be a master carpenter? A rabbi! A ruler of a synagogue, possibly a high priest? Foolish boy! He has no great teacher, no influential friends, no money.

Still there's a gigantic dream in His breast. He stands at the door of His humble carpenter shop, brushing the shavings from His breast, and the glint of the setting sun makes His hair like burnished copper. The carpenter's shop was the place of preparation. It was not merely a place to make doors and tables and window frames—it was a place where battles were fought, temptations overcome, trials were borne. It's in life's common task-work that we grow. The kingdom of heaven is easier for a busy man than an idle one. Only back at the bench there are no crowds to cry either "Hosanna!" or "Crucify Him!" The vic-

tories of the carpenter shop make possible the victories of Gethsemane and Calvary.

One day a Voice calls Him. The little carpenter shop is closed. The neighbors see Him no more. The children peer in the windows—the tools they see, but not the carpenter. He has gone. Gone out to conquer the earth—Captain of Israel. And He hasn't even a sword! Dreamer!

Back to the Hall Gazith

Three years pass. Three brief, swift years. They are crowded with miracle, parable, strange teachings. He has lived His life—"He went about doing good," the records tell.

One Passover night He is again in the Hall Gazith—among the doctors. The torches are flaring. Anger and bitterness are on the faces of these judges in Israel. He's a prisoner in the place where He stood just twenty-one years ago as a wondering-eyed boy. The old priest Annas is there, gray and burdened with the years. As if moved by some strange apprehension of the truth, he cries, "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God!" He answers simply, "Thou hast said." The high priest rents his clothes, "He hath spoken blasphemy. What think ye?" His associates answer, "He is worthy of death!"

The dream was ended! The bubble has burst! The Carpenter is on the cross! "Thank Jupiter," says the Roman soldier as he wipes the blood from his long Thracian spear, "that is ended!"

"Ended"? It has just commenced! This dead Carpenter has built a kingdom greater than anything on earth. His dream has crystallized into reality. This Carpenter of Nazareth has built homes and hospitals, libraries and colleges, churches and cathedrals. He has built a temple out of the broken fragments of a ruined humanity. Who is He? He is the same divine Carpenter, the Almighty, Architect, and Builder of the Universe, who formed the vault of the sky and the dome of the human soul, who having built a Church upon earth will yet build mansions in heaven for earthworn and weary disciples.

John—Beloved Disciple

Text: The disciple whom Jesus loved.—John 21 : 20.

THE disciple, John, is one of the most attractive characters in the New Testament.

He was the son of Zebedee. It has been thought from a comparison of Matt. 27 : 56 and Mark 15 : 40 that his mother's name was Salome, and a comparison of these passages with John 19 : 25 suggests the possibility that she was a sister of Jesus' mother. Probably John was one of the two disciples of John the Baptist to whom the latter pointed out Jesus as the Lamb of God (John 1 : 40). John and his brother James were partners of Simon Peter in fishing (Luke 5 : 10). That hired servants were employed (Mark 1 : 20) is an indication that the family was in good circumstances.

John was acquainted with the high priest (John 18 : 15), and he alone records many details of Christ's ministry at Jerusalem. John and James were called at about the same time as Peter and Andrew to become Christ's followers. The energy of these two brothers is hinted at in the name bestowed on them as "Sons of thunder," and their soaring ambition was shown in the request that they might sit at Christ's right hand and left hand in His kingdom (Mark 10 : 35–37).

With Peter, John was sent to prepare Christ's last Passover supper (Luke 22 : 8). Peter, James, and John formed an inner circle, an immortal triumvirate, in the friendship and confidence of Christ. They were alone with Him when He raised the little daughter of Jairus, when He was transfigured on the mount, and in the garden of Gethsemane. At the trial of Jesus John's acquaintance with the high priest gained him admission, and through his influence Peter was also allowed to enter. John was among those near the cross on the day of crucifixion, and to his care Jesus, speaking from the cross, committed Mary, His mother.

On the morning of the resurrection, when the report of the women was received that Jesus had risen from the dead, Peter and John ran together to the tomb; and John, deferring to enter until Peter had gone in, saw the grave clothes and was convinced that the Lord had risen (John 20 : 3–9). After Pentecost John was with Peter at the healing of the lame beggar (Acts 3 : 1) and in the trial that grew out of it. While Peter was for the most part the spokesman, John's bearing and words are also mentioned. With Peter he was sent from Jerusalem, when the

revival broke out in Samaria, to help the new converts (Acts 8 : 14). After the murder of John's brother, James, by Herod Agrippa I (Acts 12 : 2) John is not mentioned again in the book of Acts, which tells mostly of the work of Paul; but in Gal. 2 : 9 Paul refers to John as a leader in the church of Jerusalem. John also did rare work in Ephesus and other chief cities of Asia Minor. All the foregoing is the short, but interesting, Scriptural biography of "The disciple whom Jesus loved."

The Son of Thunder

This sermon is the story of how love transforms.

I do not think any of the disciples were saints with halos about their heads when Jesus first called them to be his followers. Peter was blustering, bragging, with an instability of character which did not hold long to a purpose. Each of the others had traits which marked them as being perfectly human—not at all like figures in a stained glass window.

John's fault was a hot, fiery temper. I wonder if his hair was ruddy? When the Master saw him in one of his storm bursts He called him a "son of thunder." The other side of the cloud, however, was sunny and loving. I wonder if warm affection and hot temper go together? John had an unlovely rough and ready way of wanting to dispose of any one who did not agree with him. For instance—

When Jesus sent messengers ahead into a Samaritan village, seeking hospitality for Himself and those with Him, they met with a cold shoulder, possibly a flat refusal, because the Jerusalem destination of the party indicated that the Samaritan claim of the seat of authority in religion was denied. It may be that it was in John's own face that some door was slammed. John blazed up. Forgetting all about the oft-declared mission of his Master, he asked that an Elijah-like fire-reprisal be vented on the offending village. He thought a few strokes of lightning were the best means of convincing the Samaritans of the superior worth of Jesus. We have oft and recently seen that same hot-headed intolerance. It surely is an evil under the sun. It is also a mighty easy sin to fall into. The Lord had evidently watched John as he flared up in resentment and indignation. He heard his eager request for vengeance. With a quiet smile at his fiery zeal and bad temper the Master rebuked him, telling him gently he knew not what manner of spirit he was.

On another day some one outside the company of the disciples was found preaching and casting out devils in Jesus' name, who was not one of Christ's immediate Twelve. John's denominationalism ran away with him and he assumed an authority which he did not possess and summarily forbid further relief to the demonized. John's intensity

ran in such a narrow groove that he could not see that the casting out of devils was the main consideration, no matter who cast them out. I have seen rival schools of healing taking John's attitude. I have also seen the same closed-shop attitude in the preaching of the gospel. According to Jesus Himself, the very desire to cast out devils was in itself "the spirit of Christ." One of the most vital things in our own great country today is just this question of tolerance for people who think differently, or who worship God in a different manner from our own set way. If the great but different branches of the Christian Church could grasp something of Christ's rebuke to John—"He that is not against us is for us"—the day of the millennium would be a great deal nearer.

There were some other serious blemishes, like his o'er-weening ambition to have himself and his brother put on the two chief seats in Christ's new kingdom. Again came the gentle, patient rebuke that he knew not that for which he asked. The selfish and self-seeking disciples with their ambitious mother were sent away disappointed and chagrined. However, the other disciples were just as guiltily ambitious.

The Beloved Disciple

The day John and his brother left their nets to follow Jesus, the new Teacher made a splendid addition to His cause—and showed His own vision of the possibilities in men.

In John in particular, there was a combination of warmth of heart, fiery loyalty, and quickness of spiritual understanding which none of the other disciples possessed. Here was a boy, possibly used to having his own way, flying into fits of passion when his plans were opposed, winning the nickname "son of thunder"—the Master is going to transform him to such an extent that he will be known forever as "the Apostle of Love."

There were three calls came to John, as there were to Peter. There was first the call on that memorable afternoon when he and Andrew followed Jesus to His lodging place—the call to friendship. He then evidently went back to Cana or Capernaum to his fishing trade. Then came the call to discipleship on another eventful day by the Sea of Galilee—"Come, and I will make you fishers of men." Finally the call to apostleship that was to extend far into the century after the Master had gone.

Jesus was so able to remove the blemishes that were a handicap to this "son of thunder" that he becomes the apostle of love, gentleness, and unselfishness. What was His secret? It was one that we may use today in dealing with any one. He builds on John's strongest quality—Love. John is Loving. That quality makes him Lovable. It isn't long before the person who is loving and lovable becomes Loved.

There is hope for the man or woman who can love. No matter how bad they may be or how hopeless their case—if they can love, redemption is possible. Jesus takes John into the inner circle, in privileged places—at the raising of the daughter of Jairus, at the Mount of Transfiguration, and into the garden at Gethsemane. We are given the beautiful picture of this boy of Galilee resting his head on the breast of the Man of Galilee.

There comes the day of crucifixion. Among those who stand with tear-stained faces is Mary, Christ's blessed Mother. What shall become of her? If He is thirty-three Mary is now at least fifty. The years are coming on—years of dependence and loneliness. In that third saying on the cross, Jesus commends the care of His mother to John. Why John? Because he had a more comfortable home? Because he was younger and stronger than the others? I think not. Mary now needed some things more than bread and shelter, as necessary as are these creature comforts and conveniences. Mary needed sympathy and understanding, kindness and fellowship, even more than she needed material things. The gentle, sympathetic affectionate John would be to this broken-hearted mother the same devoted companion that he had been to her Son.

Soon it is the morning after the Sabbath. The women have come back from the sepulchre to tell the glad news of the resurrection. Peter and John started with flying feet to confirm the glad tidings. "So they ran both together: and the other disciple (John) did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre." Swift are the feet of love. John, the younger, easily outruns Peter, the older. Then he steps aside in deference to the older disciple—that Peter may enter the tomb first. Rare exhibition! The urbanity of love! John has come a long distance since that one never to be forgotten spring morning some three years ago when Christ called him to follow Him.

The Transforming Power of Love

John learned the lesson of love by companionship with Jesus.

Doubtless he was given special training, for it is nothing short of a moral miracle that this hot-headed, narrow-minded, intolerant young man became the one who has given to the world the loftiest expression of love ever received. John's character and his relation to Jesus show us the wonder of an understanding friendship. And—I say it reverently—we cannot estimate how much Jesus owed to John. Like every other man who lives in the glare of public life, like every other man who gives much of himself, Jesus needed human sympathy. John gave that to Jesus.

Why did John dare to call himself "the disciple whom Jesus loved"? Wasn't that the height of egotistic assumption? It was. But surely that was John's ambition, to have Jesus love him. The Word tells where Jesus loved others. He loved the rich young ruler who declined Christ's proffered discipleship. He loved the folks at the little home in Bethany. But here was another type of love—like the love of David and Jonathan. There was an attachment of soul to soul which can be felt but never quite explained. Now here was a difference between John and Simon Peter—put this down in your mental note book:

It is the Black Friday of the world. Humanity is crucifying its God. On that day John stands out in splendid contrast to Simon. To be sure both slept in Gethsemane. John's social connection enabled him to say a good word which gained him admission that he might be near his Lord during those awful trying hours. If Jesus looked toward John, he had the return glance of cheering sympathy. He did not deny his Lord with oaths and cursing, but kept as close to Him as was possible. His Lord might need him or wish to entrust him with some commission —as He did a few hours later from the cross. And, note this—

John is the only one of the four gospel writers to tell of that morning by the Sea of Galilee, after the resurrection, when repentant Peter flung himself at the feet of his Lord. It is John who tells then, with possibly a bit of grim human satisfaction, the Lord's conversation with Peter, in which Christ asked that aggressive disciple, "Lovest thou me more than these?" Whatever John's thoughts, there was no comment. He and Peter worked together after the Lord's departure for the Lord's kingdom with the highest love that each was capable of rendering.

And why did the Lord love John? One reason was that you can hardly help loving some one who loves you. Love begets love. There is a kinship in love and sympathy that binds men together, indeed, recreates them. When one is tired and worn out, and perhaps the lamp of hope burning low, the only thing that will bring back confidence and courage is the loyal affection of some kindred soul. Love is a spark that kindles a thousand lamps. And, too, love always lifts.

John lived to an advanced old age. His great word was Love. Out in the great Church at Ephesus one Sunday morning a vast congregation is gathered. They are waiting for someone. A wide sea of faces is turned upward. An expectant hush rests over the crowd. An old man is borne in by his attendants. His long hair and beard are white as snow. His eyes shine with a soft and gentle light. He lifts a tremulous hand. His voice is faint and low as he speaks. Hark! "Little children, love one another!" The words fall like a benediction. They are the last words recorded of "that disciple whom Jesus loved."

The Fleam of Five Swords

Text: Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword.—Matt. 10 : 34.

MOHAMMEDANISM has been called the Religion of the Sword. "Peace and paradise lie beneath the crossed scimiters," says the Moslem.

The Christian's Bible is also a Book of many swords. Three hundred and fifty-one times it speaks of swords. Sometimes applaudatory, sometimes condemnatory. Sometimes the sword is drawn, sometimes it is sheathed. It is a word used to represent not only the shining blade, but all the weaponry of warfare and death.

From the Garden of Eden, Paradise lost, in the East, to Paradise regained in the Book of Revelation in the West, there is flashing of many swords. God says through Moses, "Put every man his sword by his side." When Nehemiah was rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem—"every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded." David prayed, "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty." Which no doubt suggested Charles Wesley's lines, "Come thou Incarnate Word, gird on thy mighty sword, our prayer attend." An ancient battle cry rang, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

Bulwer-Lytton said, "The pen is mightier than the sword." Christ in a great exigency said that the possession of a sword was of more importance than a coat, for He declared, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one." At another time He declared, "I am come not to send peace, but a sword." Of Christ's second coming it is said: "Out of his mouth went a two-edged sword."

It would be interesting to follow the history of the plow as it has furrowed its way down the ages. It would be interesting to follow the pen as it inscribed its way through the pages of human literature. It would also be interesting to record the echoes of the hammer and the flight of the wheel. Justly or unjustly, humanity has glorified the flash of the sword above all other implements. "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war," sang Milton, but the sons of men have scarcely recorded them.

It is said the most valuable sword in the world belongs to the Gaikwar of Baroda. (Doubtless you know off-hand what a Gaikwar is, and the precise location of Baroda.) This sword is worth $1,125,000. Hilt and scabbard are of gold and encrusted with most precious stones.

It has passed from father to son for 700 years. It is said regretfully that the United States does not possess a sword worth more than $3000. Too bad! Though how about the sword with which George Washington carved out a new Republic? There are quite a few swords that to my mind are worth more than the Gaikwar's.

Mary's Sword

"Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also."

So said the aged Simeon when Mary presented her baby Boy to the Lord at the Temple at Jerusalem. How marvelous is motherhood! A mother nurses her baby at her breast—the joy of her life has come. She lives in the present and projects herself into the future, as she sings: "Sail, baby, sail, out upon life's sea—Only don't forget to sail back again to me." Fortunately the All-wise Father drops an iron curtain between the now and the future.

Well might Mary be called the Mother of Sorrows. The sharp point of the fleam touched her maidenly soul at the Annunciation. Her dark Jewish eyes must have had in them the terror of the hunted deer. Not the angel, but the message smote her with alarm. She asks, tremulously, "How shall this be?" She is answered, "With God nothing is impossible."

The months roll by. The hope and fear of expectant motherhood is upon her. Nazareth raises its brows at her naive statement. Possibly her friends ostracize her. There is deep significance in Mary's going to Bethlehem with Joseph. The point of the sword was at her heart. They arrive at the city of David—the traveler and the sick girl. At the innkeeper's quick glance there's a shrug of his shoulders—"If the case is as urgent as you say—there's the stable." Can you not read between the lines as you read, "There's was no room for them at the inn?" God forgive human society, especially women folk, when a girl stands at their door and cries, "Let me in! For Jesus' sake let me in!"

When Christ leaves home to go southward to begin his ministry Mary again feels the fleam. Ask any mother who sees her boy starting out in life! That picture of Holman Hunt's, "The Shadow of the Cross," showed a Cross in the shadow cast upon the wall of the little carpenter shop as the Boy stretched out His arms in weariness. What a sight for a mother to see! When He returned to Nazareth and was cast out from the synagogue as a blasphemous upstart because of His saying that He was the Christ the mother heart bled. Months afterward when the crowd stoned Him the sharp rock-points cut her soul.

At the last when He was tried and convicted, she saw the thorns, and each point touched her mother heart. All that fateful Friday she

watched His agony and felt again the travail of her soul. When the soldier's long Thracian pike was thrust into His naked quivering body the sword entered her own soul.

God be merciful—many a son pierces his mother's heart!

Peter's Sword

"Then Simon Peter having a sword drew it, and smote the high priest's servant, and cut off his right ear."

Even if John hadn't told us the name of the fiery smiter with the sword we would have known that it was Simon, son of Jonas. He had buckled on the sword early in the evening. The Master had hinted that someone might betray Him. Some danger might be near. He for one would be ready. Possibly the Kingdom was at hand!

Then came Gethsemane, the Lord's agony, the sleeping disciples, the sudden awakening, the Master's little rebuke to Simon. "What, couldst thou not watch one hour?" There are Roman soldiers, leaders of the Jews, the rabble with swords and staves. Simon sees the servant of the high priest lay impious hands on his Lord. Out flashes his short sword. He misses the head, but catches the ear of Malchus. The Lord heals the wounded ear. Poor puzzled Peter! His hot zeal has been violently cooled. He has to learn that there is a time when it is too late to draw a sword.

The fleam may cut us, but it is a great lesson for us, too, to learn. There comes a time when it is too late to come to another's relief; when the method also is clumsy and wrong. Christ needed Peter in the garden in quite another way. There is a time when it is too late to offer apologies, too late to frame words of sympathy, too late to bring flowers, too late to shed tears and whisper words of endearment. I don't want your dears and tears, your flattery and flowers after I'm dead! Don't draw swords for me after while! Just be a bit kind with me now. It's in my Gethsemane that I need you!

The Sword of the Spirit

"Take the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," says Paul, writing to the Ephesians.

He's been talking about the whole Christian armor, buckle and breastplate, shoes and shield. With the helmet of Salvation he also mentions the sword of the Spirit—the Bible. The Word is not a dead symbol—it is a living instrument. It is to penetrate the joints. It is an instrument to find its way into our secret lives. With delicate fleam or lance, with glistening knife, the surgeon penetrates the hidden abscess—there's no other way ofttimes.

The Bible is a rare Damascus blade! Some books appeal to the intellect, some to the sense of humor, some to sex instinct, some appeal to the dramatic, some to the artistic—the Bible to the conscience. "The word of God is powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword," says Paul, writing to the Hebrews. It never flatters, never condones. Its duty is to unmask and discover and cure the great disease of sin. "All scripture . . . is profitable . . . for correction."

The Sword of Persecution

"Herod killed James, the brother of John, with the sword," so Dr. Luke informs us in the Book of Acts.

Persecution was the path of the prophets. Elijah was outlawed, Zacharias was slain, Jeremiah imprisoned, Daniel cast to the lions. With the coming of the Christ Herod drew his sword, and the innocents were massacred throughout Judea. The Babe was soon in flight. Through the years He was stoned, and whipped, and buffeted, and spat upon, and crucified.

Stephen also was stoned—the first Christian martyr. After the feast of unleavened bread Herod put James to the sword. From that time on Christ's disciples "were sawn asunder, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. (Of whom the world was not worthy.)" Fire, sword, and dungeon was their part; they endured the rack, the gibbet, the stake, for their testimony sake. Quivering flesh, agonized nerves, racked bodies, whatever was frightful and terrible, was crowded into that word persecution.

John was beheaded, Jesus crucified, the apostles martyred. The Founder of the faith said, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kindgom of Heaven."

The Sword of Christ

"My sword shall be bathed in heaven," says the prophet Isaiah.

The thought is that when our sword is touched by the Almighty our arm has a strength not its own. The Christian's Excalibur, like the two legendary swords of King Arthur, has back of it not magic, but the miracle of God.

The sword is a weapon of warfare—life is a battle. The pioneer fights with the wilderness, the poor man fights with pitiless forces, the rich man with dangers no less damning. The teacher fights with ignorance, the lawyer with crime, the doctor with disease, the minister with sin. The philanthropist is misunderstood, the reformer jeered at, the inventor endures the ridicule of the scoffer. Only he who tries to help

his fellows knows the bitter perversity of human nature. Defoe, Leigh Hunt, Bunyon, Sir Walter Raleigh find their way to prison cells; Galileo, Harvey, Jenner are mocked. Lovejoy is murdered, William Lloyd Garrison is led through the streets of Boston with a rope about his neck. John Brown is swung from the gallows.

The sword that sets men free is the sword of Christ. He is the liberator. And whom the Son sets free is free indeed. What is opposed to you? Adversity, pain, disease, poverty? Death is the last enemy:

> "Death is a reaper,
> And with his sickle keen
> He reaps the bearded grain at a breadth
> And the flowers that grow between."

Whatever the enemy is, you shall be more than conqueror through Him that loved you. His sword is bathed in heaven. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.

Friend, Go Up Higher!

Text: When thou art bidden, . . . take the lowest room.—Luke 14 : 8, 9.

IT was in Jerusalem, and on the Sabbath Day.

The Lord had been invited by a wealthy ruler of the Pharisees to be his dinner guest. Persons who are in the public eye or who have attained distinction are frequently invited as guests of honor, to be lionized by those who merely want to say that they have entertained the lion. It is mediocrity's tribute to greatness. Sometimes the motive back of it is not so much to honor the lion as to exploit him for the social advantage of those inviting him.

Christ was tremendously popular at this time and his name was on every tongue. In honoring Christ the Pharisee was honoring himself. Near the door of the Pharisee's house the Nazarene healed a man of dropsy. The host had not yet arrived and Jesus took a seat near the foot of the big three-sided table. The other dinner guests had been watching the Master healing the sick man when the call to dinner came. Then suddenly forgetting the proprieties of the moment—yes, even their scruples about Jesus healing on the Sabbath—they hurried pell-mell into the dining hall, possibly disarranging the reclining couches, mussing up the rugs, and causing general disorder, each in frantic fear that he might not get as great a seat of honor as he thought he deserved.

Our Lord had noted before how the scribes and Pharisees loved the places of prominence at feasts and the chief seats at the synagogues. When the host placed Christ at the seat of honor by his side the other guests stared, chagrined that this peasant-carpenter, even though he is the invited guest, should occupy a place more favored than their own. I imagine the Master watching them with amazement, pity, possibly quiet humor, as they bowed and scraped with the characteristic labored courtesy of the Orient, yet each maneuvering carefully to get in front of the others.

When they have settled themselves, Jesus begins to talk, and, much to the amusement of his host, who is not sorry, perhaps, to see those pompous neighbors of his taken down a little, proceeds to tell a parable. It is not easy to tell your hosts what they ought to do, although Roosevelt lectured our British cousins, and told them concerning their occupation of Egypt they either ought to govern or get out. Christ was not giving

them a lesson in social deportment, but was quietly chaffing them in the form of a story.

I have an idea that the host with great enjoyment and satisfaction told the story of the incident for many years after. Why do I think so? Luke wrote this gospel. Also the Book of Acts. Some few years afterward Paul and Luke were entertained at a village for one night when they were making the journey from Cæsarea to Jerusalem—about 60 miles. Their host's name was Mnason (Acts 21 : 16). He had been an early disciple of Jesus, that is, a disciple of Jesus when he was on earth. I would surmise that the party would naturally spend the evening talking of their memories of Jesus. Luke, who was not one of the Twelve, met Mnason then—and it is Luke alone who tells this story as Mnason narrated it.

The Parable and the Reason

I believe that Jesus was the guest who sat down in the lowest "room," or place. I think that it was not only a parable, but an actual experience.

The host comes in and sits at the head of the table. Instead of the guest of honor being next to him, there is a "climber" reclining in apparent security. He is invited to vacate. Is told, in substance, that his "room" is better than his company. Then the host goes to the modest man at the foot of the table and says, "Friend, come up higher!"

When Christ told this parable-story he was not censoring the table manners of these jockeying fellow-diners, he was merely uttering a great truth. He was stating one of the great laws of the kingdom. What saith the Word?

"A man's pride shall bring him low: but honor shall uphold the humble in spirit," declares Proverbs 29 : 23. "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," says Matthew's gospel. Years later the Apostle James wrote, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble."

I know that it seems as if the world has a different standard. It seems to say, "Blessed are the haughty, for folks shall bow to them." And it does seem as if the world makes way for the proud and the grasping and that humility does not get any recognition among the worldly minded. It often appears that the world gives selfish ambition first place—and modesty last. However, I am talking of Christ and His Kingdom. He presents a society in which humility is held in high honor and pride gets a set-back.

On the mantle-piece in my living-room there is a picture called "The Presence." It represents the interior of a great cathedral. Mighty marble columns lift their arms toward roof and heaven. Away in the

front, up the broad aisle, altar lights are gleaming. Devout worshipers are kneeling "where lights like glories fall." In the extreme rear, at the foot of one of the columns, a figure is kneeling—evidently a woman, judging by the dress. Sin-sick, conscious of her unworthiness, not daring to mingle with the worshipers near holy altars, she kneels in penitence and humility at the last row of seats in the temple. The Christ is far off—she will kneel here at "the lowest room," unnoticed. And, lo, a Presence steals in and stands by her side with compassionate face and forgiving gesture. It is the Christ!

And did not Christ Himself all through life take His place in "the lowest room"? How the spirit of the world, utterly misunderstanding the spirit of the Kingdom, crept into the heart of the mother of the two sons of Zebedee. She actually started wire-pulling with the Master, that when He would come to His Kingdom, He would give her two boys a place, one on His right, the other on His left. Little did they know what they asked! Two thieves on crosses occupied that place!

It is worthy of note that Mary and her Son began at the foot of life's table. At the Baby's birth they took the lowest "room" at the inn—the stable among the camels and oxen. Boyhood days were spent in the humble carpenter shop at Nazareth. In His public life He was ever among those who served. At the close of His career He is found bent over in the menial service of washing His disciples' feet—that it might be an example to them, and future disciples, while the world lasts.

The Matter of Choice Seats

I think this parable of our Lord is as pertinent in the twentieth century as it was in the first.

We must be careful, however, not to read into the parable anything that isn't there. There is always a temptation to make an illustration or an example say more than it is intended to say. We are, of course, entitled to that "choice seat" when we have earned it or paid for it. It need not be yielded to another except as a matter of courtesy, generosity, or mercy. What Christ condemns is the spirit of self-seeking, self-aggrandizement; the thoughtless or wilful rush for place, let be what will for others. It is the self-complacent spirit of the "end-seat hog" or the "road hog," and the vanity of the "climber" in the workaday world, social life, and religious circles that is the bumptious Pharisee at Christ's table.

If Christ were living today I am sure that He would want His religion lived at the railroad ticket-window, at the telephone booth, in the jam of the subway rush hour, at the stamp window of the post office, in the morning hour in the household where there is but one bathroom, and

in the evening when the newspaper is brought in from the front porch. One thing our boys learned when they were in the Army service of Uncle Sam—that was to "fall in line." The fellow who tried to worm his way in ahead of others was greeted with, "Hey, you! How do you get that way? Fall in line!" I've been at department store counters when I have wished that both sexes had had that army training.

That woman who spreads her bundles over the other half of the car seat in the train and the man who opens wide his newspaper until the train passes the station stop, aren't they entitled to it—if they can get away with it? "Move up front, please," calls the conductor on the trolley as men bunch together on the platform, and women block the doorway. Why should they? Haven't they paid their fare? "Keep moving and keep to the right" is the advice to two friends who stop at the street corner for conversation while the crowd bumps into them or tries to go round them. But why should they? Isn't the street theirs? Don't they pay taxes? And in the church—here's where I risk some good pious votes—isn't the end seat the best? Isn't "First come, best served" the rule? Why move in? Doesn't the church advertise "Seats free"?

And yet—there's something else. And when you meet it, it is decidedly refreshing. One late afternoon I hurried to the station to make a train for a lecture engagement. It was my last possible train to get there. I got caught in a trolley block. Dashed up to the ticket window. There was a small line ahead of me. Directly in front of me was a Catholic priest. He saw me yanking out my watch every moment. He turned with a pleasant smile. "Are you in a great hurry?" "Yes, I've just got three minutes!" "Take my place." I took it—and made my train. I don't know anything about that priest's theology, but I do know that his heart is on the right side. I could not help thinking of the Scriptural injunction—"In honor preferring one another." That fine spirited priest furnished a splendid example of it!

"Friend, Go Up Higher!"

No proud man can ever believe that humility is the road to exaltation, no matter what Christ has to say about it.

I know that there is a saying that the world takes you at your own valuation. It is one of those half-truths that is apt to be mighty misguiding to those who may be in the habit of taking popular maxims as gospel. If you know you can make good and state it modestly the world will take you at that valuation—until you have been put to the test. But the world has a wicked trick of giving an extra kick to the fellow who has vociferously professed he can do much and in the end does little.

The deeper you go into Christ's philosophy in the matter, the truer it seems. At the last supper Christ said, "A new commandment I give unto you." At the supper of the rich Pharisee he lays down another commandment also, "When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, take the lowest room." And then, like the catechism of our childhood days, He gives a reason for the statement. The reasons are about like this: If you have taken the lowest seat no man can say to you, "Get up and give this man your place." No one can humiliate you, no one can clothe you with shame, if you are modest.

On the other hand, if you are always and everywhere trying to exalt yourself; if you are always scheming for yourself, and are always plotting to get the best seats for yourself, depend upon it you are laying up shame and humiliation for yourself. You are going to be disappointed, overlooked, over-stepped, over-ridden, superseded every day. You will gradually cultivate a bad case of self-pity, and by and by have a grievance against the whole world. "How does Jupiter occupy himself on high Olympus?" asked Chilo of Æsop. "In humbling the high, and in lifting up the low," was Æsop's answer, which is the Bible's way of saying, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble."

If you are always clamoring for your rights and recognition of your dignity, you will always be in trouble. If you knew what the world thought of you you would take in your top-sail. Don't be self-seeking, and you will be amazed how much you will get. Praise and promotion will pour in on you at the most unexpected times and from the most unexpected people. Selfishness awakens antagonism—unselfishness disarms it.

If you have taken a lower seat in service in Christ's kingdom here on earth, do not be surprised if when time comes for the heavenly feast, at the end of life, your Divine host will say, "Friend, come up higher!"

When Jesus Wrote in the Sand

Text: But Jesus stooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground.—John 8 : 6.

QUEER, but this wonderful story is not told in some of the ancient manuscripts of the gospel of John.

It is not that the incident isn't true, but that probably John himself did not write it. The last verse of John's gospel tells that there were so many things that Jesus did and said that space would not permit all to be recorded. That seems natural enough. No book could contain every incident and every saying of the Nazarene in those eventful three years of his public ministry. I feel quite sure that we have only the merest fragment of His sayings and doings.

Many things came back to the minds of the disciples years after. So if John himself did not write this immortal story, then some pious reviewer, recalling the incident, put it down here lest it should be lost forever. Thanks be unto him whoever he was! I am glad that the story was not lost for our sakes, for it tells of God's willingness to forgive sins and pardon the sinner so completely that he or she may begin life anew even after human society has been willing to stone them to death.

The Trap and the Bait

The incident was made a plot to catch Jesus—the woman and her offense were only the bait.

For many months the scribes and Pharisees were watching to trap Christ. They sent out their pickets, their spies, their temple officers—ecclesiastical detectives. They were to "get the evidence." People who go out to look for evil in another can easily find it—or something that looks like it.

They watched and saw what house he entered; when he went in, and what time he came out. They watched what he ate, and with whom he ate it. They watched what he drank, and how much. They watched who fraternized with him, noted their character, and how he received them. They summed up their report that He was mad and had a devil. They said that He was a glutton, a wine-bibber, and ate with publicans and sinners. They determined to trap him into some act or statement that would put him in the clutches of either the Roman or the Jewish law. They would get Him by hook or crook—mostly by crook.

It was the time of the Feast of Tabernacles, which had grown to be a kind of vintage festival. There were opportunities for moral looseness in the leafy-booth camp-life of such a mighty gathering. One such act had been detected. The woman transgressor (I wonder why not her companion?) had been apprehended. Such heinous offense under the old Mosaic law was punishable by stoning to death. At this time the Israelites had wandered far from the strict application of these and other Mosaic laws and penalties. For twenty centuries it had been the custom to hurl a guilty woman into eternity. This extreme law had now fallen into disuse, and the usual, most serious consequence was divorce. Possibly the prevalence of the sin was so common at that time among eminent teachers, thinkers, and rulers, from Herod, now on the throne, down to the lowest strata of society, that no drastic punishment was looked for.

The ecclesiastical authorities, like many other classes of people, were scrupulous in their desire to maintain the dignity of the law without in the least degree attempting to enforce it, or possibly even observing it themselves. You and I have seen that evil under the sun in this present twentieth century.

This arrested woman was a source of embarrassment. What should they do with her? Then a gem of an idea occurred to them! Why not use the case as a trap for the young Teacher from Nazareth? If he said they should put her to death, they then could go before Pilate with the charge that this self-called "King of the Jews" was actually presuming to judge cases involving life and death.

If on the other hand, He said, they should let her go they could charge Him with heresy against the law of Moses. They would try Him before the Sanhedrim for heresy, or have Him dragged before the Roman Procurator for treason! How lucky they were to get hold of this guilty woman!

"A Daniel Come to Judgment!"

It will not be hard to find Jesus. At the age of twelve He was found in the Temple about His Father's business. Even so on this day.

In the early morning they find Him in the Temple court teaching the people. They drag the offending woman into His presence. "Master, this woman was taken in sin. The law of Moses says she should be stoned, but what sayest thou?"

The law and the law-breaker are now before the Christ. What will He do? Will He answer the Pharisees that the law was of no effect and that the sinner should go free? Will He acknowledge the authority of precedent, or will He repudiate the law of Jehovah? It is a fine test case! They surely have Him whichever way He decides.

Then came His answer. Nothing finer in literature. He will uphold the dignity of the law and yet show mercy. The Jews had been taught to fear God—He will teach them to love God. They have condemned Him for healing on the Sabbath day. Now on this bright Sabbath day they haven't a word about stoning a sinner to death. His mission was not to judge and condemn sinners, but to save them from their sins.

He lowers his head and starts to write on the ground, "as though He heard them not," the account states. They mistake his averted face and writing for confusion and inability to answer. "So they continued asking Him." He raises his head. Gives them a glance they'll not soon forget.

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

That was the law in ancient times—the witness on whose evidence the criminal was convicted cast the first stone in punishment. Christ's decision is an admission of justice. But since the law is no longer enforced, and the whole proceeding, as far as their participation is concerned, is illegal and irregular, He transfers it from the forum of law to the court of conscience. Toward the woman it was the rare act of a rare spirit, the soul of chivalry, the gesture of a gentleman in its finest sense. Toward her accusers the answer was like the still small Voice that came to Elijah at Horeb—more terrible than a whirlwind or earthquake.

His answer was a brilliant counter-stroke—a flash of genius!

They had put the question to trap him. He now forces them to decide what they had asked Him to determine. He again lowers His head. He will not add to their shame and confusion of face by watching them. He will not tempt them to brazen it out and lie against the testimony of their own memories. There was not a man among them who felt he had a right to throw a stone, if being without sin, "the same sin," was absolutely necessary. It was Christ's parable about the mote and the beam over again.

Sand Writing

Jesus wrote—and the world has been wondering ever since what He wrote. We can only surmise.

Did He write the Seventh Commandment? In that case His action would mean, "Why do you ask me? God wrote with His own finger on the tablet of stone what I am now writing in the sand." Was His action a silent reference to the text in the prophecy of Jeremiah, "they that depart from me shall be written in the earth"? Was it an illusion to the fearful ordeal of "the water of jealousy" in which a woman had

to drink water mixed with dust taken from the floor of the temple; the dust in which men's feet had trampled?

Was His writing just the listless, automatic writing we might do on a tablet or with umbrella or cane-tip in the sand while some one is talking and we are thinking mighty hard? Here is a possibility that I suggest: His final speech to the woman suggests that in the writing in the sand, letters that the first wind would sweep away, words that the chance footsteps of passers-by would efface, Christ was indicating that terrible and hurtful as sin is, it is possible for God in His great mercy to so forgive sins that they shall no more be remembered than words written with the finger in the sand.

Whether that would be a true solution or not it is, at any rate, the heart of the message of this great story.

"Conscience Doth Thus Make Cowards"

And the men left. One by one. The oldest first, according to Eastern custom.

Why did they leave? What did they read as they looked down at the sand? Perhaps it read something like this: The name of the widow he had robbed. The name of the girl whose life he had wrecked. The amount of graft he had received from the temple thieves. The dying words of a broken-hearted mother. Possibly it read, "He that is without the sin—the same sin—cast the first stone." Whatever Christ wrote, each man sat in judgment upon himself. Dazed and stunned at His knowledge of their inner selves they turned quickly and edged away, to be lost in the crowd.

"Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet"

When He raises His head the accusers are gone.

Only the woman still cowers before Him on the temple floor. She, too, might have gone; none hindered her. It would be natural for her to fly to escape danger, guilt, and shame. Her stay was a sign of penitence—her penitence a sure sign of forgiveness. She had not gone. Evidently she felt that the safest place for her was with this remarkable Nazarene. Here was a new view of her and her sin. In this young Rabbi was a new sense of justice—something more humane and true than she had ever heard of before. I have no doubt that her sin never seemed so shameful and revolting to her as when, instead of angry and sneering condemnation, she had listened to that heart-searching sentence of just inquiry concerning the right of one sinner to stone another.

Here was a new language. Its grammar: verbs, nouns, adjectives, rhetoric so different. It was the language of God's love. Christ's

language was that of condemnation to the Pharisees. To this frightened girl it was the language of sympathy and understanding. In the world's court man is privileged—the woman pays. Here's a new view of the social question—Christ's method—not permission, not forbidding, not regulation and capricious punishment, but compassion and cure. It is easy to condemn a prisoner and send him to prison and then to forget him. It is different to look on him with a pitying and understanding eye, and, while condemning what he has done, make him feel that it is not yet too late to recover himself.

I have a thought! I wonder if this girl, now forgiven, is the same girl who afterward came in and wet Christ's feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair, and kissed them? If it was, she was then paying back her debt of gratitude for what happened that dreadful day when the Pharisees wanted to stone her to death. She loved much because she had been much forgiven.

We go back to the temple court. Misery and Mercy are left alone together. In a moment the girl is on her way. A wondrous voice is ringing in her memory—"neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more!" On that same day, or the next, the Pharisees, in the fury of their defeat, take up stones to stone the Christ, the Holy One of Israel.

Jesus is still in our midst, and always the crowd is gathered around some wretched, trembling sinner. Some crime or scandal still fills column of newspaper and city street. The uncaught still gloat, and drape themselves in their robes of self-righteousness. They still point the finger of accusation and scorn. I do not know what Christ wrote in the sand that never-to-be-forgotten day of long ago, but I do know what He was, and said, and to you and me who come with penitent hearts, the message He wrote then on the temple floor of old Judea is the message He writes on the ground today—

"Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

Righteous Over Much

Text: Be not righteous over much.—Eccles. 7 : 16.

WONDER what Solomon meant when he wrote that?

Isn't the whole trend of the Bible, and all moral teaching, that we should strive everlastingly to be good, and then better, with best somewhere in the heights to be attained? Doesn't Christ say in the Sermon on the Mount, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness"? Why should there be any admonition of danger in being "over-righteous"? Is it possible to be too good?

It is. There is such a thing as too much of a good thing. There are not only a lot of bad things in which we can be "over" and "too-much," but there are a whole lot of good things in which we may be "over—" Running our finger down the dictionary column we see that we can be over-busy, over-careful, over-confident, over-conscientious, over-daring, over-earnest, over-kind, over-modest (tell it not in Vanity Fair), over-patient, over-nice, over-polite—shall I go on? Well, if I did I would name exactly 613 things which we can "over-do." For there are at least that number, from A in Over-Abound to Z in Over-Zealous. "Over" has the meaning of "too," "too-much." Over-anxious is too anxious. Over-generous is prodigality, extravagance. One can over-eat, over-drink, over-sleep, and for each over-indulgence, they may be over-cautious and exercise over-self-denial.

Solomon was warning against excesses in food and drink and social dissipations. And he knew what he was talking about, for if ever a man ascended the heights, sounded the depths, and explored the extents of the possibilities of physical and mental sensations Solomon was that man. When he had sucked the orange dry, when the grasshoppers had become a burden, and desires failed, he summed it all up by saying, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." It is possible that when he wrote the text he was thinking of the excess in sacrifice at the Temple. On the day of his coronation 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep were offered for sacrifice. It was thought that that stupendous shamble would be pleasing to the Almighty, forgetting that the cattle on a thousand hills were His, that the treasures of the earth and sea were in His coffers. When the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon she was staggered at the magnificence and opulence of Temple worship and ceremonial.

He may have been thinking of over-giving in the Temple treasury. Christ warned against the folks who blew a trumpet on the street corners to attract attention to their giving. At the time the Master stood over against the treasury and watched the rich Jews dropping in their extravagant gifts—in ostentation—it was the "fashion" to give. The Jews were even compelled at one time to make a law that no more than a certain proportion of one's possessions should be cast into the treasury. That surely seems one of the strangest laws ever enacted! In Pompey's time the Temple treasury had a surplus, after every possible Temple need had been met, and every Temple luxury had been provided for, more than $12,000,000 of a surplus. I can see how among the nations round about the expression would start, "As rich as a Jew"!

The Swing of the Pendulum

Isn't it queer that we do not know where to stop when we are doing a good thing?

Courtesy and politeness act as lubricants in the great machine of social life. "A soft answer turneth away wrath"; "You can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar," and so on. These are maxims that have their generous proportion of truth. But then we are not satisfied with being nice in our demeanor toward our fellows, we swing to the other side and become over-nice. Doctors, dentists, ministers, and all who are dependent personally on people's good-will, where niceness and politeness are capital, are apt to go too far. I think it the especial danger of Protestant ministers whose churches and membership are small, where denominational rivalry is particularly keen, where the central official body demands results or demotion, these ministers try to hold the good-will of everyone, and under every provocation try to set an example of Christian meekness, forgiveness, forbearance, and good breeding, with the result that they become pitifully over-nice and lack rugged virility. "Let not your goodness be evil spoken of," says Paul. In other words, don't let the beauty of your fine traits degenerate.

I wonder, too, if a person's goodness doesn't become badness when it becomes so exasperatingly offensive? There are some who are so smugly good that you wish they'd hit their crazy bone, or say something with an exclamation mark after it, or fall asleep during sermon, or some other terrifically unholy thing that would seem perfectly human. I've met folks whom I thought it would do good if they would walk down the middle of the village street wearing a red necktie and smoking a cigarette. They were good, too-good, goody-good. Drat 'em!

Then there's the danger of the over-grown conscience. Folks there are who are always scared for fear they are doing something wrong, and

if they are not, they are afraid they will, or may do something worse in the future. These "Scarey Williams" have to stop if they want to do anything or anybody asks them to do anything, to see if their conscience will let them. If you ask them to take a walk after Sunday School, promising to be back in time for Christian Endeavor, they are afraid their conscience will smite them afterward for seeking pleasure on the Lord's Day. I knew a preacher who wouldn't address the Commercial Club or the "Blue Lodge" of his community because men smoked and it might seem that he tacitly favored the use of tobacco. He missed more than the cigar smoke! It is possible to be so evenly good that we are convincingly not human.

In this funny little human life of ours the inability to do what we know we should do, or rather the failure to want to do what we know all the time we should do, forms a human weakness that keeps us out of what would be a most tiresome rut of perfection.

"Enough is as Good as a Feast"

The Bible says, "Let your moderation be known of all men."

Work is a good thing, but it is possible to over-work. I've known some women and a few men who were over-worked. Eating is a good thing, but over-eating makes millionaires out of those who sell digestion tablets. Following gluttony comes dieting, but too much dieting weakens the body and breaks down health and the powers of resistance. Study is to be commended in an age of shallow superficiality and ignorance. Yet too much study is a weariness to the flesh, and the irritability and touchiness of the student are proverbial.

There's a fine edge to piety, but you want to be careful that the edge doesn't get turned. It is possible to be seemingly religious and yet have precious little religion. Is the Spirit of Christ and the spirit of love back of it? "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Bigotry is mistaken zeal. It is not righteousness. The righteous man is too broad for that. Tell me what you say about Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, and I will tell you whether it is the love of a system or the love of God in your heart. When religion turns from love to hate it is righteous over much. The milk of human kindness has soured.

Take the matter of the Lord's Day. It is possible to be over-Sabbattical. In their anxiety to "Remember the Sabbath Day" some would outdo the Pharisees of Christ's time. They do things that Christ would never do, and forbid things that Christ would never have forbidden, for He declared that man was not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath was made for man. What makes the day holy? Shutting

the store to get a chance to fix up the stock? Closing the factory to give the machinery a rest, and to go over belts and pulleys and clean boilers? Is it keeping the Sabbath merely to put on our best clothes and shine our shoes? Is it "service" to go to a church, to be comfortably seated, entertained with good music, conservatory singing, and cultured eloquence? Is that "service"? He that sitteth in the heavens must laugh! No day, no matter what name we give it, is holy unless we have in it sincere worship and deeds of loving service. Divine service consists in making service divine. It is the deed that sanctifies the day and not the day the deed. It has always been good form and respectable to go to church, and it always has been of good capital to have come of good family, but some people die in the pew, and some others die leaning against a family tree.

Religion that spoils morality, that goes beyond mercy, is "righteous over much." If beneath a cloak of righteousness it has a cruel heart, it has then overshot the mark. The woman taken in adultery would have been put to death by the ruling religion of the day. Herod wrought under the silence of the priests when he beheaded John the Baptist. It was a solemn religious convocation that condemned Christ to death. A traitor may use the uniform and language of a patriot. A man may be a member of a church, say, "Lord! Lord!" and yet at the last have Christ say to him, "I never knew you!" It is over-righteousness when the righteousness is of the head and not of the heart.

Ungracious Goodness

There are two types of righteousness that belie the term. One is ungracious and hard in its disagreeableness; the other is so sacrosanct and sanctimonious that it is odious. One is so absolutely unlikable, so uncompromising, so bitter in judgment, that folks strike back in sheer defense, or else let the person severely alone. On the other hand, we have often wondered why folks who seemed so faultless, so far as violating any law was concerned, could be so lacking in the sweet virtue of attractiveness. They are self-righteous, scolding, censorious, unsmiling. I'd rather live in the house with an out-and-out sinner. I pity any boy raised in such a home!

Real religion is big, broad-minded, cheerful, and quite unconscious of its own goodness. It can be that without being a spiritual neuter. Our semi-slang word, "sportsmanship," comes close to it. Many a "good" Christian is not a "good sport." There oughtn't to be any antagonism between healthy-mindedness and clear-cut righteousness. I know that good is always a disturber of evil. For some reason, psychic or spiritual, there is a latent hatred that evil has toward good. The

demons in the man cried out when Christ approached. But so often very good people show a lack of proportion. The Christian worker, for instance, needs not only good common sense, but uncommon good sense. Rare gift!

There is a kind of moral nervousness which seems to beset some very good people. Their scruples descend into scrupulosity. Instead of having life, and "life more abundant," as Christ promised, they seem afraid of life itself and its enjoyments. There is something wrong with any religion, especially Christianity, if it makes us stiff, censorious, unjust, unreasonable, and hard to get along with. I think the trouble with such folk is that they are not Christ-centered, but self-centered. Notice them and see! And they are apt to want you to be, not like Christ, but like them. Ugh!

I sometimes think there is nothing so wrong as the wrong application of a right principle. Nothing so unjust as inflexible justice. Nothing so monstrously unrighteous as a righteousness that cannot bend. Some folk walk so straight that they lean backward. I have known Christians who not only would have stoned the girl to death over the Master's protest, but would have thrown her body to the dogs. Abolition of slavery, prohibition, woman's suffrage, and some other reforms and forward movements, have won, and will win, because of the justice and righteousness of the cause and in spite of the very unrighteous methods of some of their advocates. It isn't enough to be good, we must be good in a good way. I have a natural, innate, inborn, constitutional dislike of a petty, narrow, small, self-righteous person. I've met some so small in their smallness that you could put twenty of them in a sardine box without crowding them. They are always satisfied with themselves, but no one else is. I suppose they will get to heaven, but let you and I hope that our mansion will not be in the same block with theirs. Lovable saints are a mightier power for good than unlovable ones. I cannot help thinking that while Christ's righteousness drew the persecution of the wicked upon him, his winsomeness drew women and little children toward Him.

Meanwhile do not be afraid that you will transgress human possibilities in goodness and true righteousness, for there is none good, none truly righteous, not one, save God.

The Mixing-bowl of the World

Text: The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.—Matt. 13 : 33.

THIS parable is a gem—a perfect bit of artistry.

There isn't a superfluous syllable. You couldn't push a word out any more than you could push a brick out of a wall. Think of stating a comprehensive principle, its process and result, in a single sentence of about twenty words.

The more I study Christ's parables, the more I am convinced that they are bits of treasures stored up in his mind from observations, incidents, and experiences in his childhood and boyhood back in Nazareth. Any clear-eyed, observant boy is interested in processes. When Christ was a child He was a child—He spake as a child, He thought as a child, He understood as a child. He wasn't a walking encyclopædia of universal knowledge—there isn't anything in all His teachings and conversations that would indicate that—else He would have been the Edison, the Bell, the Wright, the Marconi, the Burbank of His day. But he was observant; there is every evidence of that in His parables and preachments.

I can see this brown-eyed lad sitting at His mother's table watching her making the bread for the family. He sees her putting a mysterious little lump of something in the dough. "What is that, Mother?" And just as the father would explain at Passover the striking of the lintel and doorposts with blood that was in the basin, the eating of the portion of the Paschal lamb, the unleavened bread, and the bitter herbs, so Mary explained how the bit of leaven changed the three measures of meal into the dough of the bread.

One day, years after, the Master, teaching His disciples, sensed their difficulty in understanding, and as if asking them to help Him out with His great subject, He said to them—"Whereunto shall I liken the Kingdom of Heaven?" And when none of them could answer concerning the inwardness, the hiddenness, the all-pervasiveness of that Kingdom, His mind goes back to His mother and her kneading trough. He remembers the meal in the mixing bowl. And the disciples, like you and I this Saturday evening, were suddenly transported back into Mary's little kitchen at Nazareth, there to learn the power and the principle of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth.

For two thousand years the world has been sitting at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth—the world's greatest Teacher. Men are never prepared to tread the heights of intellectual greatness until they have sat in lowly reverence at the feet of this Master. Science and philosophy, as concerning the highest social and spiritual welfare of the sons of men, must go back to Jesus Christ, who has the pre-eminence in all things. Notice how simplicity and profundity are blended in the teaching of this remarkable parable.

"Is Like—"

Christ had His own way of seeing things, and therefore His own way of telling things.

He frequently did not say the exact thing about a matter, but left His hearers with the sense that He had given them enough to start them thinking. That the Kingdom of Heaven was "like leaven" in some respects he deemed sufficient. It was as much truth as they needed. The truth He taught was like light. No painter can paint light. He gives you colors, green, blue, violet, yellow, but he doesn't give you light. Nevertheless, if he is a genius, he will so fill his picture with those tinted suggestions that you will feel a deep, thrilling sense of light. A boy really knows more about the shape of the earth if you tell him it is like a baseball than if you say it is as an oblate spheroid with a polar diameter of 8000 miles.

"Leaven—"

Like leaven? Why, wasn't leaven always used as a type of sin, of something corrupting? Didn't Christ Himself warn the disciples to beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which was hypocrisy? Yes, but the figurative language of scripture is not so stereotyped that one figure must always stand for one and the same thing. In one place leaven is used to show how it disturbs, puffs up, and sours. Here it is used to show penetrating power, to lend its savor and virtue to all that it is in contact with. You will find other figures used the same way. The devil is represented as a serpent in Eden, but the serpent was also used as a type of the Redeemer when Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness. The dove is mentioned in Hosea as a silly sort of bird, but in Matthew is used as an emblem of the Holy Spirit. In one place the devil is spoken of as a roaring lion, yet Christ is spoken of as "the Lion of Judah."

"Which the Woman Took—"

I said that in this parable every word counted.

Why couldn't He have said "Which the woman hid?" Because it is important to emphasize the fact that the leavening power was not in

the meal itself. Flour is one thing, yeast is another. The flour, if left to itself, would simply remain flour for a thousand years. No farmer can grow flour that is self-rising. It is the addition of the yeast to the flour that makes bread a possibility.

The Kingdom of Heaven is an ingredient "put into" society. It is not the unfolding of something already there. It is not a kingdom rising out of the earth as a secular power. Indeed, when this secularity is attempted in the Kingdom, or in the Church, they lose in power. The leaven of the Kingdom is not a system of philosophy, but a revelation. It is not an outgrowth, but an incoming. In these days of development we are making a great deal of evolution. We find the trend of thought going that way. Up to a point it is correct—the conception of the bud and the blossom, the germ, and the full-grown body; but when we come to supernatural things we are going into a realm beyond the physical. When he goes beyond the five senses the materialist is apt to become as blind as a bat. He has to part company with you at that point. It is beyond his ken.

History didn't produce Christ, nor environment, either. He was a native of Asia Minor, Palestine, Galilee, Nazareth—plus something else. He came into the world from beyond the world. Two Gospels have taken pains to demonstrate that fact. The Law also came into the world at a point where heaven and Sinai met. All the way from the Garden of Eden to the Isle of Patmos things concerning God came from God. Our own experience is much the same. There are influences affecting us every day which are not set down in the books. There is a world of unseen facts and forces about us continually. When we pray "Thy kingdom come," it does come. Into the soul. An eye peeps in at our skylight. Unseen fingers beckon us. Unknown hands knock at our doors. A something comes into the three measures of our human soul—which three are, thinking, feeling, and doing—and commences its work—leavening our entire being. The Kingdom of Heaven is not an idea, not a theory, not even only a condition, in this case; it is an agency and an energy, it is what yeast is among the meal.

"And Hid in the Meal—"

What a chance for immortality was lost by the writers of Christ's day.

The gospel and grace of Jesus were a new and quickening power cast into the midst of an old and dying world—and they knew it not. The great writers of the times never noticed Christianity, yet it was the hidden force that was to spread through the Roman Empire and the entire world.

One of the peculiarities of God's work is that men seldom or never realize what is being done. We do not see processes, we see results. God constructs the machinery of events as we make clocks, with all the pinions and axles and wheels and springs packed in behind the dial-plate. We hear the tick or see the pendulum swing, but seldom think of the force back of it. We do not see the sun in its moving, nor the Spring in its opening, nor the corn in its yellowing—nor do we hear the leaven as it taps each little particle of meal and wakes it into life. The unseen and the unheard do more than one-half of the work of the universe. Moisture gets on the polished blade and turns the bright steel into dull red rust; fire changes the diamond into black coal and gray ashes; disease makes loveliness loathsome, and death converts the beautiful living form into a mass of foul corruption.

The peculiarity of the leaven of God's grace in the human heart is this—like leaven it changes all to its own nature. It uses what there is of natural gifts and impresses on them a heavenly character. Grace did not make David a poet, Paul an orator, John warm in affection, or Peter impulsive and zealous. They were born such. No matter what kind of meal the woman used—wheat, corn, or barley—it came from the oven the same kind of meal. Physically the loaf is still flour—vitally it is now food. The substance of the meal was the same, but the character was changed. So, too, grace changes a man in character. It doesn't change the metal, but stamps it with the divine image.

The Mixing-bowl of the World

"Till all is leavened"—says Christ.

Sometimes ends are accomplished and we are scarce aware till all is done. The gospel is to go from individual to individual, and then to groups, until the nations have heard Messiah's word and the influence of the leaven shall be felt throughout the lump. Christ touches Andrew, Andrew touches Simon, and Peter touches 3000 in a day. A single cell of yeast overnight will become a million. One grain of wheat in four months, given rain, sun, and soil, will become eighty grains. Sow the eighty grains and you will have a score of seed-bearing stalks. Sow these and you will have a grain-field of no mean size. On the ninth harvest you will have bread for fifteen hundred million men—the population of the world.

I wish in these days when we are so enamored of speed and bigness that I could impress on the church the importance of the truth which Christ was conveying in this remarkable parable.

Since Great War times life has been drawn to such mammoth scale that we have been compelled to think in prodigious figures. We yield

to the tyranny of bigness. As if to say that the larger the headlines of type the greater the truth. Even the church has caught the infection. Advertise more startlingly. Too few bombs and high explosives. People cannot be attracted except by terrific detonations. The church screams its activities. The preacher with the bass drum and the megaphone gets the crowd. "Thrills" is the great word. You cannot make anything "go" without thrills. Hair-raising, blood-curdling thrills. The kingdom of heaven is like what? Thunder and lightning? Explosives and detonations? Convention cheering, banner massing, pep—ginger—live wire, come-on-fellows, whoop-her-up, excitement every minute! Jazz-jam-bang enthusiasm? No, no! It is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal.

There is something pathetic about the efforts of the modern church to get "the crowd." The poor wit-wracked preacher has to be a "go-getter" or the church across the street will "put one over on him." If there are ten persons less in the audience, and ten cents less in the collection than last Sunday, the poor fellow will walk the floor that night feeling that he is a failure.

Listen! O Church of the Living God—

We fall so easily into the habit of measuring progress of spiritual forces by the most superficial signs. We deal in figures. We study reports. A crowded church with full coffers may not always be a token of victory. What men and women have been helped toward God? What wounds have been bound up? What mourners comforted? And in a generation, what changes have taken place in ideas, customs, standards of life in men and nations? Is men's idea of real religion changing from a glittering thing of the head to a warm radiance of the heart? Is there some unseen force grappling with human society, undermining the bad and replacing it with the good? Are men disgusted with the liquor traffic, are they weary of the rule and bluster and brag of the military class, are they planning larger life for the individual? Is the world getting more neighborly and closer in its sense of oneness?

If these quiet, constructive, spiritual forces are silently and slowly transforming human society, then the leaven of the Kingdom is at work in the mixing-bowl of the world.

Bread From Heaven

Texts: Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you.—Ex. 16 : 4.

And when the dew fell upon the camp in the night, the manna fell upon it.—Num. 11 : 9.

"AN army travels on its stomach," says the military maxim.

And it is true. It must have a commissary department—well administered. The recruiting, the ammunition, the medical divisions, are not more essential to its existence, whether in peace or war. A soldier's pay is the merest trifle compared with the expense of maintaining him in efficiency. Mule teams, auto-trucks, railways hastily built, trains laden with supplies, are mighty important features in any campaign. The greater the army the less possibility of their "living off the country." A day's rations, or a week's, are soon exhausted, then there is nothing but starvation and disastrous retreat. Napoleon's retreat from Moscow is an excellent modern illustration.

Yet the book of Exodus tells of a strange venture, and a seeming gross neglect, wherein two million souls were led out of bondage, of whom it was said, "They had not prepared for themselves any victual." Their journey, too, lay away from the fertile valley of the Nile to the arid, rocky ridges and defiles of the Sinaitic desert. At first the joy of deliverance from bondage, the sweet sense of freedom, the thrill and tumult of the exodus, the passage of the Red Sea, the silence and solemn grandeur of Shur, the healing waters of Marah, the beauties of Elim with its palm trees' shade and wells of water made their new life like a holiday season, free from anxiety.

But when they came into the wilderness of Sin, after leaving Elim, there was scant herbage and few natural products upon which they might subsist. It was then that the peril and destitution of their situation dawned upon them. They were not provided with any visible means of support—starvation seemed inevitable. They thought of Egypt with its fleshpots, leeks, and cucumbers, and where they had bread to the full. No wonder they cried vociferously to Moses in their dismay. Desperation was in their threats. No outbreak is so fierce as a bread-riot. The camp of Israelite refugees was on the verge of mutiny.

Moses, the brave leader, calmly faces the rising vengeance, and bids the excited throng remember the wisdom and love of Him who had led them thus far from their bondage. He assures them that "At even then

ye shall know that the Lord hath brought you out of the land of Egypt, and in the morning then ye shall see the glory of the Lord." From the cloud of supernal light leading them comes the assurance of Jehovah, "Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you." That is enough—Jehovah has many harvest fields—why not bread from heaven?

Where Does Bread Come From?

It has been well said that all bread is bread from heaven.

Without God's sun and rain all harvests would cease. Every springtime sees the miracle of the wheat-field repeated when the Divine alchemist releases the miraculous power in the seed and multiplies it an hundredfold. No earthly wisdom could manufacture a single grain of seed-corn and endow it with life and fructifying power.

I like to think that pilgrims and wanderers of the earth have elsewhere found unexpected provision on their way through new and unfamiliar country. We know what the cocoanut and date-palm mean to the burning East and the far islands of the sea. The early New England settlers found the maize, or Indian corn, and abounding cod of the sea, and salmon of the river, and turkeys of the forest. Remember in Longfellow's "Hiawatha" the beautiful legend of the giving of the maize by the Great Spirit? The pioneers of the Kentucky region found quail and pigeons as numerous as Israel did in the wilderness of sin. The schoolteacher is treading on holy ground when she tells the geography class the wonderful tale of the products of the earth and the sea, in the various continents and oceans of the world.

As the early risers of the Israelites next morning went forth from their doors and walked about among the tents, they were heard exclaiming to one another: "Man-hur"—"What is this?" On the dew of the ground, thick as the hoar-frost, lay a small round thing like coriander seed, sweet to the taste and nutritious. As the hot sun rose it melted and was gone. When Moses told them it was the bread which the Lord had given them the famished multitude ate eagerly and were glad. When the evening came the sky was darkened by flocks of birds settling down about them. Living in the present and careless of the future their bitter experiences were soon forgotten in feastings and rejoicing. Bondage and the taskmaster were in the past. Liberty and abundance were now theirs. What could they more?

For forty years we read, as they wandered in the dreary wilderness the manna was their uniform provision. How far they relied upon these wholly; how far these supplemented what any nomadic tribes may now find there, we can only surmise. One thing is sure, they had abundant food or the tribes of Israel would have perished. The higher

critic must not here repudiate altogether the intervention of a Providence—strange, unexpected, and impressive in the highest degree—unless he is prepared to reject the whole account of this most marvelous trek in human history. The account gives me no pause. A similar mystery veils the agencies through which we find our present necessities met. To this day the natural and the supernatural seem to work together. All bread is bread from heaven, but in addition who can tell in the last analysis how the nations of the earth are kept alive? In the vast organism of human society, and the forces and impulses which direct the race, who can explain the infinite processes which take place in the individual body and the mighty body corporate? Over all is He upon whom all eyes, though often so blind, wait. Men call Him God, or Nature, or Law. Whatever the term used, without Him, and His careful planning and ordering of daily and seasonal wants, these dependent human children would utterly and immediately perish off the earth! We live in a daily miracle!

The Divine Economist

God is the God of arithmetic—He counts the kernels of corn and the petals on the sweetbrier.

His instructions concerning the manna were very precise. An omerful was sufficient for each adult. The Old Testament form of society was patriarchal—the father stood for the unit of the household. His office or his wealth, his fidelity or his sin, was theirs as well. He was charged with the duty of providing for the rest. We are told that when the exact and specified amount for each member of the family was secured, there was neither too much nor too little. Miraculous computation or common arithmetic, I do not know. The Word does tell us that whatever was left to the next day spoiled and became loathsome. A fresh stock only could serve them.

Thus, and very emphatically, the duty of universal and regular work was taught. The slothful must go hungry—"work or starve," was the motto. The greedy did not profit by taking more than their share. The weak and unfortunate had their supply made up for them by God's providence. Indolence and avarice were condemned in this initial lesson. The over-anxious gained nothing by filling other vessels. "Give us this day our daily bread," and "Take therefore no thought for the morrow," of Christ's teaching, were here foreshadowed.

You and I cannot make the manna. The combined wisdom and efforts of men cannot create a growing grain of corn. Each must labor from day to day. How often has the world seen those who would heap up for their selfish ends find to their surprise and horror that it breeds

only loathsome and hateful forms of death. Vast fortunes have often proved vast vexations. It is good to remember Agur's prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with the food that is needful for me, lest I be full and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and use profanely the name of my God." To idle or hoard, squander or fret, is as wrong today as it was in the days of the pilgrimage when God pitched His tent close to the tents of men.

The Law of the Rest Day

In this Exodus story we have a lesson of the observance of a rest day.

The Ten Commandments were not yet given, for the people had not yet come to Sinai. It is not a new custom, this observance of a rest day. It is not derived even from the Fourth Commandment—it dates back to the Creation.

To these trekking tribesmen appetite was as strong as on other days. Theirs was no case of suspended animation. They must eat or be weak. And so they should gather and eat as prescribed. There is never a Divine command without the possibility of its performance. On the sixth-day morning two omer were brought to each tent. Strangely no taint came upon it. Wholesome and fresh it remained just as it fell upon the dew. On every other night superfluous food brought rank corruption. These folk were told to rest, and they could. This day was before all other days—"the Lord's day." They needed such halt even in their slower life, that Jehovah might be heard to speak, and His greater world swing within their vision—that heavenly country, of which their promised Canaan was only a meagre type. In that peninsula of Sinai, if an Israelite went out on the morning of the rest day he found no manna. Whether he looked beneath the Tamarisk-tree or under the unobstructed sky he found no food. God was resting—he must.

Good doctrine still, neither abrogated nor superseded, ye busy men in these days of railroads, and swift flying automobiles, and fast mails, and Sunday newspapers—and apoplexy and heart disease. Queer that six may be as much as seven, like nine is as much as ten in the law of the tithe. The added toil brings no increase of pay, O ye who figure sharply, against the eternal equations. The engine speeded beyond the proper point loses, and disaster, not more power, comes. The rest day is the saving bank of human existence. The Lord has so ordered this little part of His universe that there is a place and time for Him to be heard and worshiped. Concerning this day the Lord still says, as He did of those early wayfarers: "That I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law, or no."

"I Am the Bread of Life"

The manna in the wilderness was but a shadow of the good bread of life to come.

In Christ and the gospel we have the true substance of which that was the symbol. Christ said to His disciples and the multitude, "Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat; . . . the bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven." And when they said, "Lord, evermore give us this bread," He answered, "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger." Christ meant that He was all, and more than all, that the manna was to Israel. He is food for our wilderness places; bread from heaven when earthly supplies fail. He was given to satisfy hungry souls, for men cannot live by the bread eaten for their bodies alone.

Manna came to typify God's spiritual provision for His children—so wonderful, so constant and unfortunately unappropriated by so many starving souls. When Jesus came He declared that He was the fulfilment of the prophecy of the manna. All others leave the craving spirit of man unsatisfied. You and I often find ourselves, like Israel, in the desert of Sin, with nothing to sustain us in that dreary waste land. Means of comfort and happiness are exhausted; resources are at an end; we begin to be in want. That is the time then that God has provided us with bread from heaven to meet just such exigency. "I am the bread of life," says the Man of Nazareth at such time. God places men in situations like this, where no resource is left them but His help, in order to teach them a lesson which they will learn in no other way.

What this lesson is was told to Israel. "He . . . suffered thee to hunger," said Moses, "and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that He might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord." It is in Christ that the Divine Word is most closely revealed and exemplified. He who follows Him has manna by the way, that sustains him till the days of his pilgrimage here on earth are ended.

Will We Know Our Dead in Heaven?

Text: I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.—2 Sam. 12 : 23.

IF we part here on earth and meet in another world, will we know each other there?

We are pilgrims here, mere sojourners. The night comes. The stars gleam. The journey for the day is done. The traveler's tents, unfolded from the camels' backs, are pitched. Fires are lit. Food prepared. Soon the wayfarers are lost in the oblivion of sleep in the quiet and shelter of their tents. When the morning breaks the tents are struck, tied upon the camels' backs, and the pleasant shelters which knew them in the resting night know them no more. There is only the ashes of their camp fire to tell where they sojourned.

Transitory, shifting, almost unreal, seems the tent existence of this earthly life. It is, and then it is not. How many of those whom we love have struck their tents, and gone on that journey from which no traveler has ever returned!

"Where are they?" Do you know? Christ said, "I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also." That seems satisfying—not merely a condition, but a place. "How large?" It must be vast. John went up into the mount of vision and saw the hosts. "Thousands of thousands." He looks again, "Ten thousand times ten thousand." He gets a view from a greater height of inspiration, "A great multitude which no man could number!"

How will you find your friends in such a throng as that? You might wander around the Holy City for weeks and months and never see each other. Heaven is vaster than all earthly cities. Well, if you are going to take up your home in California among its sunshine and flowers and your loved ones are expecting you, know the very moment you are due at the mole in Oakland, think you they will let you go wandering around unknown and unknowing? If your father and mother and those who have gone on before do not rush out the gate of heaven to meet the convoy of angels come to carry you home then they will be different kind of folk than you knew them. Don't worry about finding your loved ones. They're expecting you! No mother standing at Broad Street Station watching for the train to come in bringing her boy home from school is watching more eagerly with radiant face and joyful anticipation than your loved ones are waiting and watching for you!

"Something Tells Me!"

I have great faith in the indefinable instincts of the human heart. They are like the instinct of the homing pigeon.

Humanity has always believed in a future life and a personal recognition. The porticos of Athens, the massive temples of Egypt, the banyan groves of India, the sunny vineyards of Italy, and the Druidic forests of Britain have thrilled with the hope and belief. Plato felt it; Virgil recorded it; the Hindu read it in his ancient code; the Egyptians buried their dead in the hope of it; the Indian felt assured of the realities of the "Happy Hunting Ground."

If you ask the hills where you entomb your dead, they are silent as the Sphinx. Question the stars and their eyes blink in wise silence. But in the human breast is a longing fire that will not be quenched. Such a yearning question presupposes an answer. The Almighty never bestowed a faculty nor implanted a desire but that He provided an appropriate fulfilment. He never created a fin but that there was ocean and stream to swim in. He never created a wing but that there was atmosphere to fly in. The light is suited to the eye, the ear adjusted to the wave of sound. Have we not a right to believe that He who made the heart knows and will satisfy its needs and hungerings?

The cicada, the grasshopper, is a numerous family. The most wonderful of them is the Rip Van Winkle of the insect world—it is called the "seventeen-year locust." It burrows seventeen long years, the lifetime of a dog or a cat. It is alive in the dark. It emerges with the most wonderful eyes in the world. In the dark it has no need of eyes any more than a mole. He comes to live a few brief weeks on the earth. He has eyes with a thousand facets. In that dark he has been preparing to see in a place that has not yet been reached, getting ready for a time not yet arrived.

Some autumn day experiment with a caterpillar. Get him climbing a piece of twig. Turn the twig upside down. You'll find that he knows the difference between up and down. Pretty soon, in a week or so, he will hasten upward from the ground, and dexterously pull around himself the outer edges of a leaf. He soon is ensconced in his winter quarters. He is not dead. He is not even inactive. But a mighty change is taking place. He is building wings for a flight he has never yet taken. His body is being transformed from a thing that crawls to a thing that flies. He is going to drop heavy feet for light wings. In the cold snowy days of his sleep one body will die that another body may come. He is getting ready for an existence of which his eye hath not seen, nor his ear heard, nor hath it entered into his mind to conceive the glories of his new life.

"It Must Be So, Plato, Thou Reasonest Well"

Personality persists. You will be the same you in eternity that you were here.

Your body changes every seven years from topknot to toenail. But you never change. You are the same you that you were as a little boy or girl way back years and years ago. Lincoln, the infant in Kentucky, Lincoln the barefoot, hatless boy in Indiana, Lincoln the noble President in Washington were the same individual.

Abram in Ur of Chaldea was the same Abraham that appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration. Whatever change may be produced by death will not alter the personal identity one jot or one tittle. The sinner who sins here will be the same sinner who stands before the judgment bar of the Almighty. Without the preservation of identity the whole idea of reward or retribution would be an absurd impossibility. There would be no significance in judgment if a man lost his identity in death. Why should we keep our identity up to that point and then, being directed to the right or left, suddenly lose it?

If we are to live in another world, our personality—that which makes us what we are and distinguishes us from others—must continue. If my ego, myself, is to exist it must have a self-consciousness, and I shall know myself from others.

Our highest, one of our highest, faculties, is memory. The obliterations of memory would amount to almost the destruction of the individual. All your knowledge depends on your memory. An immortal soul with no memory of the past is a contradiction. If we can remember events shall we not also remember individuals, those whom we knew and loved?

Put now together these things—the homing instincts of the soul, the preparation for the life we have not yet lived, the perpetuation of our identity, the quickened memory which recalls incidents and individuals—it follows inevitably that we shall know each other in heaven. We would have to be something other than our real selves, since the real self persists, if there would be no recognition in the other life.

What Saith the Word?

The final authority for Christian folk is the Bible.

The word of God everywhere presupposes recognition after death. For instance, it speaks of the new names to be given us. A name implies individuality and identity. Many things on earth are taught by implication—it is one of the strongest modes of affirmation. If you have been abroad you do not have to start in to prove to me that there are such places as Rome, Vienna, Paris, the Alps, the waterways of Holland, and the fiords of Norway.

The Bible speaks of heaven as a home. It speaks of death as a sleep. It would be a queer sleep where we did not know anybody when we awakened. It speaks of heaven as a wedding feast. That would be a strange wedding where not one soul knew another. It speaks of sitting down at a banquet with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. And would I know them and not my own!

In the Old Testament it speaks of the old patriarchs being "gathered to their fathers." Does that mean that they were buried in the family burying ground? Sometimes it did. But Abraham was buried in the field of Machpelah, at Mamre—his father was buried at Haran. Miriam was buried in the distant desert. Aaron's body lay on the slopes of Mt. Hor and the wise little mother who made the arch of bulrushes long ago had found a grave in the brick fields of Egypt. Of Moses himself—"No man knoweth of his sepulchre till this day." It means rather their souls joined the company of those gone before them. Saul recognized Samuel at a glance. When David's child died he uttered the words of the text at the head of this sermon. His declaration stands through the ages unchallenged.

In the New Testament Christ in His parable takes it for granted that Dives, Lazarus, and Abraham recognized each other. The Master told Mary and Martha that their brother would rise again. That wouldn't mean anything if they wouldn't recognize him. He told the dying thief he would be with Him that day in Paradise. And wouldn't the thief recognize his Redeemer? On the Mount of Transfiguration the disciples recognized Moses and Elijah.

In Paul's letters everywhere he assumes recognition. In comforting the Christians whose loved ones had been beheaded, burned, sawn asunder, thrown to the lions, he tells them not to sorrow as those who had no hope. What hope? Why the hope of seeing and being with their loved ones. He assured them of recognition, reunion, and restoration. The disciples recognized their crucified Lord when He appeared in the upper room and at Emmaus. Changed and yet unchanged; glorified, but still recognizable; knowing as even we are known.

"Then, preacher, shall we meet our loved ones and recognize them?" Surely! Listen, O child of Grace. The same great God who brings men to life again in the resurrection will bring together those whom death has separated.

Not know each other there! Then we would be on the level with animal kind. The calf is taken from the cow, the kitten from its mother, the puppy from the mother dog, in a few days they are forgotten. But the poor human mother never forgets. Love end in loss? Human love die because it has no object to love? Could we be in Paradise with Christ and not know or love any comrade soul? Be with our loved ones

in heaven and have no thrill of recognition? If you and I should go up to the Saviour and say, "Just to think—we know our loved ones!" I think the Lord would say in tender reproach, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Don't worry that you do not hear from them. "No news is good news" when we are waiting to hear from some absent one. Don't bother that there aren't startling pictures. Christ, going away, said, "If it were not so I would have told you." That was the plainest kind of a statement that silence is an affirmation. We will not be solitary isolated spirits among a crowd of others whom we do not know—but a happy reunited family. Our separation is only an incident.

While you are hoping, expecting to meet and know your loved ones —they are waiting, watching, and expecting you!

The Sublime Orator

Text: Never man spake like this man.—John 7 : 46.

JESUS was a popular preacher. Crowds flocked to hear him. The synagogue was full when He spoke. Town and village flocked to the fields when He spoke there. The beach was crowded when He spoke from the prow of Simon Peter's fishing boat. The farmer left his plow, the fisherman his boat, the woman her kneading trough, the tax gatherer his booth. Rich men like Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea listened secretly, the common people heard Him gladly.

At the occasion of this text the high priests came to the conclusion that they must silence Him or they themselves would soon be overthrown. The very Sanhedrim itself would soon go down before this new leader who had such eloquence of word and spirit, such fascination and charm of soul, that the multitudes were carried away by his addresses. So they sent their police to arrest Him. The officers waited too long before acting. If they had only gone up to Him while He was silent they would have gotten their prisoner, but they were curious to hear Him speak. In a short while His arrest at their hands was no longer a part of their day's work. He had arrested them!

They came back to their superior officers empty handed. "Why have ye not brought Him?" they inquired. "Never man spake like this man," was the answer. Then the Pharisees sneered in their faces and said, "Are ye also deceived?"

The Art of Arts

Not all great men are speakers.

Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once tried it, failed, and gave it up, confused and abashed. Jefferson never made a speech. Grant was "the silent man of Galena." Napoleon, whose abilities as an executive were unparalleled, couldn't talk before an audience. Did you say, "Men are born orators"? Not any more than "born doctors" or "born lawyers"; there is, of course, an inherent capability and capacity with some, but beyond all that it is an accomplishment, an art, a science. It is the one masterful art that can be acquired.

The orator dominates those who hear him, controls their judgment, compels their action. Patrick Henry and Nathan Hale each was immortalized by a single sentence. A great parliamentary reputation was built on a single speech by a man who had wit enough to keep silent afterward. A young man made a speech at a political convention in Chicago that made him famous overnight. Part of a great evangelist's attraction is that folks like to see and hear a real live man in action, talking in the vernacular of the common people. The bearing and the manner are often more eloquent and more truthful than the tongue. The speaking eyes, the telltale cheeks—the living man.

It has been said that the day of the orator is over. Don't you believe it. That has been said from the time of the Athenian orators until today.

You see, true oratory is more than mere conjuration, bewitchment, enchantment, mysticism, mesmerism, or animal magnetism, though in the height of an orator's grip on an audience it is akin to all these. Oratory is the science of effective speech. It may be as polished as Edward Everett Hale at Gettysburg or as homely as Lincoln's at the same occasion. When John Quincy Adams asked Patrick Henry who was the greatest orator he ever heard, his reply was startling: "The greatest orator I ever heard was a slave woman at the auction block pleading not to be separated from her child that had just been sold to another owner."

Ah, me, there's no charm like the charm of the human voice! I would go anywhere at any time to hear a great speech. I have haunted legislative halls, attended conventions, slipped into churches, stood on street corners hoping to hear a speech worth while. To hear a great speech is to me like being in the presence of a thoroughly good man or woman, it makes me see the possibilities of myself, being also human, and hope that the divine spark may somehow fire my own tongue. Think what privilege it must have been to have heard Patrick Henry, Webster, Phillips, Gough. I won't mention the fifteen great orators from Demosthenes to Disraeli—only those who have breathed my own air in America. What must it have been to have heard Webster's reply to Hayne, a speech which overtops every other specimen of human eloquence the world has ever known!

The church pulpit has produced its giants, Lyman Beecher, William Ellery Channing, Horace Bushnell, Charles G. Finney, Matthew Simpson, Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks. If any one thinks political oratory or forensic oratory is dead it is because he hasn't heard the magnificent all-conquering orators in our present two great political parties. I dare not even mention a name, not even the peerless orator of the Platte, for where I mention one name twenty others come to my mind for instant recognition

The Great Preacher

Three elements combine to make eloquence—a great occasion, a great theme, a great personality. I can think of no better illustrations than Lincoln at Gettysburg, Webster at Bunker Hill, Chatman in Parliament. In all probability you will rearrange those three.

When John Randolph was dying he said to his fellow Senators, "Lift me up." They lifted him. "I want to hear that voice!" "Whose?" "Henry Clay's." Then he was willing to die.

Did I say the occasion brings eloquence? Christ's occasion was the need of humanity. His theme was tremendous. The kingdom of God was at hand. He spoke of the great questions that belong to all time and all ages. He talked of God and man. He took God out of the clouds and pitched his tent close to the tents of men. God help Thy servant to do likewise! He spoke about humanity. He put a new meaning in the word "neighbor." And, personality? His was unique. He was filled with the spirit He sought to impart to others. The secret of pulpit power and eloquence is not in the teachings of the schools, though that is useful. To teach theology is not to preach religion. A common mistake. Wesley and Whitefield were great preachers—one Armenian, the other Calvinist. Massillon and Melanchton—one was Roman Catholic the other Protestant.

Authority, sympathy, love of nature, great spiritual experience, love of humanity, God in the soul—these are the inner fundamentals of oratory. The great Teacher and Preacher had these in marked degree. Though the generations preceding Christ had sat at the feet of the greatest orators who ever lived; though Pericles and Lysias and Lycurgus and Æschines had won their marvelous triumphs in old Athens; though the mighty Roman orators had lived and, like Marcus Tullius Cicero, had hurled their verbal thunderbolts, yet when Jesus began to speak, every one of his hearers intuitively felt that a new power of oratory had been born. With one accord they testified, "Never man spake like this man!"

Christ—The Workman Preacher

I believe in preparation, preparedness; it spells effective work, other things being equal.

Hitchcock was right: "If I were twenty years of age and had only ten years to preach, I would spend the first nine years getting ready." Christ had thirty-three years of life and waited thirty until he felt ready—that the time had come. Christ had no book preparation in the usual sense of the word—He was not university bred, like Saul of Tarsus. We would not know He could write, only that Holy Writ mentions His writing in the sand on one memorable day. There are two types of mind.

There is one that cannot use first-hand information. It does not look up to the stars, but reads a book on astronomy. Can't see God's handwriting in the rocks, but reads it in a book of geology. Doesn't see flower, shrub, or tree, but learns of them through a book of botany. Another type does first-hand work—Lincoln's was that type. Mind intensive, educated by reflection—only a few books—those devoured and assimilated. Too much book knowledge is like too much wood on the fire—it smothers creative flame.

Christ lived in Nazareth on the high way from Tyre and Sidon, the trade route to Damascus and the Far East. There the streams of commerce met. He mingled with His own people, and the Roman soldiers quartered in His town—they had been to the ends of the then known world. There also were Greek merchants who went everywhere plying their trade.

Christ was an itinerant artisan preacher. His hands were calloused, His garments smelled of the carpenter shop. He hung doors, made windows, built granaries, carved ox-yolks, constructed cabinet ware. His education was achieved in the university of hard work. "Reading makes the full man, writing the accurate man, conversation the ready man, travel the broad man, reflection the deep man"—toil the man of human experience.

I like to think of Christ as a layman. While men were getting the education to take their places among the doctors of the law in the Temple Christ was in the carpenter shop. The layman's view of religion is often refreshing. Unlike the minister, he is not given over to religion as a vocation, but as a life. There is a temptation in these disrespectful days to sit on the minister (to use a sedative figure) because "he isn't practical, doesn't know the world." In return the minister resents the intrusion of the layman. I think the work of the church, like cotton picking in the South, and toy making in Germany, ought to use the whole family. In pioneer movements in religious work the layman has proven invaluable. Dwight L. Moody and William A. Sunday are splendid examples.

I like to remember that poverty is no barrier to interpret the world's problems and accomplish the world's work. The world's masters have come out of poor men's houses. Moses, the world's jurist, comes from a slave hut. Peter, James, and John from fishermen's boats; Socrates from a stonecutter's house, Columbus is a weaver, Luther a miner. Bunyan a tinker, Stevenson a day laborer, Hugh Miller a mason, Watt is a street boy holding horses, John Fitch invents his steamboat and dies a pauper, Henry Clay is a farm laborer, Lincoln a log splitter—the world's Redeemer toils in a carpenter shop.

Christ, the Conversationalist

The Master was not a Demosthenes with "action" for his three rules of oratory. He did not depend for His power on dramatic effects. He often taught sitting down. While an orator, He did not always captivate His audience by oratorical splendor. His power was not primarily intellectual; He used not the dialogues of Plato or the philosophy of Hegel or Kant. Most of His teaching was conversational. Colloquial talks with men rather than set speeches. Only about five of His discourses can properly be called sermons. The "Sermon on the Mount" was a teaching. "And when He was set He opened his mouth and taught them, saying." At the end of it the record says, "They were astonished —for He taught them as one having authority," etc.

He continually dealt with the greatest problems of human life. What is the object of life, the secret of happiness, of wholesomeness, holiness of character, the duty of man, the issue of life, the outcome of the drama of human history? His parables are interpretations of great spiritual truths. His conversations with Nicodemus are rich in food value. Not all can be orators, but anyone can reach the human heart through the medium of common every-day speech.

Christ's table talks are mighty interesting. They begin at Cana of Galilee and end at the home in Emmaus. You and I who like to pause at coffee and spend time at chatter and repartee would do well to listen to this social Christ at the table. His talks are always uplifting. Would that we could take our profitless exchange of empty phrases and small talk in conversation and vitalize them. The Christian community was in origin a house-congregation. Such as gathered in the house of Aquila and Priscilla, and at the home of Mary the mother of John Mark. Phillips Brooks happily said, "The church spire is nothing after all but the elevated and prolonged house roof." Fine thought!

Christ's Feathered Arrows

Text: And he spake many things unto them in parables, . . . and without a parable spake he not unto them.—Matt. 13 : 3–34.

THIS thirteenth chapter of Matthew is famous for its parables. They were spoken in October of the year 28 A. D. on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum. The cavils of the Pharisees, who were watching Christ closely, and constantly misrepresenting His teachings, led the great Teacher to adopt a new form of instruction. Moreover, He was now about to present the deeper truths of the Gospel and this would expose Him to fresh accusations from His foes, and the teachings were such that He wished even His friends to consider them more carefully. He began to teach in parables—stories which fascinated the hearers by their interest, and suggested moral lessons to all, but which revealed their inner meaning only to those who were earnest inquirers.

We see the Master sitting in the prow of Simon Peter's fishing boat, which rocks gently in the ripples, while the smooth waters of the blue Galilee stretch miles away in back of Him. The green slope of the shore is covered with a dense mass of people—disciples, Pharisees, thoughtful seekers after truth, careless and curious listeners. Over all arches the deep blue of the Syrian sky. Every eye of the thousands is fixed on the great Teacher, and every ear is attentive to the simple stories which fall from His lips. All day long He teaches in parables, presenting illustrations of the Gospel from the plowman on the hillside, the fisher's net lying close by on the beach, the mustard seed growing up in the garden, the house wife sweeping her room and kneading her dough.

The most unfair critic could find no heresy in these stories, since each hearer drew his own moral. The simple Galilean peasant would carry home a lesson or two, and perhaps the next week as he watched his wife making bread, or the next spring as he was scattering seed he would recall the parable of the sower and gain a new meaning. The earnest disciple who sought to know the mysteries of the kingdom would find still deeper truths in their story. For 1800 years students have been digging into these mines of truth, and their precious ore is not yet exhausted.

The parable was Christ's most characteristic form of teaching. When we say that there are thirty of His parables recorded, we ought to add that there are at least twenty other examples which have all

the qualities of the parable. It is said that the Gospel of John contains no parable. That is only technically true. The passages concerning the true shepherd, and the vine and the branches are really parables. The story of the two houses, one built on rock, the other on sand, which closes the Sermon on the Mount, is, too, really a parable.

What is a Parable?

A parable is a story or fact told to illustrate some spiritual teaching.

The term has several meanings, and yet all so nearly alike as to be one in substance. Literally, it means "something by the way." In a secondary sense it denotes a figurative discourse in which more is meant than meets the ear, and into which much valuable and hidden meaning is packed. "An earthly story with a heavenly meaning" comes pretty close to the mark. God made the world, visible and invisible, natural and spiritual. The parable shows spiritual meanings in natural things.

There is quite a difference between a fable and a parable. A fable represents such things as animals and plants, etc., talking or doing other things which they do not do, while a parable is always within the bounds of possibility or probability. There are only two fables in the whole Bible, both in the Old Testament, and both about trees. In Judges 9 : 8–15 is told the fable of the trees going forth to anoint a king over them. In 2 Kings 14 : 9 there is told Jehoash's fable of the thistle and the cedar. Two genuine parables of the Old Testament are those of the woman of Tekoa (2 Sam. 14 : 1–20) and the famous parable of Nathan when he wished to convict David (2 Sam. 12th chapter). In a fable the writer or speaker puts into nature things that nature is not capable of; in the parable the story is true to nature. The fable-teller transfers human motives, speech, and action into trees and animals in order that they may say the thing which he wishes said. The parable is true to nature and life. The story itself may or may not be true as to the actual occurrence. The story of the Prodigal Son may not be true, but there is nothing impossible in it.

The parables of Jesus have had a remarkable hold on the minds of men through the centuries. I suppose it is because they are universal in their application, brief, vivid, appropriate, cheerful, familiar, simple, broadly human, and in such variety. Sometimes they are very brief, like the parable of the leaven, which is told in one verse, while the parables of the good Samaritan and that of the rich man and Lazarus are quite extended.

Christ understood the power of a story and used it as a feathered arrow to carry home a truth. Notice the shaft, the arrow, Christ shot

at the lawyer when He told the parable of the good Samaritan. The power of story-telling and the fascination of a story are truly marvelous. It is not the child alone that has a thirst for stories. The soldier by the camp-fire, the sailor in the forecastle, the miner in the earth, the ranchman on the prairie, the lumberman in the forest, while away tedium by story-telling. I like to think of the Greeks as they dwelt on Homer's story of the Odyssey. The Arabian Nights Tales explain how the Arabs spent their many lone hours on the desert.

By aid of the story the truth finds its way readily to the heart and makes a deeper impression on the memory. The story, like a cork, keeps it from sinking. Like a nail, it fastens it to the mind. Like the feathers of an arrow, it helps it carry—and like the barb, makes it stick. Christ presented these living, eternal images, knowing that the multitude would listen more willingly to a story than a sermon, and remember a narrative better than an argument.

Why Christ Spoke In Parables

There may have been a number of reasons why Christ spoke and taught much in parables.

In all probability, orator that He was, He knew the necessity of attracting favorable attention from His listeners. Interest is always awakened by the telling of a story—men are children of a larger growth. Even on such a deep subject as regeneration, with such a profound scholar as Nicodemus, Christ illustrated by saying, "The wind bloweth where it listeth," etc. No wonder the common people heard Him gladly —it was all so familiar: the sower going forth to sow, the fisherman casting his net, the woman kneading her dough or sweeping her floor, the shepherd going after one lone lost sheep, the father getting back a long lost son, and the ten bridesmaids—who wouldn't listen to a wedding story!

The parable would stimulate inquiry. The man who saw nothing in the story but the story would turn away from it as being trivial and unimportant, but the thinker looking deeper saw the spiritual purpose. After the parables of the seed and soil, the tares and wheat, the disciples came and asked Him to explain them more fully.

Many of the minds before Him were dull to spiritual truth. They looked for an outward kingdom and a militant Messiah. Instead of overthrowing the Roman power He came to overthrow evil in men's hearts and to preach a kingdom of truth. Parables prevented His hearers from being repelled by a too sudden revelation. His story disarmed antagonism. If at the beginning of His ministry He had affirmed plainly, as He did to Pilate, that He had no intention of a

literal restoration of the Jewish kingdom on earth, they would not only have given no heed, but the crisis of the Cross would have come before the work of His personal ministry would have well begun. By speaking the truth in parables He postponed the inevitable tragedy until He had educated His disciples and laid the foundation of the kingdom.

I also think the parables were necessary for His disciples as well as for others. While they understood much, there was much they could not understand until after the resurrection and the day of Pentecost. There are processes in nature which you cannot hurry. It takes time for things to crystallize. You must let milk stand if you wish cream. Hyacinth bulbs must first be put in the dark if you want them to bloom. It was necessary to put truths in the minds of the disciples that would unfold and blossom in later days.

Christ's enemies were prejudiced against Him and ever ready to distort and pervert whatever He taught. But the truth stated in parable form carried its lesson and yet could not be used to His destruction. Above all and through all the parables runs the great truth of His kingdom, spreading through all the earth and through all time, as foretold in the parable of the mustard seed. The earthly kingdom of Jerusalem which His contemporaries hoped for would have been small. The Jerusalem in which Christ preached was not as big as Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and all of Palestine could have been put in the eastern section of Pennsylvania. But Christ's spiritual kingdom has spread to the farthest shores of the world's continents.

The Parable of Book and Life

I do not know of anything that has been occasion of so much stumbling in modern faith as the figurative language of religious speech.

The very thing that was meant for illumination men have made for blindness. Religious criticism has largely centered around the Bible and the Christian idea of God. The attack on the former is to the effect that it is inaccurate and scientifically worthless, the latter that our idea is puny and puerile. The answer used to be, "You have no right to question the Bible any more than you have to raise objections to the decisions of the Supreme Court. In your ideas of God you must shut your eyes and mind and take what is told you as you would take medicine out of a spoon from your doctor."

The scientific man says, "Facts are facts." Right—if we have all of them! But there is one kind of knowledge we get through eye and ear, mind and reason—foot-rule, scales, telescope, and microscope. Another kind we get through intuition. It is vital knowledge, spiritual knowledge, and the test of that is the test of conscience and moral

worth. An architectural drawing must have accuracy—an inspirational picture needs another quality. So of books. Baedeker's guide book of England tells where to take the train and where to get off, the size of London and the height of the tower. Emerson's "Journal" gave no figures, but helped you get the tang, the atmosphere of England, and to sense the great English soul. The test of the guide book is accuracy, the test of the Journal was inspiration. You did not go to the Journal for a train schedule. You do not try to square Hamlet with the facts of Danish history, nor Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress with the landscape of England, yet that in substance is what folks try to do with the Bible.

The Bible speaks in figures for the sake of clearness and vividness. All great books abound in picture language. All great orators flash with figures of speech. None more so than Jesus—"Without a picture spake he not unto them." Figures are used for clarity. We can understand figures and pictures where we would be confused by abstract definitions. Till we have attained larger knowledge of astronomy we speak of the "Big Dipper," the "Milky Way," etc. And of man's soul we speak of conscience as "the still small voice," of "reason on her throne," the "hall of memory," the "wings of imagination." When the literalist says, "There is no Great Bear in the sky, and imagination really has no wings," we look at him askance.

And of God—we have to use language such as we have to express Him. We say He and Him as personal—we do not mean literally that God has sex—is a gigantic Man. We human folk have no other way of expressing our idea of God except by picturing Him as one like unto ourselves. The writer of Genesis lived in a day when there was no science to know anything about. John Marshall, writing of Washington, said, "He spoke and the Federal Government sprang into being." The wonderful writer of Genesis said, "In the beginning God . . . and God said, Let there be light . . . and it was so . . ." I call that great writing! When Christ wanted to describe God's reign on earth He said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is like . . ." Then He used the wonderful pictures of the Parables. I call that marvelous power of earthly description of a spiritual thing.

The Five Brothers of Dives

Text: I pray thee . . . that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: For I have five brethren; . . . if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.—Luke 16 : 27–31.

THIS is one of Christ's most vivid parables.

In no other does He paint the truth in more striking colors than this. The hues become, indeed, almost lurid in their fearful grandeur. The intensity is increased by the power of contrast as the scene is transferred from the realm of the Here to the Hereafter. We follow with a shock of surprise the inverted destinies of the two chief actors. If the Lord's purpose was to startle His hearers into serious thought, making it like a flash of lightning in the night, illuminating a familiar landscape with an unfamiliar aspect, He could not have adopted means better suited to the end.

We are always interested in the mysteries of the invisible and eternal world. The apparent lifting up of a corner of the curtain which shrouds it from us strengthens our interest and leaves an impression not soon forgotten. I do not think that Christ intended so much to reveal anything definite concerning the world to come as to teach a particular lesson. In many things He used the current language and beliefs of His day to make Himself intelligible to His hearers.

The Jewish doctors taught that the invisible world was divided into two regions—Paradise, the abode of the blessed, and Gehenna, the place of suffering. These, though separated by a wall or fence, were in full view of each other, and dwellers in one could readily converse with those in the other. The inhabitants of Paradise were engaged in perpetual feasting; those in Gehenna the victims of "the worm that dieth not," and "the fire that is not quenched." Like all Oriental descriptions this is highly figurative. Neither feast nor flame can be taken as throwing light on any physical condition of the other world. But by using physical terms the spiritual realities are all the more boldly impressed upon us.

There are three great sermons depicting the woes of the lost. One is Jonathan Edwards' sermon on "The Sinner in the Hands of an Angry God"; another, perhaps the most impressive piece of pulpit rhetoric from any modern preacher's lips, is one of Newman's Catholic Sermons. The third is this picture of Christ's of the rich man in hell. He puts His ear to the door of perdition and reports the remorse of a lost soul.

The Rich Man and Lazarus

"A certain rich man," says the parable. His name is not given. He is sometimes called Dives, but that is only the Latin word for "a rich man."

There are really three acts to this tragedy. The first scene is in a rich man's palace. He's clothed in fine linen and fares sumptuously every day. No particular harm in that, however. We have better food and clothing today than Dives ever dreamed of. The next scene is that of a poor beggar, hungry, ragged, full of sores, laid at his gate. The dogs come, and with healing tongue lick his sores.

"And it came to pass," says the second act, "that the beggar died." No funeral obsequies, no monument in Potter's field. "Rattle his bones over the stones; he's only a beggar, whom nobody owns." But the angels come to convoy his spirit to Abraham's bosom. "The rich man also died and was buried." Pageant, pomp, and every circumstance of woe. Hired mourners, and the dead march reverberating through the silent street. Large funeral—rich men have large funerals, and many honorary pall bearers. The rabbi commits his body to the marble tomb. His beneficiaries raise a fitting memorial. The curtain falls with the rich man in the foreground.

Act third. "He lifted up his eyes in Hades and saw Lazarus." On earth he was accustomed to ringing for a servant to bring him his wine —he now begs a drop of water. Not gratification, but remembrance is to be his portion now. "Son, remember," says Abraham, as he recalls to him his blessings and plentitudes, his failures and neglects. "Besides there is a great gulf fixed between us and you." Death is a final separation as far as saint and sinner are concerned.

One would naturally expect the parable to close at this point. There is nothing more to be said. There is no difficulty in separating the merely figurative and dramatic from the deep truth that Christ is anxious to teach. A rich man is not condemned simply because he is rich, nor a poor man glorified because of his poverty. Not having riches, but neglecting to use them for God and man, was his sin. Profiteers and gougers, who fill roisterous cabarets while the children of the Nation perish, are in the same spiritual class with Dives. Not what a man has, much or little, but what he is, counts with God. We each of us determine for ourselves, here on earth, the eternity in which we are to live. Dives' sin was not in his having opulence and comfort, but in his neglect of his relationship toward his fellows and his God. He stumbled over the golden step to heaven.

The parable seems closed. But no; Christ wants to convey a further lesson to those on earth who are making a tragic mistake.

"They Have Moses and the Prophets"

"Send Lazarus to warn my five brothers," pleads Dives.

"If I am past redemption, save my brothers. If no relief, not even a drop of water, can reach me in this place of torment, warn them against a similar doom. If one went back from the dead they would listen."

It would have been better if Dives had had such a missionary spirit before he got to Hades. It is better to work and pray for your friends now, before you die, while you are still in this world, and on praying ground. I commend that to parents who expect their children to go the way of God and the church while they are going in an opposite direction.

Dives had no particular concern about his brothers while he was here—the Bible, the Church, and preaching were a matter of indifference. Now he becomes a Puritan in his appreciation of preaching. Like the ghost of Hamlet's father appearing to the young Prince, making him aware of the real moral situation in Denmark, so the rich man desired for his brethren.

"They have Moses and the prophets." Abraham's answer was exactly adapted to a Jew who heard the Law and the prophets read regularly in the synagogue. In the life and words of Moses and the prophets they had sufficient knowledge of duty and warning to obey God. If they closed their ears to these revelations and exhortations they would not believe though one rose from the dead. If a man is not disposed to believe either Bible or preacher he would find some plausible flaw in the message of a dead friend. He would resist a new influence just as he did the old. In some of the places where Christ performed His mightiest miracles there were men who would not believe.

Did you ever know anyone who was much affected by warnings? Men will drink the bootlegger's poison in the very face of the death of others. Men will steal in sight of the penitentiary, and will murder under the shadows of the gallows. Faith is not produced by fear. Being convinced mentally does not produce character. Men find it hard to learn from the experience of others. Even if other men's fingers have been burned, they want to make sure of the feel of the fire.

Those who repudiate Moses and the prophets will always find some petty reason for the rejection of any other testimony. They demand the extraordinary—a pestilence must walk in darkness, a catastrophe must startle them; a mighty sermon, a spectacular revival; they must see the handwriting on Belshazzar's wall, the angel in the path of Balaam, the terrifying spectre in the dream of Eliphaz, or the vision that smote Saul. But, really, the pages of God's word that record his law and love are more wonderful than ghostly handwriting; the appeal

of conscience is not less the voice of God than the warning angels in the streets of Sodom.

In all probability these hesitating, procrastinating ones have been as strongly and deeply moved in heart and conscience as they ever will be. The ordinary is extraordinary. If men will be inhuman with the Bible in their hands, and Lazarus at their gate, no revelation of the splendor of heaven or the anguish of hell will ever make them anything else.

Destiny depends not on miracles from without, but character within.

The man who is not persuaded by the Gospel will not be persuaded by a ghost!

"I Am Thy Brother's Spirit!"

Would a disembodied spirit change Dives' five brothers?

King Saul was not made a better man when Samuel was raised from the dead. Herod thought that John the Baptist was risen, but the belief didn't change his life. Soon after this parable was spoken Jesus raised Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha, from the dead. These same Pharisees sought to kill both him and the Lord who raised him. Jesus himself had come from the land on the other side of death, and was at this time testifying what He had seen and known, but they rejected Him. He himself afterward rose from the dead, but still they did not believe.

A messenger from the dead?

Suppose Abraham had sent Lazarus. Dives' brothers would have scoffed at him. "Is not this Lazarus, the beggar, who lay at our brother's gate full of sores? Does he mean to tell us that he returns from a world where our brother is in torment, and he lies on Abraham's bosom? Our brother wretched and this beggar happy? Nonsense! He's a fake! An imposter!"

Suppose your own brother came back. "I am thy brother's spirit!" He'd have considerable preliminary difficulty to deal with ere he delivered his message. After getting by municipal police regulations, and the laboratory of the scientists at the college psychological clinic, and the society for psychical research, he would find it hard to get himself recognized as a visitor from another world. Instead of listening with awe-struck hearts to what he had to say, men of unbelieving temper would begin to discuss whether the supposed visitant from the world of spirits could ever have been dead, or whether it were not a mere phantasm in the mind of the person who claimed he saw the spirit. Many would treat the matter with levity and shouts of merriment—the idea of returning from the grave to preach to them of repentance, righteousness, and judgment to come!

If at two o'clock tomorrow morning I would be awakened by seeing my dead mother's spirit I know how my announcement of it would be received. At the breakfast table my wife would lower her eyes and sigh sympathetically. My children would glance at me askance. My physician would ask what I had eaten for supper. My church officials would say, "The pastor has postponed that vacation too long." My friends would discretely avoid me. My former college mates would say, "He always was great, you'll remember, for digging into psychic phenomena—now he's getting dippy on the subject!" My enemies would say, "Seein' spooks, is he? He's bughouse, all right!" By and by the impression would wear away, and I myself would doubt the experience.

If one returned from the dead men would forget or ignore such a warning. They would need others, and then the event would be as common as night itself. Any oft-repeated experience loses its potency.

We have Moses and the prophets—the New Testament and Christ! The Bible says, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." That's light enough—the present revelation is sufficient! If we regard not that, neither would we be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

Are You Focusing Right?

Text: He asked him if he saw ought. And he looked up, and said, I see men as trees, walking.—Mark 8 ; 23, 24.

CHRIST was passing through Bethsaida on His way to Cesarea-Philippi and His transfiguration on Mt. Hermon. It was at the home town of Philip, and not far from the scene of the feeding of the five thousand. A day or two before the Master had healed a deaf and stammering man in Decapolis under much similar circumstances and with very similar methods to the healing of the blind man in the miracle of today.

This miracle, told by Mark alone, is peculiar, though not exceptional, in that Christ used some mechanical means in the process. With the deaf man the Healer put His fingers in the man's ears, spit, and touched his tongue. Once before at Jerusalem, with the man born blind, Jesus spat on the ground, made clay of the spittle, anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay, and told him to go wash in the Pool of Siloam. Not all miracles were performed by fiat—direct word—"Thou art made whole," or, "Be thou opened." When the twelve disciples were sent out two by two they "anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them." Oil was one of the most esteemed helps for healing in the East. Remember, too, that the good Samaritan used oil on the wounds of the man by the road side. Among the later apostles they used oil and the laying on of hands in healing. Preceded by a natural form, the effectual work of the preternatural healing went forward. Not Hezekiah's figs which he used on his boil, not the oil alone, but the supernatural power back of it. Without the oil the disciples might have found it hard to believe in the very power they were exerting.

We cannot help noticing how men arrive at Christ's side by different methods. Some seek Christ; He seeks others; still others are brought to Him. Nicodemus came by night; the rich young ruler by day. Simon was brought by his brother Andrew; Nathaniel by his friend Philip; the scholarly Greeks were introduced; Matthew was called, and Zacchaeus was caught by his own curiosity. One man is carried to Christ on a mattress—this blind man was led. It doesn't matter how we find Christ as long as we come to Him. Let no man despise the other man's method of seeking or manner of arrival because it differs from his own. I am glad this man consented to be led to Christ—afterward by Christ.

Peculiar Materia Medica

As in the case of the deaf and stammering man, Christ led this man off from the crowd away out of town.

Why did Christ lead the man out of town? The reason is not expressly declared. It may have been to give the man a better chance to concentrate on what was to be done. They would also be away from any hindering influences of surroundings. The statement itself reminds us that in time of any grave crisis each soul is dealt with apart by Christ alone. Many a man is taken by the hand of the Lord, led apart from the crowd, possibly into a sick room or on to a hospital bed, and there in that seclusion first feels Jesus' healing touch to his soul.

On the outskirts of Bethsaida physician and patient stop for this wonderful out-door clinic. The blind man's friends had asked Christ to touch their friend's eyes. They expected healing only in a certain way. Naaman, the leper who was a great general in the Syrian army, expected also a certain form in Elisha's method of healing his leprosy—"I thought he surely will come out to me, and stand, and call upon the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and heal the leprosy." Instead of that Elisha told him to go dip in the Jordan seven times. You will remember how that prescription piqued Naaman's dignity. The friends of this blind man expected Jesus as a great magician to employ some sort of a cabalistic method. Instead of Christ working in their prescribed manner—it isn't for the sick man to choose the remedy, it is the doctor—He chose the simplest and most natural-looking way, so that it would have the least appearance to compel astonishment and awe. He did not heal instantly, as they expected, indeed, He did nothing before their eyes, but led the blind man out of town. Apparently He did not want to gratify their observation or curiosity. When He did begin, He touched, but healing did not come instantly as they would have expected. He used a means never suggested by them—"Spit on his eyes."

I have an idea that if Christ had always used one method of healing the spirit of formalism and superstition which lies deep in our nature would have seized on it. We would have put virtue and confidence in the manner of healing rather than in the Healer himself. We would have confounded the channel with the fountain at its head.

The Method of the Master

"When He had spit upon his eyes, and put His hands upon him—"

Blindness, caused by sun-glare, fine dust and sand, lack of hygiene and sanitation, and the after-effects of smallpox, scarlet fever, and measles, was very common in those days in Palestine, as it is still in

Egypt and Syria. Jesus applies His own saliva—puts part of Himself into the cure. We may smile at this seemingly primitive medication for ophthalmia, but there may be therapeutic value in saliva after all. Three times in my early ministry I was pastor on the edge of Indian reservations. I have frequently seen Indian mothers, when their little babies had sore eyes, touching their tongues and putting saliva on the inflamed eyes of the little papooses. Animals lick their own wounds. And remember the dogs licking the sores of Lazarus at the gate of Dives? I wonder why they did it?

He opened the eyes, the physical eyes, of the blind with His saliva; He gives light to the darkened soul by His sweat and His blood. Bless His name! And the touch of His hands, those strong helpful, healing hands! No hand of sweetheart or lover so enthralling. No hand of nurse or loved one held by sick and dying quite so helpful and comforting as the hands of the Saviour.

The Healer touches the blind eyes. There's an instant thrill along the optic nerve—in channel of vision. The lids open timidly. "What do you see?" asks the Divine Oculist, encouragingly. "I see men, and they look like trees, walking." As figures moved he concluded that they were men, but as the images were indistinct and shapeless, they rather met his idea of trees; he would have thought that they were trees only that they walked. But, he can now see—partly! The eyes are opening to sight! Like in the lengthening out half-way of a telescope or field glasses, things are blurred and confused. There was a luminous tumult of light, possibly a riot of colors mixed with shadows; like objects looming through a mist, changing their shapes as they moved. The vague consciousness of returning sight would be like the first light of dawn stealing over the earth, touching with its beams the various objects of the landscape, struggling with the darkness in a monstrous grotesque medley of confusion.

Why didn't Christ heal at once, entirely? Why stop with the miracle half performed? I offer an explanation: This man had been passive, not an insistent seeker as was Bartimæus. Possibly Christ gave him a glimpse of vision to awaken a longing for fulness. He would then satisfy with completion. Isn't that the way we come into fulness of intellectual and spiritual light? All our old errors and confusions do not go at once. The gradual process of this miracle is in remarkable accordance with the way sight is naturally acquired, and stamps the miracle with the water-mark of truth. Whatever ignorance or unbelief or superstition was in the man's mind, it would slowly give way before the gradual enlightenment of this unique miracle. So our spiritual sight gradually clears of the mists and films of sin. Christ is not only the Author but the Finisher of our spiritual sight-receiving.

At first touch the man's sight was not quite complete—the true focus was not yet attained—the telescope was only lengthened out halfway—it was not yet adjusted to the true focus of his sight. Now Christ touches his eyes again—and he sees! What a wonderful sight greets his eyes! The green serenity of the grass, the blue sublimity of the sky, the shining, dancing waters of the Galilee, the opal hills of Gadara across the sea seven miles away, the snowy crest of Mount Hermon—it must have seemed like the sight which John saw in his vision while he was in exile on the Isle of Patmos.

"Tell no man," says Jesus. Why did the Healer instruct men in three cases, in immediate succession, not to tell? Evidently for some reason Jesus wanted at this time to avoid publicity. Perhaps He feared that people would be attracted more by the miracles which He performed than by His spiritual teachings. Then, too, He may not have wanted His movements for preaching and teaching retarded by too great throngs interested only in seeing signs and wonders, confusing the substance and the shadow. Christ frequently avoided undue publicity. He would not be the first, nor the last, public man to suffer the embarrassment of too much fame.

"Tell no man." But he did! The two men whom Matthew records were also forbidden to tell. But like overjoyed children they couldn't keep still. The account says, "They, when they were departed, spread abroad His fame in all that country." Whether this man obeyed the Lord's admonition any better than the others we are not told—but we may surmise. Good news is hard to keep.

"Now Through a Glass Darkly—"

Not all looking is seeing.

This blind man was a type of a very numerous class of spiritually blind. Many folks see things through mists which assume the distorted forms of bigotry, prejudice, or partisanship. It is but a vague, dim, incomplete outline of the true thing that is seen. Some walk with half-closed eyes in a vain show, seeing men as trees walking. However, when conscious want comes into contact with liberal abundance, the problem is readily solved. Bartimæus' cry for sight was soon heeded. The jailer's question, "What shall I do to be saved?" was soon answered. But when a person has first to be awakened to a sense of his need the desire has to come before fulfilment is possible.

Often men have been brought to light—well-disposed men, too—but they see things awry. Indeed, not many men just converted have full power of spiritual perception—their sight is out of focus. This man saw things, but not in right proportion. A suspicious man judges

wrongly, a jealous woman magnifies incidents out of proportion. Not only suspicion and jealousy, but hurtness, bitterness, envy, pride, bigotry, prejudice, partisanship, malice—all these distort our vision.

Christ comes to restore our focus. We have some light, some vision, but we need another touch of Jesus' hands. Repeated approach to Christ, in the realm of spiritual sight, brings our minds to greater precision and definiteness in our knowledge of spiritual truth. We get the correct point of view and the true sense of perspective from contact with Him. Our first glance at the moon through a large telescope is apt to be disappointing. We had expected to see a larger moon than appears. We have to learn that the value of the telescope is not in its power merely to magnify, but rather in its power to handle the rays of light so truly and so exactly that the moon appears with new distinctness. The process and aim of all education are to improve the mental focus.

To have Christ touch our sight brings focus to our religious thinking. He helps us to see our men as men, and our trees as trees. I do not know that He comes to give vast visions of new truth, but I do know that He is able to come to those who see men as trees, walking, and help them see their world without distortion. For instance—

How do men see God, what is their vision of Him? Sometimes it is fearfully distorted. What is their vision of Christ as a Saviour? How do they view God's Word? His providences? His Church here on earth? What is their view of their fellows? This last is mighty important! The last thing this man of Bethsaida made out with distinctness, significantly enough, was people. First, light; then grotesque outlines of men; last, when the blur was gone, he saw folks as they were. It is only a glance from seeing our neighbor as he is to seeing Christ as He is. A right focus helps us see God and man aright. "What wilt thou?" asked Christ of one of old time. His answer is our answer: "Lord, that I may receive my sight!"

That Weaker Brother

Text: And through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish, for whom Christ died? Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth.—1 Cor. 8 : 11, 13.

PSYCHOLOGY is neither local nor transient.

One true map of the psychic world will serve in all years and in all latitudes. Love and hatred, trust and suspicion, delight and anger; remembering, imagining, willing, and conscience were the same in Corinth and Ephesus in A. D. 27 as they are in New York and Philadelphia today. In this chapter of Paul's we are, therefore, on familiar ground. The cases of individual conscience are peculiar to each, but conscience itself is broadly the arbiter in every man's breast.

In beautiful, luxuriant Corinth—"Græciæ lumen," "The light of Greece"as Cicero called it—the apostle spent much time and encountered many discouragements. His recent converts to the Christian faith were imperiled by most alluring temptations. There were also many minor embarrassments. On every hand there were altars and temples with gorgeous rituals and elaborate ceremonials devoted to idolatry. The worship found its expression also in the home of the people, at their feasts and family festivals. If a member of a family were converted to Christianity he, or she, had to continue living with his folk who were yet in idolatry. The question became very vital to the convert as to what should be his attitude toward the appurtenances of idolatry.

Among the questions was that of eating meat which had once been used in idol worship. Of the flesh of the beasts slain by the heathen priests in the services of their gods only a portion was required for religious rites. That which remained was consumed by the priests themselves, or was exposed for sale in the public markets of Corinth. In addition to the family table fare, entertainments were sometimes given in localities more or less closely associated with the idolatrous worship, and at these idol-meats were offered to the guests. Was it right for the young Christian to partake of such food? These pagans made a great show of respect to their gods, and dinner parties might be given either at home or at the temple. For instance, the young Christian might receive an invitation such as this:

"Antonius, son of Ptolemaus, invites you to dine with him at the table of noble Serapis, in honor of Claudius Serapion on his approaching coming of age. We will dine today, Pharmouthi 22, at 8th hour, at the temple of Demeter."

What should the young Christian do? To you and me the question might appear simple. To make an issue of it would seem absurd—a tempest in a teapot—but to those new converts it was a burning problem. In eating the idol-meat, which they possibly might, they would be in communion with the heathen god, as we today go to "the Lord's Table" and call the act a "communion service."

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

I think the question of meat offered to idols was much more serious to the converts from heathenism than it was even to those who were from Judaism.

The Jews were possibly better educated. Their minds were swung in a broader orbit. Their eyes gazed upon a more inclusive horizon. The only question was one of physical taste—was the meat fresh, tender, and wholesome? If so they were satisfied. Thus arose the question of conscience. On one hand scruples, sharp, pointed, and narrow; on the other, sentiments broad and, indeed, correct. The question between the two was referred to Paul. His reasoning and answer are models of Christian conduct, tactfulness, and consideration.

Acknowledging the larger interpretation, declaring "that an idol is nothing in itself but a piece of clay, wood, or stone, and that there is none other God but one," he yet pleads for a consideration in habit and practice in the interests of the weak brother. He declared that as far as he himself was concerned he would rather be a vegetarian to the end of his days than partake of such meat if his partaking might draw a weak brother back into idolatry.

There are four different methods of approaching the question of how much we shall abstain for the sake of others. It is a question today as vital in its way as it was in the days of Paul. First: We may determine our answer merely upon considerations of personal inclinations and enjoyment—"If the meat is good, and I want it, why refuse it?" Second: With some others the question would be submitted to the judgment of society—"What is the custom? Do my more fashionable friends venture to decline invitations to these feasts?" A third, and more manifestly higher method would ask: "What is right? What does an enlightened conscience approve?" There would also be the thought that anything that is indecent, dishonorable, hurtful to ourselves must at once be condemned. But that which is in itself innocent we may allow. We may stand upon our individual liberties, and if we seek to avoid all that is absolutely wrong we shall owe to our fellows no further debt.

Here are three entirely different methods of dealing with a question of practical morality and conduct. But Paul points out that there is a

larger, broader view that must be met in the highest interests of not ourselves alone, but of the human group to which we belong—"How might my indulgence in meat affect others? These brethren seem to me to have rather restricted views in the matter. I, personally, can perceive no essential wrong in eating 'idol-meat.' If, however, eating such meat is a stumbling-block to my weaker brother, I will eat no more meat while the world standeth."

In this golden statement of Paul is seen the sensitiveness of Christianity to the weak—for the first time it makes charity a rudimentary virtue. "Here," says Lecky, the historian of European morals, "rises before us the image of a commonwealth in which a universal enthusiasm takes the place of law. . . . A commonwealth sustained and governed by the desire existing in the mind of each of its members to do as much good as possible to every other member." What a picture—a society moved and mastered by the "enthusiasm of humanity!"

That Weak Brother

Being a weak brother is not a grace—it is an infirmity.

The weak brother is often defective or a delinquent. He is the nervous, dyspeptic, irritable member of the Christian family. Sometimes he is damaged goods. In dealing with him in all things one needs patience and the ability to be long suffering. The great objective in view is not to coddle and placate and weaken him, to let him eventually become a petty tyrant in the household of faith, but to help him until he becomes normal and sufficiently rugged to take his place and bear equal responsibility with the rest of his brethren.

I'll admit that the weak brother is sometimes a nuisance. He is often a hypochondriac. In finding things wrong his imagination works overtime. He is very self-opinionated. It is a characteristic of all weakness that it tends to become self-centered. It develops an egoism that is hard to bear with. He is hard to get along with. You'd as soon live in a cage with a fretful porcupine. That weakness of his makes him about as companionable as a bear with a sore paw. Frequently, very frequently, he is ignorant, but his ignorance does not make him modest about what he does not know. Indeed, he is more confident that you are ignorant than that he is. His ignorance, crude and unblushing, struts like a peacock, chatters like a magpie, and settles the problems of the government—or of the universe—with a sentence, or a loud guffaw of laughter. Moreover, that weak brother is liable to be as obstinate as he is opinionated. The tenacity of weakness and ignorance is one of the wonders of our humanity.

The defect of the heathen convert, as differentiated from the Judean convert, was his limited idea of God. Paganism does not enlarge the

skyline. These Corinthian brethren were not responsible for their ignorance, never having had the chance to grow. Nevertheless it was their ignorance that made them weak. Then, too, interests often make a weak brother. Customs have hooks, and it is not easy, even for the sake of faith, to tear them out of the flesh of one's soul. It was not easy to live in the presence of idolatrous custom and still be loyal to the spirit of a great faith. When customs and habits are drawn up against hard-fought convictions the weak brother is likely to choose service in the ranks of custom. His interests have not only been the measure, but may become the master of his responsibility.

Indulgence, too, goes into the fiber to make the weak brother such. It doesn't take long to get used to money and acquire the manner of the rich. Luxury soon gets into the blood. It was the leeks and garlic and melons and flesh pots of Egypt that made the coarse food of the desert seem more unpalatable to the Israelites in their march through the wilderness. The luxurious surroundings of some of the members of the Christian church in Corinth made it harder for their brethren. Self-indulgence will undermine any spiritual constitution. It is the tuberculosis of the soul.

And what should be our attitude toward our weaker brother? It is our business to remember that for him, too, as for the stronger one, Christ died. Weakness need not be a permanent condition of the weak one's discipleship. Since love is masterful, love is strong, love is conquering; it is also considerate to the weak. If love is deep enough it will deny itself—for love's sake. It is never any trouble to deny one's self for the sake of a loved one. If anything we do will hurt one we love, we will abstain from that while the world stands.

The Philosophy of Abstinence

Let us put it down as an axiom that the individual is of less consequence than society.

That seems too plain to need reiteration. But practically it is not always acknowledged. I know that some writers, like Mill, put the stress on personal liberty. They are slow to justify any legal matters which may abridge the privilege of the individual. They are apt to estimate man too high and mankind too low.

Providence does not make such estimates. What we call the laws of Nature constantly subordinate us to the general good. The progress of history is achieved through suffering and martyrdom. The father and mother must needs deny themselves for the sake of the family. Sons and brothers die that the Republic may live. Science and invention go forward through unrequited sacrifices. The body is more than

its members. In the plan of salvation "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."

In the fact that men have so often tried to reverse God's computations, and make one of more worth than many, lies the secret of much of the misery of the human race. Along the lines of this vicious calculation deep streams of blood have flowed. Kings and princes from thrones of gold have looked down on their subjects only as the small dust of the balance. Many high ecclesiastical dignitaries have counted their robes and dignities above the peace and purity of the Church. How refreshing to consider him who counted not his "life dear" to himself, willing to be "all things to all men," if by these all means he might "save some." "But isn't it possible that narrow-minded and captious persons may seek to obstruct our freedom and spoil our pleasures? Where shall we draw the line?" Frankly, I cannot tell you. I only know that the stress and point of the matter lies in the question—"What will save this weaker brother whom my liberty might offend?"

What do we owe the weak? Well, we owe them, for their sakes, a certain abridgment of our own personal liberty. And here we touch a question that has forked lightning in it—in regard to a certain form of personal liberty, although we do not so furiously object to conscription in time of national danger, or to firemen running their hose through our house if they can better get at the fire next door, or even dynamiting our building if it is necessary to save a block. If you and I are strong we are a menace to our fellows until we have learned the lesson of control of that strength—and its obligation to the common good. It takes a strong man to do as he ought. In an organized form of society the collective judgment and conscience are expressed in the form of laws. The least heroic thing in the world is to sacrifice such laws and our fellows for the sake of our selfish selves.

At the St. Louis Exposition in 1904 Miss Helen Keller, the blind deaf-mute, who had been delivered from her darkness through the patient, loving service of her teacher and friend, Miss Sullivan, told in an address of the many notable achievements for the uplift of humanity, and closed with the dramatic sentence—"And so man, as he goes on his way rejoicing, has not forgotten his weaker brother." Christ also said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The Peerless Pearl

Text: The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.—Matt. 13 : 45, 46.

I CAN see those Jewish eyes brightening when Christ told his hearers this parable.

There was a rare flavor of Oriental adventure and romance about it. Many a time they had seen an old peddler with his pack going through village and countryside. Ostensibly he was selling bits of silk, purple, curious lizard-like trinkets from Egypt, little vials of perfume from Arabia, some sweet gums and dried dates from beyond the desert. But rumor would have it that in a belt beneath his gabardine he had rare pearls from the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf. If so, he really was not a common peddler, but a merchantman, keen and sagacious. Off in the narrow and dark streets of Damascus or Bagdad his life wouldn't be worth much if he made a display of such precious wares.

What the diamond is to the modern, the pearl was to the ancient. It is the first and last precious gem mentioned in the Bible. Pliny, who lived in the same century with Christ, said, "Pearls hold the chief and highest place of all precious things"—diamonds were, of course, unknown to the ancients.

Jesus' hearers were familiar with colorful stories of pearls. From the time of King Solomon pearls had been brought by merchantmen from Egypt. It isn't unlikely that the Queen of Sheba brought some among her other rich gifts. The classic world, as well as the strictly Oriental countries, loved to tell stories about them as fascinating as any from the Arabian Nights. There is the familiar story that Pliny himself vouches for of Cleopatra's sitting down to a banquet, with Mark Anthony, wearing two pearls either of which was worth $400,000. She dissolved one of them in vinegar to make a costly drink. Unfortunately we are not told how the gallant Mark was impressed with such wilful extravagance.

Julius Cæsar is reputed to have presented Servilia, the mother of Marcus Brutus, with a pearl valued at $250,000. He brought home a breast-plate from Britain formed of pearls which he dedicated to Venus Genetrix. Suetonius declares that that was the chief inducement for Cæsar's British expeditions—he'd heard that the British treasure boxes held some remarkably beautiful and costly pearls.

The glory of the land of Havilah, surrounded by one of Eden's rivers, is described as due to "gold and bdellium and onyx stone." This bdellium was probably our pearl. An ancient writer says, "A stone has been found in the Indian Seas called bdellius. It has its origin from a drop of dew falling into the ocean, and, gathering unto itself a shell, is gradually transformed into a jewel!" And this is the most ancient view of the formation of the pearl. It is reasonably certain that amidst all the glories of Eden, pearls were among its precious gems.

Humanity's Quest

Man is the eternal seeker.

There's something in him that never seems satisfied. A queer unrest urges him on. He is never satisfied with what he has and is. Give him everything he asks, and he will be interested and held for a moment. The next moment he wants to add something to it. I suppose that accounts for the progress of the race. Life means a quest of some kind. When a man stops seeking, death is not far off. When you lose sight of an objective you are dead.

Where there's no quest, there's no conquest—only an inquest.

So Jason, the Greek hero, organized the Argonautic expedition to go in quest of the Golden Fleece, which was nailed to the sacred oak in the grove of Mars by King Aeetes, and was guarded by the dragon that never slept. The voyage of Jason's fifty-oared ship, the Argos, the journey to Colchis, and the recovery of the fleece by the aid of the king's daughter, forms a theme in Greek myth and legend that became an inspiration to the youth of Greece for centuries to come.

So, too, Sir Galahad, son of Sir Launcelot, went in quest of the Holy Grail. This celebrated knight of the Round Table started in search of the cup used by the Saviour at the last supper, and which was said to have passed into the hands of Joseph of Arimathea, who carried it to Britain, where it disappeared. No one might find the sacred chalice unless he were pure and holy. The quest was only a mediæval legend, but it has impressed the thought upon the youth of a race that there is the strength of ten if one is pure.

So, also, Juan Ponce de Leon, court page, soldier and explorer, left the shores of Spain in quest of a fountain of youth, which the American Indians said would give perpetual youth to those who bathed in its waters. On that gorgeous Easter Sunday morning of 1512 he landed on the coast of Florida—the land of flowers. He found no youth-renewing waters. There isn't any. Heaven alone is the land where folks never grow old.

The man in the parable was a seeker. He didn't stumble on his wealth, like the finder of the treasure hid in the field. He was a dealer in pearls, a connoisseur, an expert. Pearls have to be sought for. Children might have used diamonds as marbles in South Africa, but one does not find pearls lying in the dust.

If men sought the kingdom of God as they do other treasures they would be opulent in spiritual wealth. "See the old gent in the battered brown derby and the faded check suit?" I glanced in the direction indicated, and nodded my head. "Well, he's the champion oyster opener of this town. He's been on the job through forty winters. In the months without the 'R' he's idle, but tells that next winter he's going to find a pearl that will put him on easy street." From September to April this little old man watches every oyster he opens. He has a "hunch" that in this present winter he's going to strike the prize. Think it is a delusion? Maybe it is. I hope his long quest will be successful. Bless his hopeful, cheery spirit! I know some others who expect to find a pearl in their oyster shell some day. Meanwhile I think he is finding a pearl every day in his wages and tips, but he doesn't know that. Just the same, a steady job, however humble, has a better chance of provision in it for a rainy day than the accidents of fortune, which are as scarce as jewels in the oysters of a restaurant.

It would be well if the persistency and singleness of purpose shown in the quest for life's prizes would be copied in the search of the soul for the pearl of great price that Christ spoke of in the parable.

The Quest for the Best

Is there any one thing the possession of which should make the supreme object of life's endeavor?

Who is an authority on that subject? When Mr. Ford talks about automobiles, it is well to listen. When Mr. Edison speaks on electricity, most of us can learn by keeping silent. When Mr. Taft declares himself on the judiciary of the United States, it behooves his country to hear and heed. When the Lord Jesus Christ talks about the Kingdom of Heaven, His advice is the most important in the world. And what is His great pronouncement? It is—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." There's no chance for a mistake in the clearness of that statement.

What are you and I seeking most? I suppose we answer it by the general word happiness. Sometimes we say we want money most of all, because of its remarkable purchasing power—hardly anything it won't buy, we think. Yet whoever is ever satisfied with money? We want a little more, and then a little more, and finally die regretting that

we have so little. The same is true of the quest for knowledge. The knowledge seeker is never satisfied. Von Humboldt, the great scholar, at ninety years of age, as he watched the shadows fall around the eaves, and life's lighted windows grow dim, murmured, "I am just beginning to learn." Copernicus, turning to the stars that he loved, and that came out nightly to do him honor, sighed, "I have thought and studied and worked for years, and yet I know so little." Meissonier, the artist, said, "I never hesitate about scraping out the work of yesterday, and beginning afresh so as to satisfy myself and try to do better."

What man worthy of the name was ever satisfied with his achievement? And of happiness itself—I cannot help thinking of one of Thomas Carlyle's sententious sentences, "Men are wretched," declares Tammas, "because they think they have the right to be happy, but if they take it for granted that they deserve nothing, each blessing they get will be a perpetual source of happiness."

I think that mental and spiritual happiness, the inner real, is found only in the kingdom of God. The possession of that pearl is the first and most essential requisite.

The Pearl of Pain

The pearl is the only jewel produced by suffering.

In the Gulf of Manaar, northeast of the island of Ceylon, or near the shores of the Sulu Archipelago, northeast of Borneo, is the best modern habitat of the pearl-oyster.

The oyster's feeding radius is very limited, as you may imagine. It must open its mouth as the tide comes and goes and receive its food from the passing waters. Sand also is washed in, and again out. But sometimes a sharp piece becomes embedded and remains in, and, like the cinder in your eye, seems impossible to dislodge. The tiny grain of sand lodges within the mantle-lobes. It becomes a painful irritant. Mother Nature starts in to alleviate the distress—as she always does. Around the offending invading particle she hurries an abnormal secretory process. She deposits around that central nucleus, in successive filmy layers, a nacreous carbonate of lime substance, interstratified with the animal membrane. In due time, out of the bivalve's suffering, there is produced the pearl with its silvery, bluish-white surface, its brilliant lustre, and varying tints.

A pearl is unlike any other precious gem. The others—diamond, sapphire, ruby—are all dead "stones." The pearl is a living thing, produced by a living creature—the result of its sufferings. Strange to say, a pearl—not an imitation—will die, lose its lustre, if not in use. It must be touched by the warmth of human flesh.

In the Meuse Valley of France lies the town of Vaucouleurs. It was here Joan of Arc made known her mission to the Sire de Baudricourt. The thought of pearls brings this quaint village to mind for this reason. A necklace of pearls was owned by Comtesse Marie Jeanne Becu du Barry, once a peasant girl who bewitched her way to the court of Louis XV, where she infatuated that pleasure-loving monarch with her beauty, quick wit, and gracious manners. (Incidentally, Jeanne d'Arc was burned at the stake by the British and Jeanne du Barry was beheaded by the French Revolutionary Tribunal.) This string of pearls I mentioned has been hidden by lineal descendants of the fascinating Comtesse for over one hundred and thirty years.

Some months ago, when folks tried to dispose of them to a Parisian pearl dealer for 300,000 francs this sensitive string was found to be lifeless, stone dead—virtually worthless except for sentimental reasons.

That suggests quite a thought. The kingdom of Heaven, the peerless pearl of great price—is a living, vital thing. Used, it glorifies the bearer. Neglected, it dies in the heart. It then is the salt without savor. It is the candle under a bushel. God was manifest in the human flesh, and, lo, the Christ came to lighten and beautify the world. The pearl of great price is a fit type of Christ. No gem so pure. In its beauty the seven rays of the sunbeam blend in wonderful iridescence.

Christianity is the only religion established in suffering. Its Founder was the man of sorrows, acquainted with grief; the agony of Gethsemane, the suffering of Calvary, was the gate to His kingdom. In John's Revelation many precious stones are represented in the walls of Heaven, but the gates of entrance were pearl. They represent the price paid by the Redeemer on the cross of Calvary. Not many things on earth that are worth while but are born in the pain of sacrifice of some kind.

The pearl represents the hazards and sacrifices at which salvation was obtained. The pearl-fisher dives into the depths. The water may be stained red with his blood as he fights off shark and saw fish. His days are shortened by the strain of frequent diving. It is the price of pearls for the diver. The merchantman in the parable sold all that he had to obtain such a precious gem. What shall we pay?

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

The Poor Widow Who Was Rich

Text: And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites.—Mark 12 : 42.

IT is near sunset in Christ's career.

The time is Paschal Week—and the last week of Christ upon earth. In Passover Week great multitudes came to Jerusalem. It has been estimated that as many as three million people would gather in and around the Holy City during the seven days of this great annual Feast of the Jews.

This particular "treasury" was in the Court of the Women, a large enclosure of the temple. It is said that fifteen thousand women would no more than fill it; and it was often filled, for women are more religious than men—at least in temple going. This Court of the Women was as far as the sex might enter, they could approach no nearer the Holy of Holies, while men could pass into the Court where the Altar of burnt offering stood.

During the Feast throngs of votaries, men and women from many lands, could be seen pouring into the Court of the Women. Luke tells us this was the regular place of assembly for public worship. The stream of humanity must have seemed almost endless with such vast multitudes in attendance.

There were thirteen boxes, or chests, conveniently placed for the offerings of the worshipers. Nine of them were for Temple dues, and four for freewill offerings—one of the four being for wood for the Temple fires, another for incense, another for the adornment of the building, and the fourth for burnt offerings. It was for all these that the faithful were giving, dropping their contributions as they passed. Though many of them gave in moderation, the rich, and those who wanted to appear rich, made extravagant gifts. It was the fashion. The Jews were even compelled at one time to make a law that no more than a certain proportion of one's possessions should be cast into the treasury. How rare a law! In Pompey's time this Temple treasury had a surplus, after every possible Temple need had been met, and every Temple luxury had been provided, of more than twelve million dollars. The gifts of Christianity to missions and home work are now large, but what would it be if every one tithed!

The Opulent Widow

Jesus sat down "over against the treasury" and observed.

That's a good place from which to observe! See how people give and you will see far into their hearts and lives. How, and for what, we spend our money is a good test of our character. "Money talks" and it sometimes tells more than is comfortable for us. The treasury chests had metal, trumpet-shaped mouths. When a coin dropped against the metal mouth the trumpet rang. That was one way of making the "trumpet sound before" one.

Jesus, the unobserved Observer, sits watching, musingly. It isn't difficult to see the crowd passing before the Saviour's eyes. Human nature was the same then as now. Fashions of thought and manner change, are ever changing and returning, but essential life remains the same. The fickle seasons of various years alters the colors of the landscape, but its general contour abides. Take the crowd that goes to church today, and, with slightly different modes, you have the crowd that went up to the temple in the days of our Lord.

The Master notes those who with flashing jeweled fingers and flowing robes, haughty and supercilious, possibly clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, ostentatiously drop their coin, and big coin at that. "Many that were rich cast in much," the Word says. No doubt if we were in the crowd we would overhear snatches of very familiar speech—"Business is poor!" "Money is tight." "Don't know what the country is coming to." "We have to cut down expenses." But if religious giving drags, superstitious giving doesn't. A little charity is a good investment, it may conciliate good fortune, it hedges one about with hallowed serenity. It is just as well that we do not know the motive back of every gift. The gift without the giver is often very bare.

Then comes the widow. Her garb denotes that. Its quality shows she is poor. She clutches in her hand two mites, the smallest coins in circulation, probably the minute Maccabean bronze bits of money. She will drop them into the treasury box and pass out unnoticed. But the Almighty was observing!

The Master beckons his disciples. "See that little woman going there—the one in black? She just dropped in two-fifths of a cent." "Two-fifths of a cent! She ought to be rebuked!" blusters Peter. "Pretty close-fisted," comments Judas. "No," says the Master tenderly, "She has given more than all the rest. The others have given of their plenty, she, out of her poverty, has given—her all!"

Those wealthy Jews and their big gifts are forgotten—this widow and her two bronze mites have been the theme of the ages.

The Scales of Jehovah

God's scales are so fine that they weigh not only what we give, but what we have left.

Conditions back of a gift can add tremendously to its worth or they may subtract the greater part of its value. You remember the old story, possibly apocryphal, of the man who dropped a five dollar gold piece on the collection plate and asked its return. "I'll get credit for it in heaven, anyway." "No, no," said the treasurer, "you'll only get credit for the penny you meant to give."

All coin does not have the same value in proportion to its weight. Those bronze pieces may have shone like gold in God's sight. To the timid widow it seemed as if the trumpet mouths will call out her pitiful gift. "Two mites! Two-fifths of a cent! Hear ye! Hear ye! This widow is only giving the Lord two-fifths of a cent!" Suppose the collection plates would call out on Sunday when the ushers pass them—"Hear ye! This man only gave a nickel, and he'll give a dollar for cigars before the week is over!" "Hear ye, O people! This woman's neck-piece cost $25, and she's giving the Lord a dime!" That widow had something that would save us such humiliation. She had a giving heart!

Every once in a while I hear some one say, "Well, pastor, I will give my mite toward it." Will you? Well we will have a big offering then. The mite is the mighty thing—the mite is all!

The mite was the measure of God's gift to mankind in the person of His only begotten Son. This day was Tuesday of that last week. Late in the afternoon the Nazarene closed his public ministry and withdrew to Bethany. There to remain under the shadow of the cross. Three days from the time the widow gave her mite He gave His all for the children of men.

The Gift and the Giver

The Lord still sits over against the treasury of our lives.

It is a staggering moment when we awake to the near presence of God. Life takes on a strange solemnity. It can no longer be furtive, no longer an unwatched vagrancy. Nothing can be done in a corner. The inch becomes allied to the infinite, the private walk becomes the highway of the Lord. Life takes on a majestic dignity if we realize that our least endeavors are witnessed by Him who sitteth upon the throne.

I think this, that no life becomes real until it becomes sacrificial. We begin to operate with vital forces when we cross the border into the land of sacrifice. Luxury and plenty are but the shadowy realm of

existence, we have not yet begun to live. The things that we can spare easily carry no blood. There are two values—the piety of easy service and the piety of self-denial.

"A dollar's a dollar, no matter how it's given." No, it isn't! Gifts sometimes become shrines. I have come to believe that if a spiritual presence can tenant a material body, it is not then incredible that a spiritual influence can accompany a material gift. Every dollar is not like every other dollar, similar words do not always carry the same force, nor do two half-hours denote the same significance. Nowhere in my church life do I so appreciate time like that which folk give to the devotional midweek meeting. I deny that the hour spent in amusement equals that spent in the house of God. God is a God of knowledge, and by Him is time and action weighed.

"Washington's ragged troops left blood marks where they trod the snow in that awful winter of '77–'78 at Valley Forge. Abraham left heart-blood in his tracks up Mount Moriah. He was going to offer up his only son Isaac as a sacrifice to Jehovah. That was the experience that shattered self. Only a father and mother who gave a son's life in the Great War can realize truly the sacrifice of their own flesh and blood on the altar of America. The rest of us bought Liberty Bonds and are now being paid for our patriotism. But there's a difference between buying bonds and broaching blood.

"The Least You Do for Jesus—"

You and I stand, gift in hand, before the treasury chest of God—what will we give?

All of us have dreams of the great deeds we would like to perform. We would like to be famous generals; we can almost see the shining sword that would be presented to us after winning a glorious victory. Washington had five given him, surely we would win one or two. We would like to be an Edison or a Marconi or a Wanamaker, some place where the world would see how large our gift for God and humanity. Almost every girl has a dream of nursing wounded soldiers, ministering on battlefield or in hospital. But, sad to relate, we have no military ability, no inventive genius, no training for hospital, no business instinct.

Each of us as individuals casts into the world's treasury our little gift. The inventor brings his tool, the author his book, the musician his score, the artist his picture, the physician his medicine, the minister his sermon and service. The world sometimes fails to note your gift—heaven never does. What shall we give to the Lord?

Why, give ourselves and what we do have. "How many loaves have ye?" said Christ to the disciples before He fed the multitude.

Moses, what have you? A rod. Gideon? A pitcher. Joshua? A ram's horn. Lone widow? A cruse of oil. Shamgar? An ox goad. David? My shepherd's sling. Mary? A vase of spikenard. Ben Ezra? A lad's lunch basket. Dorcas? A needle. Paul? A soldier chained to each wrist.

Give what you have to God. Yes, but that is so small. Never mind that. The widow gave her two mites and achieved immortality.

The Disillusioned Fisherman

Text: Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing.—John 21 : 3.

THIS is the last time we will see the Apostle Peter as a fisherman. He had been a fisherman from his youth up. His father before him had been a fisherman. When Christ called him to be a disciple he and his brother Andrew owned a boat on the Sea of Galilee. James and John, another pair of brothers, were his partners. The business which they had built up seemed to be a thriving one.

Then came that eventful spring day when the Nazarene called them to be His disciples and follow Him. He told them that henceforth He would make them "fishers of men." He evidently foresaw that the same good qualities which went to make up a fisherman on the Sea of Galilee —energy, courage, resourcefulness, patience—would be mightily useful in the higher sphere of casting the Gospel net, and of angling for men.

There followed three glorious years of discipleship. They were with Him all the time, on mountain and lake, in houses and synagogues, along dusty highways, and by sandy seashore. They heard his sermons, listened to His parables, partook in His miracles. They knew the thrill of the crowd, the plaudits of the multitude. Above all, they drank in the references to His coming kingdom. No other expression was so much on His lips as "the kingdom." In that kingdom they were to have a large part. That would be a great day when the Son of David would set up His throne in the capital city of Jerusalem!

Then the dream vanished. The bubble burst. He was arrested. Instead of His calling down twelve legions of angels and setting up His kingdom they saw Him dragged off to the judgment hall, whipped, spat upon, and in mockery a crown of thorns pressed down upon His head, a scarlet robe put on Him, and a reed thrust into His hand. The next day they saw Him in the agony and death of crucifixion. The third day after, He rose from the dead and appeared unto some of them. It was a joyous, jubilant, almost incredible experience. He said to these joy-bewildered, worshipping disciples, "Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there they shall see me."

A Lost Chord

Events had transpired with astonishing rapidity.

The disciples were dazed. In his death the unbelievable had happened. More than that, it left them with a queer sense of uncertainty.

Like folks after an earthquake, that which they had believed stable and certain, the very earth and rocks under their feet, was no longer a sure, solid foundation. What was now left that might be depended upon?

Now they were back in Galilee as Jesus had directed on the dawn of that first Easter day. It was good to be back home—but it was like returning to a house after a funeral.

They are home, but they have found Him not. Galilee was a small province, and yet large enough when looking for some one. However, they knew His favorite haunts. They would look in the desert, east of the Lake, that is where He had multiplied the bread and the fishes, but they did not see Him there. In the synagogue on the Sabbath they listened for the Voice that had thrilled the multitudes, but they heard only the dreary intonation of the scribe. In the evening they would go down by the shore of the sea. They wandered at sunset among the fishermen gathering for the night's work. With yearning eyes they watched the faces as they sauntered through the streets of Cana, Capernaum, and Nazareth. They hoped to see that one dear familiar Face. They listened to passersby half-hoping to hear a Voice say, "Verily, I say unto you." But He did not speak.

Possibly they would murmur, "He will surely come, and come soon." There are devout disciples saying that very thing today. Thus at times the Eleven uttered the wishes of their hearts; at others, their minds burdened with a great fear, they would ask, "But what if He should not come?" And there may have been the taunt and sting of the malicious who chided them for leaving their nets and boats three years ago to follow this poor deluded fanatical Carpenter.

The Lap and Lure of the Lake

They watch in the deepening twilight as the last boat-load of fishermen push off into Gennesaret.

They glance toward Peter—always Peter. There's a struggle going on in the soul of that impetuous disciple. The waves are lapping against the side of his heart. The lure of the lake holds him in its thrall. He's been a landsman for three years. He's talked of flowers instead of fish. His feet are sore tramping from Galilee to Judea, Samaria, and the region beyond. How soft the path of the waters seems! How unwearied the wind! How bracing the tang of the sea! The flap of the sail has a language all of its own. The sail and the sea—they beckon him!

He gives a quick glance into the eyes of his fellows. "Well, whatever is to be or not to be—I'm going back to fishing!" Strange to say, his look and tone are contagious. They answer, "We also go with thee!"

They had lost hope. Christ was dead. The campaign had turned out a disastrous defeat. The dream ended in an awakening. Against the cruel bitter verdict of the cross there was no appeal. Now they would go back a-fishing. Back to the common humdrum of every-day life. They would fish all night and sell on the streets in the morning of the next day. They would barter their fish for bread and clothing, salt and sails. There would be the taunts and smiles of derision from neighbors, friends, and enemies. Such easy marks for a visionary Carpenter! But never mind, they would be back on the sea and—never again!

It's a sad day when our ideals fail us. The ideal of the disciples had faded like the sunset over Tiberius. There was nothing left but the drab sea, and the gathering night, and the toil for bread. It is all up as far as these fine enthusiasms are concerned, but when the enthusiasm is shattered, then—well, there's always the Lake, and the boat, and the net. That mood of the mind is one of the commonest. Youth dreams—"the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." The man dreams of his profession, the woman her ideal of love and home. One of the glories of youth is that it is capable of passion for the ideal. That is the time when our lips say:—

> "One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name."

Peter forsook his ideal, but his ideal did not forsake him. Out there on the lonely sea that night, the lost Ideal pursued him. I think such hours are God's hours, when He is very nigh to those who think themselves forsaken. You may have gone a-fishing, but God has followed you on the barren sea. He is never very far at such times. Indeed, His very farness may be His nearness.

Watch yourself when you are going through waiting times!

Night and Nothing

The Master had a great deal of trouble with Peter—but it paid. He has much with us, too. I hope it will pay also.

I am sure Peter did some tall thinking that night as the waves lapped against the side of the boat. Peter remembered that night in the Judgment Hall and his denial. He wasn't quite on the same good terms with his Master. That was a shadow between him and his Lord. Many a time our memories chill our enthusiasms.

Something was wrong that night on Galilee. Peter hadn't forgotten his old trade of fishing. The Lake was just as well stocked with fish as ever. No fish at the first stopping place. Up with the anchor! I

guess Nathaniel is dreaming of his vineyards and garden. This fishing business—night time's the time for sleep! The boat moves on. Still no fish. John, the boy, is drowsy. This isn't the romance of the starlit waters when the Master used to be with them. The fishy smell of this boat nauseates him. He'd rather smell the fragrance of flowers on far off hillsides, and the piney smell of the woods on mountain tops with his beloved Lord.

A rough hand touches his shoulder. "We are moving again. Help with the sail." They try one place and then another. "Once more," says Peter. "If this is a failure we will return. It is most daybreak, anyway." They try again. No fish. "That night they took nothing!" Thank God! Suppose they had! There is a success that is a failure, and there is a failure that is a success. Other boats, I suppose, caught fish that night, but I am glad the disciples did not. Fishing without Christ spelled failure for them. Other organizations, social, fraternal, patriotic, may so succeed, but the Church needs the presence and power of its Lord. He says, "Without me ye can do nothing."

Morning—Master—Miracle

They turn homeward. There's a glint of light in the eastern sky.

The shore line draws near. Landmarks are easily discernible. A Voice, strangely familiar, comes over the surf in the misty dawn—"Children, have ye any meat?" That is, "Have you caught anything?" Peter's answer is half-surly, irritation mingles with disappointment, as he answers back, "No!" "Cast your net on the right side and you'll find." It seems impertinence, but they'll try once more rather than have nothing to take to the fish markets of Capernaum in the morning.

They draw in the net. It is weighted down. One hundred and fifty-three fish! They could hardly believe it! Success on the instant! Something warmed John's heart. John was the disciple of love. He's a poor lover who isn't keen in perception. As they tugged at the net John gave a quick glance over his shoulder toward the shore. "Simon, it's the Lord!" John was keener in perception, but Peter was quicker in action. Stopping only to gird his fisher's coat about him, he leaps into the sea. Gone his care for fish! Lost, his interest in boat and net! Let others, if they wished, land the catch!

Peter's soon at his Lord's feet. What words of confession, what assurance of forgiveness between that sinning disciple and his Master, we know not. Some things are too sacred for the world's curious gaze and ears. We only know that complete reinstatement was Peter's. That is enough.

The other disciples come in the boat, dragging the net full of fishes. Jesus said, "Come and dine." Or, as we would say, "Come and break

your fast." They gather about the fire on the beach, and eat of His fish and bread. In the breaking of the bread, like to the disciples at Emmaus, He became known to them. I wonder if they thought of the last meal in the upper room? The one was in a guest room at a table—this one on a beach. At the other the night was dark with the shadow of crucifixion, this one is bright with the glow of Resurrection. I wonder if Peter, as he stood there drying his clothes before the fire made of driftwood on the beach, thought of that other morning as he stood warming his hands before the little charcoal fire in the outer court of Caiaphas, the high priest?

Jesus turns the same eyes on this new Simon Peter, "Simon, lovest thou me?" "Thou knowest. I dare not say." By easy steps the Lord leads the forgiven disciple: "Feed my lambs." Then "Feed my sheep." No longer a fisherman—now a shepherd. Rough blundering Peter tending little lambs and sheep! That is now his commission.

All's well that ends well. Simon Peter went to fish and found the Lord. Moses led his flock and found God. The woman of Samaria went for water and found Jesus. Zacchæus went to satisfy his curiosity and found his Guest. Saul went toward Damascus to slaughter and imprison, and found Him whom he was persecuting.

What boots it if at the end of every experience we find our Lord?

The Palm Sunday Procession

Text: And a great multitude spread their garments . . . others cut down branches . . . and the multitudes . . . cried, . . . Hosanna!—Matt. 21 : 8, 9.

THE time is Sunday, April 2, A. D. 30.

It is also the Passover feast, commemorating the deliverance of the children of Israel from the bondage of Egypt. It was, as it were, the birthday anniversary of the nation—the Jewish Fourth of July. It also marked the closing period of Christ's earthly ministry.

As the time for the passover festival drew nigh, the question of going to Jerusalem to observe the feast arose among the disciples of Jesus. They were all aware of the danger of such a course. They no doubt remembered His prediction, that He would be delivered into the hands of His enemies and be put to death. They advised strongly against the visit. Jesus had definitely decided, however, to go to Jerusalem and bring about the crisis of His life and ministry. He made this known to His disciples soon after the conversion of Zacchæus. The impression produced on their minds was that "the kingdom of God" was immediately to appear. In this connection He told them the Parable of the Pounds.

Christ himself knew that the visit to the capital city was going to result in serious consequences to Himself. He was entering the very stronghold of His enemies. Even in northern Palestine the Jewish priests had been sufficiently powerful to make the continuance of His work in that territory inadvisable. In Jerusalem, where they practically controlled the situation, He could expect nothing else than that they would go to the most extreme measures to stop what they regarded as His blasphemous career. Jesus was, however, convinced that it was the will of His heavenly Father that the final clash with His enemies should be staged in Jerusalem. He was, therefore, determined to enter the great city, regardless of what the outcome might be. When He crossed the ford of the Jordan at Jericho He crossed His Rubicon. The die was cast.

Going on from Jericho, some time on Friday, Jesus reached Bethany, the home of Lazarus and his sisters, Mary and Martha, about two or three miles from Jerusalem. Here He stayed over the Jewish Sabbath, and on the evening of that day was anointed by Mary at the supper they made for Him. There had been eager discussion by the populace as to whether he would have the hardihood to attend the feast (John 11 : 56).

When they learned that He had actually arrived many went from Jerusalem to Bethany to see Him, and to get a glimpse of Lazarus whom He had raised from the dead. The sight of Lazarus caused so many to believe on Jesus that the priests plotted to put Lazarus to death also (John 12 : 9–11).

"Thy King Cometh"

The Sabbath of the Jews began on Friday evening and lasted until sundown on Saturday. On Saturday evening, April 1st—at the close of the Sabbath—the feast was given in our Lord's honor, at which time the anointing by Mary took place.

On Sunday morning, Jesus sends two of His disciples ahead to a village to bring to Him an ass and a colt tied there, answering any question that might be raised with the simple statement that the Lord had need of them. His disciples put their well-worn, travel-stained garments on the colt and seated Jesus upon it. Not until after the resurrection did the disciples recognize in all this the fulfilment of prophecy (John 12 : 16) uttered by Zechariah (Zech. 9 : 9). The horse was connected with war, the ass was the recognized beast of peace. Solomon, the Jewish prince of peace, rode on an ass in state (1 Kings 1 : 38).

As Jehu, when the army of Israel chose him as their king, walked upon the garments which his army subjects spread beneath his feet (2 Kings 9 : 13), so in Jesus' honor the people spread their garments before Him, others strewed the way with branches. The multitude of passionate, patriotic pilgrims, vibrant with religious feeling, were not slow in understanding that Jesus, the wonder-worker, the Carpenter of Nazareth, was announcing Himself as king. This is what He must have meant when He so constantly talked of the kingdom of heaven that was at hand! The multitudes were soon chanting Psalm 118, and openly hailing Him as the Messiah. "Hosanna" (Save now!) was the shout of joy. Word of what was taking place soon reached Jerusalem and great crowds, eager for the excitement of the moment, went out from the city and joined the multitude of incoming pilgrims. Jesus made absolutely no effort to check the people who were proclaiming Him king, notwithstanding the angry protests of the Pharisees (Luke 19 : 39–40).

Pageants and Processions

Pageants, parades, and processions are very dear to the heart of humanity.

Jerusalem, the capital city, had seen many marvelous processions and pageants in its day. They were connoisseurs in triumphal parades. They had seen too many to be unduly excited. Solomon's inaugural,

the visit of the Queen of Sheba, and the return of Jewish military heroes from successful wars were traditions. Some there were still living who could remember Herod the Great, riding in at the head of an army to defy the haughty Sanhedrim that had summoned him to trial. Some had seen Cassius, the gray-headed triumvir, arriving with his Roman cohorts. Some had seen the swift-moving Parthians sweeping victorious over Palestine to seat Antigonus on the throne. Some had seen Herod, backed by the might and glory of Rome, leading Marianne as his bride, entering the ancient capital of Judea to seat himself in splendor on the blood-stained throne in the city of King David.

In Jesus' coming to Jerusalem there was no ordered array, no disciplined ranks armed to the teeth, no glittering steel, no gleam of brass and gold, no Roman short sword, no long Thracian pike, no spear nor shield, no war horses nor battle chariot. The city was moved, some of it, but the proud, haughty, official, self-righteous city simply said in supercilious wonder, "Who is this?" They didn't know who He was or what it was all about. They came out from their shops, asked, "Who is this?" and went back again—"Business as usual." The aristocracy peered from their latticed windows and asked in sheer wonderment, "Who is this?" They saw the smocks and frocks of humble peasants, the waving of palm branches, and they asked, "Who is this?" The answer they received has meant more to the ages than it did to either the speakers or the hearers of that day.

"This is the prophet, Jesus, from Nazareth in Galilee." Rome laughed. Judaism was humiliated. But the centuries since have glorified it.

The Plan—Sacrifice or Suicide?

The Palm Sunday demonstration—was it accidental or purposed? Was Jesus the victim of circumstance, or was He fulfilling a voluntary sacrifice? Was His life taken, or was He laying it down?

Every careful student of the life of Jesus has observed what may be called a change of policy in His conduct from the time He sent forth the Seventy. Before that it had been repression. He consistently sought to lessen His fame. After healing He frequently charged that it should not be told. He explained to His disciples that He was the Messiah, and then told them not to proclaim it. When the multitude would make Him king, whether He would or not, He slipped away from them.

What was Christ's motive in now calling out a popular demonstration of enthusiasm for Himself? He chose a time, came by a road, traveled in a manner, that He knew would result in the tragedy that it did. Unlike His former custom He deliberately planned to attract public

attention. He not only did not avoid giving provocation to the rulers of the Jews who were to be the instruments of His death, but He pursued a course calculated to excite their deepest enmity and hasten them in their long-meditated purpose to take His life. This thought is the key without which the deepest meaning of Palm Sunday is impossible of interpretation. He meant that His ostentatious entry into the city should offend the rulers, as it did (Luke 19 : 39). He knew that the raising of Lazarus from the dead and the healing of the blind man at Jericho would excite them to still more bitter jealousy.

Now in the midst of Passover week, when the city was thronged with people, He planned the public entrance, secured the colt on which he was to ride, came in on one of the principal highways, and permitted the people to announce Him as "King of the Jews." The Jesus of a few months before could not have so lent Himself to public acclaim—He never cared for notoriety and noise. When he arrived in the city His going into the temple and driving out the dishonest traders and money changers with a whip of cords hastened to bring matters to an issue. They had been permitted to exist by the powers that were. Jesus' exposure of such a condition enraged the Temple authorities, leaders, and rulers as never before. The reformer is never popular with the party in power. Christ's actions were a deliberate challenge to the unscrupulous power that afterward sat in final judgment against him.

In less than a week the crowd that cried "Hosanna!" were crying "Crucify Him!"—had He not disappointed them? The Jewish leaders were pressing for His death—had He not ignored and defied them? The Roman authorities executed Him—had He not been a menace of quiet established government?

"That it Might be Fulfilled"

And was the "Triumphal Entry" an entire failure?

Weeks before Christ decided that He would deliberately go to martyrdom for the good of His fellows. "He set His face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem." His hour had come. "And thus it became Him to fulfil the Scripture." All else was subsidiary. The fact that the men and women who came to the Passover were likely to be the most thoughtful and devout, that He might make a final appeal to them at Jerusalem, that many Galileans might have an influence on their more intolerant Judean kinsmen, that it was the best time and place and manner to proclaim His Messiahship, that the Palm Sunday procession would teach in a symbolic manner, that although He was the Messiah He was not the kind that the nation expected, not a warlike hero, but a peaceful servant—these might be worldly interpretations, explanations from

friendly or unfriendly points of view, but the great central, salient thing is that Jesus went voluntarily to meet what He regarded, and the Scriptures taught, a sacrificial death.

History contains no parallel to this extraordianry spectacle. Napoleon Bonaparte, on the deck of the British "Bellerophon," going into exile on the inhospitable island of St. Helena, was a defeated conqueror. Louis XVI, going through the streets of Paris on the way to the guillotine, Charles I, in front of his palace at Whitehall placing his head on the block, were paying the penalty of extreme selfishness and of misdoing. But Christ gave himself for the people. The just for the unjust. The innocent for the guilty.

"Millions of money for an inch of time," cried Queen Elizabeth in the hour and article of death. "Kings have much need of mercy," mutters Alexander, Czar of all Russias, as he feels the chill of the dark river creeping over his frame. "It is finished," murmurs the Man of Nazareth, as He gives up the ghost. What was finished? Why the earthly part of that for which He had been born. But his influence and teaching have come down the centuries and are growing to be better and better understood as humanity catches the significance of the kingdom of truth in men's hearts. Christ entered into His Kingdom, not over the slain bodies of His enemies, but over His own life, given as a ransom for many.

I know that we have added a good bit of fine imagination to the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, mistakenly comparing it with the triumphal entries of great military leaders, but the truth is that compared with the lasting results the triumphal entries of the world's conquerors become pathetic and childish. They pass like shadows on a glass. After the tumult and the shoutings die, after the captains and the kings depart, there isn't anything left. Time and the world conquer the conquerors.

He of the Seamless Robe, however, whose defeat was a triumph, is forever Lord of Life and Death, of the world which now is and that which is to come.

We may well wave palms and shout "Halleluiah!" on the day which we observe as Palm Sunday.

Unused Spices

Text: Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared.—Luke 24 : 1.

IT takes a woman disciple to do a gracious thing.

These "they" who came to the sepulchre that first Lord's Day morning were women. Further on Luke tells us their names. There was Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James the younger, and Joanna, who was the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, and "other women." Mark mentions Salome, who was the wife of Zebedee and mother of the two brothers, James and John. Possibly Mary, the wife of Cleopas from Emmaus, who had been among those whom John tells "stood by the cross" when Jesus was crucified, was among the number, also, possibly, Susanna, who was among the "many others" of devout women disciples "which ministered unto Him of their substance."

Among the Twelve, one doubted Him, one denied Him, one betrayed Him, the others "followed afar off," but no woman disciple had that unholy distinction. They ministered unto Him, wept broken-hearted by the roadside on the way to Golgotha, stood by the cross while there was breath in His body, lovingly helped to lower the broken, blood-stained body from the cross, and then went home that eventful Friday night and prepared spices for His anointing. The following day, the Sabbath, they rested.

Early the next day, which we call Sunday—did you know that with the exception of the Sabbath the Jews gave no names to the days of the week? They called our Sunday the first day, our Monday the second day, and so on—early, then, on that "first day of the week," with the dawn-light in their faces, they started for their Master's tomb. Their faith may have been buried, but their love wasn't.

They brought with them aromatic spices—as sweet and fragrant as their loving spirits. It was the beautiful custom of the day. Once, when Mary broke the alabaster box of spikenard on the Lord, He declared that she had anointed Him for His burial. Nicodemus had brought a hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes when the Master was entombed on the night of the crucifixion. These faithful women come with full hands and hearts to express the last tribute of their love.

It isn't long till they see the empty tomb, and hear the angel's startling and glorious words, "He is risen!"

They drop their precious gifts at the open tomb door. The aroma of the unused spices fills the air. Their sweet fragrance rises to the blue Syrian skies. But the perfume of their intention is wafted down the centuries.

"The Myrrh Bearers"

Did you ever read Margaret J. Preston's beautiful poem, "The Myrrh Bearers"? May I quote three or four stanzas?

"Three women crept at break of day,
A-grope along the shadowy way
Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay.

"Each in her throbbing bosom bore
A burden of such fragrant store
As never there had lain before.

. . . . . .

"Myrrh bearers still, at home, abroad,
What paths have holy women trod,
Burdened with votive gifts to God!

"Rare gifts, whose chiefest worth was priced
By this one thought, that all sufficed:
Their spices have been bruised for Christ."

Love is love, and takes its expression in giving. To others it may seem extravagant. But love doesn't calculate—it gives. Mary didn't count the cost of her vase of spikenard—it was Judas that did the figuring. Twice, and twice only, did Christ lift His voice in loving commendation for deeds of service and consideration performed. And each time it was performed by a woman. When Mary broke the ointment over His head He said, "She hath done what she could. . . . Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached this also . . . shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." And when the poor widow cast her mite into the treasury box of the Temple, in contrasting her gift with that of the rich worshipers, He said, "This poor widow hath cast more in, . . . even all her living."

There is no such thing as love's labor lost.

The years have sped with amazing swiftness since that first Lord's Day morning when the faithful women disciples wended their way out the city streets and gate of Jerusalem on their sad and sorrowful journey. Time has wrought many changes in the affairs of men. But life runs on, and the story of the women and their unused spices is told through the centuries at each Easter time among the children of men, and doubtless will be repeated while the years of eternity roll.

"Love believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, . . . love never faileth!"

Life's Unused Spices

Were the spices which the Marys, and the "others with them," any less fragrant or precious because unused?

Our costly and careful preparations for work for the Master may seem to have turned out to be utterly wasted. We find things to be quite the opposite of what we expected. Health gives out at the very moment of intended action. Through unlooked for reverses the means fail just at the last for doing what we had set our hearts on accomplishing. I had a college chum named Armacost—I think there is a tablet or a window in his memory at the little Methodist Church at Bainbridge, Pennsylvania—who just about finishing his college course and entering the ministry, was drowned. In the corridor of the Bulletin building is a tablet placed in memory of a soldier boy, son of the publisher, who answered the call of the Republic. But his "rendezvous with death," "killed in the line of duty," was in the intensive training camp instead of "over there." Quentin Roosevelt's spices were used abroad, this young officer's were laid down at the threshold of his going.

Were "Bert" Armacost or Warden McLean's spices any less precious and fragrant before God and country because unused? If every life is a plan before Almighty God, isn't the date of ending part of the plan? Christ died at the age of thirty-three. Almost His last words were, "It is finished!"

Life is full of apparent incompletions. Moses was not allowed to cross into the land of promise. From Mt. Pisgah he looked over and saw the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," standing "dressed in living green." You and I stand at points just as pathetic. Desires not fulfilled. Prayers not answered. How perplexing God's providences seem! It is evident that God's thoughts are not always man's thoughts. Man proposes—God disposes.

However, I do not think that the All-wise Father intends that man shall be balked in the expression of his love. Angels in shining garments appeared to the wondering disciples with words of explanation, of promise, and of a larger hope. How much better and more heart-satisfying would be the worship of a risen and ever-living Saviour than spices, however fragrant and costly, for a dead and buried Christ!

With God motives and purposes govern and determine the reward. If the motive is right and pure the most bitter disappointment will turn in the end to the most joyous surprise. What became of those first Lord's Day spices? They have a precious existence still. Although they were unused for the purpose intended, yet, like Mary's vase of spikenard that was used before His burial, they at once took on the power and eloquence of persuasive speech. "Whersoever the gospel is preached"

those aromatic spices tell the story of humble loving intentions turned to larger and more glorious possibilities.

Only in a relative human sense can any intention be made complete. Our best work is marred, imperfect, and unfinished. God takes a thousand years for a day—you and I want to make a day do for a thousand years. We view human life apart, a segment by itself—God views the completed circle as it meets in eternity.

Love's labor is never lost. The perfume of unused spices may persist after the bearer has gone on to meet his risen Lord.

The Religion of the Burning Heart

Text: Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?—Luke 24 : 32.

IT is the afternoon of the first Easter Sunday.

Two disciples are journeying from Jerusalem to Emmaus—about sixty furlongs away. Who were they? One was named Cleopas. The other? Possibly Luke.

Here is another possibility: In John 19 : 25 it says, "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene." If Mary, Cleophas' wife, was then at the cross, it doesn't seem likely that her husband would go home way off seven and a half miles away, when there was such bitter feeling in the city (the disciples that night had to lock the doors for fear of the Jews), and leave his wife in peril. The account doesn't say there were two men, but "two of them." If it was Cleophas and his wife, they were the uncle and aunt of Jesus.

I prefer to think that the other disciple was Luke, who, writing of the event, modestly refers to himself in the third person, as Matthew also did in telling of his conversion. However, if any two of us make Jesus the subject of our conversation, the Master Himself will soon be one of the company—"Where two or three"—is the promise. Two are sometimes more than twice one.

These two disciples had evidently gone up the week before to Jerusalem to keep the Passover. They had followed Jesus all that fateful week and had listened to the last sermons. They were not exactly disciples, that is to say, their names were not among the Twelve, though they may have been among the seventy sent forth. They had not been to the last supper in the upper room, but may have done the next best thing, gone over to Bethany and eaten the Passover with Mary, Martha, and Lazarus.

After midnight came the heartbreaking and overwhelming news that Jesus had been betrayed by one of the Twelve and was at that moment in the hands of His enemies. In the parts of the three days following the crucifixion "the two" walked the streets of Jerusalem and visited among the broken hearted disciples. On the third day they had heard, just as they were leaving town, a wild story that some of the women had actually seen the Master, but, of course, that was simply street rumor and idle talk.

"No, no," says Cleopas, "come away home, Luke. Believe me, we have seen the last of the redemption of Israel, in our day, at least." They will walk home with leaden heels. Sometimes there seem more than eight furlongs to the mile.

The Rainbow Through the Rain

The two start on the dusty road leading northwest from Jerusalem. The afternoon sun is hot on their heads, but they do not notice it. Their journey takes them toward a hillside village above a valley beautiful with vines and olives and red-and-white almond blossoms, but they are not eager to reach it. They are only too glad to get away from Jerusalem, whose streets are crowded with bitter recollections, and only too thankful that their path does not lead them by a certain garden and a barren place called Golgotha.

"Where did you see him first, Luke?" "What was it that led you to think He was the Christ, Cleopas?" "Did you hear His Sermon on Mount Hattim?" "Remember that beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son?" The theme of their conversation is of great interest—the wonderful life, the great miracles, the simple, homely, heart-reaching teachings of their Master. Then they discuss the arrest, the trial, the crucifixion. They are passing through the most beautiful part of Palestine, but they have no eyes for their surroundings. Their hearts are broken. No wonder they look so grave and sad. They stop now and then to reason and debate concerning it all. The beauty of the road is lost to them. When our hope of Heaven is gone, earth loses much of its color.

Presently a lone Stranger overtakes them. They did not hear His soft-falling footsteps. "Peace be unto you," says the Stranger. They answer, hardly civilly, "And peace be with you." He follows close to them and by their side. Can He not see that they are overwhelmed by their grief? They walk on in silence. Possibly He will take the hint. There is a sorrow so tender and sacred that one doesn't feel like sharing it with a chance acquaintance by the road. The Stranger doesn't reveal Himself at once. If He did they would be too full of joy—they couldn't stand the teaching.

The third Traveler glances His sympathy and asks confidingly, "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?" Such ignorance! Cleopas answers rather curtly, "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?" Where were you last week—especially on Friday? The Stranger doesn't answer directly. "What things?" He asks, bowing, as it were, to Cleopas' reproach and rebuke. Then they started to pour out their story, first one and then the other. What one missed the other told. Something

about the Stranger now compelled their confidence. We open our hearts more readily to some folk than others. They even confessed to Him their most secret hopes and disappointments.

"Abide With Me, Fast Falls—"

Speak of angels, and you'll hear the flap of their wings.

The two disciples had been entertaining, not angels unawares, but the Lord of Angels! Cleopas did not recognize the Master. That is not strange. To Abraham He appeared as a wayfaring man. To Jacob, a wrestler. To Joshua as a soldier with drawn sword. To Mary as a gardener. Immediate recognition would have prevented the quiet instruction that followed. Their first answer had been abrupt as if resenting an intrusion. Now their tongues are as voluble as lovers.

The Stranger has neither ridicule for their weakness, nor tears for their grief, but turns to them as intelligent Jews, and leads them through promise, prophecy, and type; through law, history, and Psalm.

"Oh, simple of heart and slow to believe"—It was the first Easter sermon! Wonderful sermon! Matchless Teacher! We know where the sermon began. It began with Moses and the prophets. The disciples forgot their fatigue and despair. Never before or since has there been such an exposition of Scripture. When they started from Jerusalem their hearts were as heavy as if going through a graveyard, now it seems as if they were walking through king's gardens amid murmuring waters and singing of birds. Shorter miles they never walked. No lover ever had minutes fly so quickly. Never did threescore furlongs seem so short since furlongs first were measured by man. Their journey had ended ere they knew it.

Now the red sun is going down behind the gray hilltops of Ephraim. The shadows of evening have begun to deepen in the narrow valleys. The laborers have left the orchards and vineyards on the hillsides. The white houses and green lemon groves of Emmaus are gray in the dusk.

Their new friend will not intrude longer. He starts as though to go on. "Come in, brother, it's getting near dark." He made as though he would go further. Do they ask him in common politeness or do they really want him?

In the Breaking of Bread

He goes in. Of course! He was eager!

I remember as a boy being invited to a great big house for dinner. I made shy, modest excuse. It sounded lame. "I'm not dressed. I—I—must go home." "Oh, no, stay." I went, almost stumbling in boyish eagerness.

Cleopas, Luke, and the Master enter. "Mother, we've a stranger for supper. Put on an extra plate!" The candles are lighted. The women glance curiously at the Stranger. They have run to put on a clean apron.

One would have thought they would have recognized His walk. How we listen for the footsteps of a returning one. "There he is now—I know his step!" Or his voice. One doesn't forget voices readily. There is the rich, low tone of endearment such as Christ had used that morning in the garden. "M-a-r-y!" There is the rising and the falling inflection of the living, and "the sound of the voice that is still."

Yet there is something familiar. "Cleopas, he reminds me of some one." "Martha, who does he remind you of?" There's a little gesture of the hand, a winsome glance of the eye, an odd turn of the head. A little tilt of the chin. "Luke, notice how he says, 'Verily!' Remember how the Master"—they choke back a sob. There are some things we scarce dare trust ourselves to speak.

The bread is now on the table. Cleopas leans over. "Friend, will you ask a blessing?" He holds out His hands. Look! Nailprints! Lord of the Living! It's the Master! He breaks the bread and gives it to them. Their eyes are now open. They know Him. One look of rapturous joy and He vanishes out of their sight. Now it is all clear! How could they have been so stupid and blind? And they said one to another, "Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?"

The Religion of the Burning Heart

The heart has language and communication of its own.

Nearly two thousand years have rolled over that Syrian grave wherein Jesus was entombed. The years have been many and the years have been long since that first Easter Sunday, when the disciples felt their hearts burn within them in the presence of the risen Lord.

Men in this twentieth century are still perplexed about the accounts of His death and resurrection. They weigh the evidence, and are not always satisfied by the findings of the intellect, but he who walks by the side of the Lord finds his heart burning within him—for religion is a thing of the heart more than of the head.

I have seen workmen build a fire in the street in the depth of winter to keep themselves warm. Soon the homeless and outcasts with coat collars turned up come and hold out their hands to get warm. When Christ came and lived in the streets of men's lives was He not like a great hearth-fire around which the consciously cold gathered for cheer and warmth. "Then came all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him," says the Word. They drew near the Heavenly Flame and

felt revived! The promise to cold and lukewarm followers is: "He shall baptize you with fire!"

The world is unconcernedly cold. Loneliness is forlornly cold. The heights of fame and responsibility are benumbingly cold. Charity is frigidly cold—"as cold as charity" is a byword. Disappointment is biting and chilling to the spirit. Sin is bleakly cold. Dante's Ninth Circle was hoarfrost and ice. Bereavement is chastely cold—"Cold as death," we say.

It is a great tribute to our religion if freezing folks, discarded, discomfited, and discouraged, say to us, "He is a warm-hearted Christian" —for ours is the religion of the burning heart, like our Master's.

Has the Church Failed?

Text: That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish.—Eph. 5 : 27.

ON the Day of Atonement when Aaron put his hand upon the head of the goat before sending it forth into the wilderness—the scapegoat, bearing the sins of the people—the multitude must have breathed a sigh of relief. The blame for their sins was now being borne by someone or something else.

To this day there is a marked propensity of society to find a scapegoat to bear the odium of its shortcomings and misdoings. Human society in a period following the greatest war in its history, and in an era of transition, finds itself in the midst of fluxes, waves, manias, epidemics, and superconditions almost beyond its control. Its ways and byways are haunted by things of its own creation. Humiliated and bewildered by its own folly, it looks about in its inerrant and dogmatic way to find some scapegoat to place upon it the responsibility for the catastrophies and cataclysms. Usually it fastens upon the weakest and most defenseless thing—something not able to or not in a position to strike back.

Through all the centuries of the Christian era the Church—the one force set for the salvation of the race, the one heroic agency carrying aloft light in the dark days of the world—has been set upon and abused for the very ills which it has tried to alleviate and cure. Christ and the Twelve, Stephen and the apostles, were charged with "turning the world upside down" when they were doing their very best to set it right side up. Today after all the blunders of critics and hypercritics, statesmen and near-statesmen, premiers and diplomats, and all the mighty machinery of a complex twentieth century civilization, society turns about and blames the Church for the tragic collapse of its house of cards.

Magazine experts, social scientists, versatile editors, soap-box orators, and parlor moderns draw up a withering indictment against the general impotence and helplessness of the Church. Some preachers, reared in the Church, protected by her motherly care, suddenly discover that they are much more advanced than their mother and demand that the Church come up to their advanced position. They are more than a little vexed at the old foginess of the Church, and so observe in

some of the magazines at so much per observation. That pleases the world, the flesh, and the devil. It lends color to the alibi of peace conferences, international commissions, national cabinets and congresses, armies and navies, that they had nothing to do, for instance, with the Great War, its settlement, and the conditions that followed in its train. It is evident then, very evident, that it was the Church that failed.

What Do You Mean, Failure?

What do those rather numerous folk wish when they say the Church has failed? Do they wish to abolish it for so great a failure, or to stir it to greater effort?

I do not know a single human institution that is not a failure if measured by the tests put upon the Church to determine whether it has failed or not. Government is a gigantic failure if inability to always function perfectly is a requirement. Shall we then abolish government? Marriage is a failure, as the divorce courts prove, if this logic is to be applied. Courts of justice are a failure, for justice mighty frequently miscarries. Representative government is a failure, for it often misrepresents. It wouldn't be hard to prove, likewise, that the press is a failure, and home, and family, and education, and hospitals, and jails.

He who talks about failure of the Church or of Christianity, for which it stands, is a user of inexact English. Christianity never fails! The Church, in its narrow sense, has at times blundered and come short of the high ideal of its Founder, but by and large, in terms of time and influence, the Church has been the most successful of all human institutions.

All success is a relative thing. If a fuse burns out, or a wire breaks, or a storm uproots a telegraph pole, no one thinks electricity has failed. Something has happened to the transmitters, that is all. Loss and suffering, even death, may come as the result of the breakdown of electrical appliances; but the power of the electric current itself or its peculiar qualities are in nowise changed. Thousands of such failures are reported every day. "Wrong number" mars your telephone service. A train dispatcher is a moment too late in sending an order. An inspector passes a strand of defective insulation. If these were real failures of electricity the world would be stricken with panic.

Every day thousands of Christians fail in fitting their faith to their lives. Ignorance, inexperience, lack of thought, sudden trial or temptation, and many another strain comes on these human conductors. They do not measure up to the hopes of their own hearts even. Trouble follows, and the work of Christ suffers loss. If this were the failure of Christ's person and work, the whole world would be flung into a

moral panic. Christ has not failed. His truth is still true. Poison gas and poisoned wells did write the word "lie" across the pages of the New Testament. Crime waves, industrial disorder, political and civilian corruption do not make Christ's "Come unto me" or "Follow me" a mockery and a delusion.

Sometimes a group gets a wrong idea of the purpose of Christ and His Kingdom, thinks only of itself and its own selfish aggrandizement. It fails! Peter may deny his Lord, Thomas may doubt Him. They fail for the moment. Afterward they make gloriously good. If the Church or any branch of it is not true to her Lord she is headed for disaster. If any individual fails it is when he follows not Christ. Nothing fails that follows Christ truly. War fails. Force fails. Greed fails. Hate fails. But not Christianity. Indeed, it is still waiting to be tried!

When is a Church Successful?

There are usually three standards of success set up for the Church by those who measure success by the standards of the world—crowds, social prestige, and money. Let me mention the first of these three.

Many good Christians are disturbed, not to say alarmed, today by the drifting of the crowd past the Church doors. "The Church is on the decline." It is always on the decline to some folks. Possibly the wish is father to the thought. "Men are no longer interested. Its condition is well nigh hopeless. It is disintegrating. Preaching is being relegated to the lost arts. The retreat of theology before the advance of modern science has become a pitiful rout." They say—those mysterious people whom you can never quite identify—that there are as good (if not better) people outside the Church as in it. Without boasting overmuch about some folk inside the Church, there is a way to test this persistent but fantastically false impression.

Call the roll, in your neighborhood, of the people who are leaders in community service; Boy Scout and Girl Scout leaders, temperance workers, helpers of the unfortunate, promoters of civic improvements, community betterment, the workers of every sort. How many are in the Church; how many outside? Go a step further. Ask any observer of the common life of the community—librarian, public school teacher, police captain, judge, postman—this question: How long would a movement calling for civic co-operation and human betterment last in this place if church membership disqualified one from having anything to do with it? You will get some enlightening answers.

In regard to the crowd: Numbers are always open to diverse interpretations. A large congregation may still be painfully small in com-

parison with the large number in the community who might attend. A small attendance may, under certain conditions, give evidence of remarkable interest and religious vigor. The strength of spiritual forces cannot be determined by counting noses. The presence or absence of the crowd is not necessarily indicative of the vitality of a cause. The crowd floats hither and thither, moved by the passing mood and mode. It is the steady-going, serious folk who count. There was a crowd when the loaves and fishes were given out, but when Christ commenced to talk of deep things the crowd soon vanished. There were crowds in the Temple, and still greater numbers listening to the street orators in Jerusalem while Christ was training the Twelve on the hills. The crowds were at the dedication of the Colosseum in the year 80 A. D., and the Christians of Rome—where were they? Gathered, perhaps—a little company—in some obscure place. But that great blood-stained structure has been for centuries a ruin, while the Christian Church has permeated the life of the world.

"The Church losing ground"? Possibly. It has every now and then. The tide ebbs and flows. Did you know that when Jeremiah lived things were so bad that he despaired almost of any improvement? Did you know that in the year 1800 Christianity had reached so low an ebb in this country that there was only one professing Christian in the undergraduate body at Yale? Yet the world goes on and the Church moves forward. God lives. The Redeemer reigns.

What is the Church For?

The Church is not at the cross roads.

Because science and philosophy are continually blazing new trails for human thought to travel; because new theories are constantly being promulgated, men need not argue that it therefore behooves the Church to get into the procession or be woefully left behind. By this it is inferred that any truths that are old must be relegated to the scrap heap, and old beliefs and old faiths must be discarded—which is about as sensible as an army throwing away its arms and its provisions for the sake of progress.

Nor need the Church act as a sub-agent for every movement proposed by any enthusiastic promoter who comes along. I confess that I can understand why the world looks askance when some minister announces sideshows and motion pictures from the pulpit, and entices men to the house of worship by telling them they may smoke if they choose. I can also understand when a church seems to feel that it must take over the corporate interests of a community, and do what the community itself ought to do in the way of gymnasiums, swimming-

pools, cooking classes, and becoming the center of a collection of charitable agencies and bureaus for unemployment. I am sure that Christian folk ought to be leaders in every movement for external, social, and political reform, for every bit of civic betterment, for everything that goes for the help of their fellows. But there are organizations that meet the needs of the community in its mental and physical and social necessities, and they get their ways and means from the people who are members of the churches of the community. However—

The Church stands for something else. It is the visible body of Christ on earth. Its function concerns man's relation to the divine as the fountain of life. The essential principle of religion is a belief in and a reverence for things not seen. Religion belongs to the mysteries. Paul says, "Great is the mystery of godliness." Christ speaks of the "mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." There is a brazen irreverence that would tear down the veil of all mystery. You cannot find, for instance, why the bush does not burn by tearing the leaves apart, breaking off the twigs and classifying them. You cannot discuss the Virgin birth in the language of obstetrics.

The Church is interested in the social welfare of men, of course—but that was not the purpose of Christ's coming. The Incarnation was to interpret God to man. It was to proclaim the plan of salvation. "The Son of Man came to seek and save that which was lost," the Master Himself declared in telling of His mission. The Church stands for contact with God, and the spiritual, supernatural element in the relationship between God and man. We are creatures of two worlds—that which now is and that which is to come. The Church is a high thing—the mountain of the Lord's house. Its function is spiritual. No wonder Christ drove out from the Temple the money-changers and the sellers of doves.

The Church cannot fail. Some organizations of it may be untrue and lose the presence of their Lord, but the great mighty body of believers need not fear failure if Christ is there, the Head, the Cornerstone. On the altars of the Church burns the undying fire of divinity.

The Angel That Goes Before You

Text: Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared.—Ex. 23 : 20.

HERE'S a wonderful promise for you, dear heart!

You and I are travelers. We have no abiding city. We are strangers, pilgrims, sojourners, looking for a better country, even a heavenly. We have come we know not whence—we are going we know not whither. Our lives are made up of goings out and comings in. It began with a coming in and will end with a going out—and all between is naught but a going out in the morning light and coming in at evening's dusk. And during this monotonous round we are under the watchful care of God. "Thou God seest me." Reason and argue as we will, as the years go by we are conscious of an unseen power leading us. "There is a divinity that doth shape our ends, rough hew them as we will."

Our days are computed, our career is mapped, our way is ordered—"The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord."

"My times are in His hands," says the Psalmist. Is that true? If it is, then my God is doing the reckoning. The sun rises and sets. No power can delay its rising in the morning nor hurry its setting at night. This day is yours with God, from the rising of the sun till the going down thereof, and all through the night watches He careth for you. He that keepeth thee will not slumber or sleep. A sentinel may sleep at his post in the presence of the enemy. A pilot may sleep as the vessel sweeps toward the reef. A weary mother may sleep with a sick baby on her arm—but He that keepeth thee shall neither slumber nor sleep.

You are on your way toward tomorrow. You've been traveling toward this year since the hour you were born. It may be a fateful year for you. Tomorrow may change your life's course and affect your very destiny by some trifling thing—a book, a picture, a face; possibly a burden laid on you, sickness, death. Lo! Your way has changed. Don't be afraid! "Behold I send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared."

"Lead, Kindly Light"

Which way shall you go? Follow your angel!

Will the way be rough or smooth? Rain or shine? Will the pilgrim fare be plentiful or scant, coarse or luxurious? What is that to thee? Follow thou Him. The way may not be to your liking. When we want to encourage people we make light of the difficulties. When God wants to encourage man He shows him the rivers to be crossed at their broadest point, the mountains at their highest peak, the desert at its most barren waste. Then He tells him to go on and the river shall be dry land, the mountains shall be plains, at the stoniest places his shoes shall be brass, the deserts shall have wells and palm trees, the difficulties shall disappear, the disappointments shall be His appointments.

When the Master was sending out His disciples He told them they were going out as sheep among the wolves, and then He tells them that no weapon formed against them shall prosper. He tells young converts about straight gates and narrow ways, heavy burdens, crosses hard to bear, and then He tells them He is with them—even to the end of the way. Take heart, my beloved earth pilgrim—the Lord is sending His angel before thee!

No evil thing can hurt you permanently. No plague can come nigh thy soul's dwelling. Is there a cup of affliction waiting? All right. It is only a cupful. Socrates, grand old heathen, drank his hemlock cup of poison. Your Lord drank His cup of the world's woes in the garden. Don't be afraid of your cup. Earth's cups may be infected with bugs or bacteria, but Heaven's cups are medicine for the soul's health. Accidents? There are no accidents with God. Troubles? Blessings in disguise. Bereavements? Your loss is their gain. Life's tragedy, old age, coming on? Autumn. What gold! What glory! What grandeur! If we fade, we may fade gloriously. The plumage of the young swan is of a black, ugly, dingy color, but as it grows older it grows whiter. Get that, pilgrim? You whose snow is on the head, but not on the heart? You shall put aside the dusty pilgrim robe for another—"He that overcometh shall be clothed in white."

The Bible is bent on showing that God is everywhere around His people. Those sins of yesterday, and last week, and last year, and ten, twenty years ago—do they return to plague you? The memories of the past? The enemies that are pursuing you? Are you fearful? Well, God is back of us—rearward. Listen! "And the angel of the Lord which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them: and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood

behind them." The past is "under the blood!" Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as wool! Are you tempted by base things beneath you? Underneath you are the everlasting arms! Hemmed in and harassed on every side? All right. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people." The storm beating on your head? You are under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty! Anxious about the future? Will you be equal to it? Fear not! Fear not! The Lord, He it is that goeth before you. Every morning as you waken say, "God is ahead of me this day!"

"When Ends Life's Transient Dream"

Will you complete your pilgrimage this year?

I do not know. Your times are in God's hands. When your earth life was ready to begin, before you had even seen the light of this world, God reached out and touched the pendulum of your heart and it began its millions of beats. Some day His finger will reach out and touch your heart again and its beatings shall be over. When? I know not. You need not care. To live is Christ, to die is gain.

I stood once upon a late afternoon in the basement of a great metropolitan bank. They were setting the time lock at the vault. It was Saturday afternoon, the next day would be Sunday, the rest day, and the next day, Monday, was a holiday. When the door was shut and the clock set for a certain hour on the following Tuesday morning no combination could slip back the bolt and push open the door until that hour, that very moment had arrived. My times are in God's hands! I remember now that when His enemies had sought to hurt Jesus they could not. "They sought therefore to take Him and no man laid hands on Him because His hour was not yet come." And when the shadows of Golgotha commenced to fall about Him, He said: "Mine hour is at hand."

So then why should you care, dear one? All is well! Now is my time to live the life God has given me. Why did I not waken to life in this world in the first century instead of the nineteenth or twentieth? I do not know—God knows! Why is my skin the color it is instead of the color of my neighbor's around the corner, or my other neighbor who lives across the sea? Why was I born in happy America instead of unhappy Russia or Armenia? "Why, O God, hast Thou put my spirit in this insignificant body with its many limitations? Why?" "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." Fret not thyself. O, my soul. "He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

The Angel at God's Cupboard

God's cupboards are in strange places.

Water gushes from a rock, bread falls from heaven, honey's stored in a lion's carcass, a crust in a raven's beak, a widow's cruse of oil never empties, and her meal barrel is bottomless, there's a well of cool water in the hot desert, and a boy's lunch basket feeds a hungry multitude. Aye—and there's a coin in the mouth of a fish for a penniless Christ!

When a baby is coming to a household many are the preparations made for its welcome and comfort—food and raiment and shelter are surely assured. But, O, marvelous provision and love displayed in the motherhood of God! God gets the material globe ready for the coming of His man-child. He looks it over and says again and again: "It is good!" He puts coal in the cellar, minerals in the hills, cattle in the pasture, fish in the brook, fowl in the air, grain in the fields, fruit in the orchard, nuts on the trees, berries on the bushes, luscious grapes in the vineyard, refreshing melons on the vines. God's pantry is full. He then provides a body, fearfully and wonderfully made, as a house for the spirit of man. He fashions the eye to behold beauties of the rainbow, the sunrise and sunset, the green grass, the blue sky and the glorious tints of the flowers. He constructs the ear to hear music of the waterfall and the wind in the tall pine trees. God contrives the remarkable tool chest of the human hand with its ten inspired finger workers as helpers to man. He gives man a memory to go back into the store-house of yesterday's knowledge. He gives him an imagination to anticipate experience and project himself into tomorrow.

For man's spiritual nature—"for man shall not live by bread alone" —God gives satisfying food. "I am the bread of life," and we have never seen the righteous forsaken and his seed begging spiritual bread. Is he thirsty? "Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." Is the human soul hungry for affection? He gives father love, mother love, the love of man for maid, the love of one's fellows, and the all-surpassing love of God. He gives man the eye of faith that things not visible may yet be seen. Is man, this creature of two worlds, homesick? He gives him the instincts of the homing pigeons, goes before him and tells him, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also."

The Pilot Engine

I feel safe when I know that God has sent His Angel ahead.

When the President of the United States is taking a journey by rail, a pilot engine is sent ahead of the Presidential train to make sure of the safety of every bridge. Every foot of track is gone over, every

dangerous curve is inspected, every tunnel searched. Is he going to stay at a certain city? The suite of rooms at the hotel is engaged, or the house is rented. Every detail is arranged for his comfort, convenience and safety. But say, child of God, on the way, from earth to heaven, let not your heart be troubled, there isn't a mile of your life's track, there isn't a sharp turn of providence, there isn't a stopping place, but that His Angel has been there before, shaping, ordering, arranging, providing for you. In your every tomorrow He has been before you. Yea, even though you must pass through the dark tunnel of death, fear not, for He is with you. You will come out of the darkness into sweet fields of living green.

Doesn't that give you hope? Are things going wrong, apparently? Trust thou in God! "Even though He slay me yet will I trust him," said the man of Uz when he was passing through the storm. Are we come to a stand still, baffled, perplexed, confused? Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord! It's a wonderful thing! Just hold steady for a moment, or a day, or a week, or until the Angel clears the way. It seems like the climax of a paradox to say it, but when you cannot go backward or to either side, and there is a deep sea ahead of you, and the command is to go forward—go forward!—toward the sea, and lo, the waters will recede before your feet.

And don't mind waiting. If the Angel of the Lord is ahead of you, you can afford to wait. Does promotion come slow? You can afford to wait! Does recognition of your ability seem to lag? You can afford to wait! Do life's plans seem to go wrong? You can afford to wait! Are answers to your prayers delayed? O, soul, thy petition is in the hands of God who loves you—and who knows your tomorrow! You can afford to wait!

The Angel That Has Gone Before

One purpose of the past is to give us confidence for tomorrow.

Say, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, children of the Most High, in the fiery furnace, how is it in the fury of the flames? "O, children of the twentieth century, passing through the fiery furnace, the Angel of the Lord is with us, the hair of our head is not singed, nor are our coats burned, nor the smell of smoke on our garments. For the Angel of the Lord entered the furnace with us." Daniel, thou servant of the living God, how is it with thee in the den of the lions? "My God has sent His Angel and stopped the lions' mouths." Remember that, child of God, when the lions of hate and malice and slander are near; when the lions of financial difficulty, domestic trouble, misfortune, sickness and poverty seem about to swallow you up.

Jacob, thou sinful runaway, with a stone for a pillow, how is it with you? "The heavenly staircase full of the Angels of the Lord. Surely the Lord was in this place, and I knew it not!" Lot, how did you escape from Sodom to Zoar in the mountains? "The Angel of the Lord led me forth!" Hagar, will you perish with thirst? "The Angel showed me a well in the desert." Elijah, will you succumb to discouragement? "No. God's Angel came and strengthened me!" David, are you in danger? "Yes, but the Angel of the Lord encampeth around them that fear him!"

Paul, will you be lost in the Mediterranean storm? How is it on that buffeted corn ship in the midst of the raging Euroclydon? "There stood by me this night the Angel of the Lord, saying, 'Fear not!' God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." Peter thou art to be executed in the morning, and thy friends are praying for thee in the home of Mary, the mother of John Mark; how is it with thee in the Judean prison? "The Lord hath sent His Angel and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod." Prison doors are opened and Peter is soon with his loved ones. Do you read between the lines, you who are shut in by circumstances? No door opens without a door opener! When you are helpless and can do nothing more yourself, some hand slips back the bolt, some arm pushes open the door. It's the Angel of the Lord!

O, my Master, how can you survive after wilderness hunger and temptation? "My Father's Angels come and strengthen me." And how suffer Gethsemane's sorrows. "While I am drinking the dregs of the cup, and praying, an Angel from Heaven appears and comforts me." Lazarus, thou poor, soreful and friendless beggar, what will become of thee when the dogs cease licking thy sores and thy body is taken to the potter's field? "It will come to pass that when I die the Angels will come and carry me into Abraham's bosom!"

Do you interpret the parable, Christian? At the last a convoy of God's Angels will take thee, when earth's pilgrimage is over, and thy body falls by the roadside of life, and bring thee to the gates of the city of our God, Jerusalem the golden, and the Angels will cry out, Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors and let this soul come in, and lead him to his mansion, and to his Father's presence, for his God hath promised him:

"Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared!"

As the Stars—Forever and Ever

Texts: He that winneth souls is wise.—Prov. 11 : 30.
They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.—Dan. 12 : 3.

I AM impressed that God's standards and men's standards are often quite different. God's definitions and men's definitions are not always taken from the same dictionary.

If I ask God, "Who are the wise?" He answers, "He that winneth souls is wise." If I ask the world, "Who are the wise?" I may get quite a different answer.

On Monday morning I stand at the entrance to our City Hall. I ask any one of a number of men going into the various municipal departments, "Who are the wise?" "Why, they are the wise who can get the endorsement of political chieftains, the support of the newspapers, the confidence, respect, and votes of the citizens. They will be elected Mayor, Governor, to Congress, possibly become a Cabinet officer, and at last ride down Pennsylvania avenue in Washington some March 4th day."

I go into the financial district and ask men entering banks and trust companies, "Who are the wise?" "Why, they are wise who can accumulate and control money, and the money market, for money is the chief symbol of our modern civilization—it can do almost anything."

I go to the entrance of any of our amusement palaces, or to the boardwalk of Vanity Fair, and ask, "Who are the wise?" "They are those who get most pleasure out of life. Life is full of burdens and cares—pleasure is its pleasant antidote."

I go to the door of any of our splendid colleges. "Who are the wise?" "You have come to the right place to learn that. 'The mind's the measure of the man.' He is wise, of course, who obtains knowledge, learning; he who is versed in science, art, literature, philosophy; he who is noted for scholarship and research, for 'Knowledge is power.'"

I stand at University Heights, New York City. There on the colonnade of the Hall of Fame I ask, "Who are the wise?" I read of those whose names are there: "By wealth of thought or else by mighty deed, they served mankind. In noble character, in worldwide good, they live forever more." That sounds like the best definition I have yet been given—it embraces so much.

But I come back to the answer of God. Not he that winneth office, nor money, nor education, nor pleasure, nor honor, but—"He that

winneth souls is wise." What a strange definition—the wise man is the soul-winner! I suppose the reason is that his work lasts, not only for time, but eternity. And God also says, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars, forever and ever."

"He Telleth the Stars by Name"

Wouldn't we lose our individuality among such a vast number?

I slept one night on the edge of the Mohave Desert in San Bernardino County, California, and tried to count the stars as they came rushing out in that clear sky. Impossible! I thought of John's numbering of the redeemed—"Thousands and ten thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand, a mighty multitude that no man could number."

Yet each star you see in the sky has its distinct individuality. Paul says, "As one star differeth from another star in glory." Just as in families, children, birds, flowers, each is different from the others, so, too, the stars—even in color. Venus is a pure sparkling white; Mercury a dullish blue; Saturn has a reddish tinge; Mars a fiery red; Jupiter white; Procyon, Capella, and Polaris are yellow.

Standing at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, or Arlington Heights, Virginia, you are impressed with the number of the unknown dead as you view the inscriptionless headstones. The Republic does not know the name of its Unknown Soldier—it would gladly record it elsewhere if it did. He who telleth the stars by name also knoweth the names of the soul-winners. They are written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

"My Father's House—Many Rooms"

As you look out to the starry sky does it seem all chaos? No order? Just stars sprinkled here and there? Are they solitaries?

It only seems so. As birds move in flocks, sheep in droves, bees in swarms, fish in schools, men in families, so stars move in constellations. Up in the winter's sky in the North heavens there's Orion, with his belt and sword. In Southern sky there's the Southern Cross. Overhead is the Pleiades, which Job mentions. It is shaped like a butcher's cleaver. Can you count seven stars in it? Then you've good sight! And there's the Hyades—"V" shaped. And the Great Bear, or "Dipper," and many other constellations. They cluster in groups.

There are some of those heavenly groups I would rather be in than others. Yonder is a constellation of stately Christians. They lived on earth by severe rule. They seldom laughed. But they loved God, I am sure. Yet I'd feel uncomfortable with them. There's another

constellation very exclusive and very dignified. I wonder if they'd let me visit their mansions? See that constellation of martyrs, apostles, patriarchs. They are shining bright. Glorious saints, "of whom the world was not worthy." I'm quite sure I do not deserve to be among them.

Yonder's a group bright with the play of light. On earth they were full of sympathy and songs, tears and rapture. When they prayed their words took fire, when they sang the tune could not hold them. Their mortal spirits were full of love, tenderness, kindness, and forgiveness—they were easy to live with. I hope you and I will have the good fortune to be in the company of this happy constellation.

"Forever and Ever"

To the ancients stars were the symbols of eternity. No wonder folks thought they controlled human affairs, and that astrology was one of the world's first religions.

Those twinkling stars are old. The same stars that looked down approvingly on lovers last night looked down on Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, in the first courtship of long ago. They looked down on Noah, Abraham, Jacob, and our Saviour in Gethsemane. Their light streamed down on Sodom and Gomorrah, Tyre and Sidon, Babylon and Nineveh, Karnack and Thebes.

Earthly stars once bright grow dim and at last are forgotten. You must consult a biographical gazeteer—Channing, Brooks, Moody; Edison, Marconi, Wright; Huxley, Darwin, Spencer; Bollingbroke, Paine, Ingersoll; Morgan, Gould, Carnegie; Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt; Gross, Pepper, Pancoast—the very brightest stars in their constellations will in the centuries at last pale and go out, as names among men, but they that turn many to righteousness will shine forever.

Not, what did you know? What office did you fill? What were you worth? What fame did you acquire? What power did you wield? The great question is, What souls did you win? How many did you turn to righteousness? Henry George said, "I am for men." Dives said, "I am for money." Of the man who strove only for money, God said, "Thou fool!" Not the mind—"brain" is not mentioned in the Bible, but heart and soul is. Not mind or body, but soul is the greatest thing about men, and soul-winning is the greatest achievement. The human soul is priceless—Christ died for it.

The soul winner is twice blessed: he blesses the one saved, and James says, "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

What Number Does God Call Many?

"They that turn many"—what number does God call many?

Andrew brought Simon Peter. Was that many? Joel Stratton, a waiter, brought John B. Gough. Was that many? Ezra Kimball, a Sunday-school teacher, brought Dwight L. Moody. Was that many? An unknown city missionary brought Jerry McAuley. Was that many?

But Simon Peter brought three thousand in a day. John B. Gough turned thousands to righteousness. Jerry McAuley was the instrument God used in redeeming thousands of others. Our fathers and mothers tell us how a generation or less ago Dwight L. Moody led many thousands to Christ. I wonder what number God calls many?

The greatest evangelist, in point of numbers converted, in my day, is William A. Sunday.

I was fortunate enough to be a pastor in this city at the time of his campaign in 1914, when the soul-life of Philadelphia was stirred as it had not been stirred since William Penn founded it. In eleven weeks the estimated attendance at the tabernacle was two million five hundred thousand. There were approximately forty-five thousand conversions in the services. Indirectly many thousands more were converted in shop meetings and elsewhere. At the meetings the largest number converted at a service was nine hundred and sixty-four. The smallest number eighty-four.

In the ten years, concluding with the Philadelphia campaign, William A. Sunday had been instrumental in the conversion of two hundred and fifty thousand persons. In the ten years following there has been likewise a great ingathering. Possibly a half-million souls have been won to Jesus Christ! In human figures, at least, that, to us, would seem many!

Have You Done Your Best?

Have you heard the story of Edward H. Spencer and the wreck of the steamer "Lady Elgin"? May I repeat it—briefly?

Twelve miles north of Chicago is the Northwestern University at Evanston. Years ago two husky farmer boys came to the college from Iowa. Will and Ed Spencer. Ed was a famous swimmer. On the morning of September 8, 1860, word reached the college that a steamer was wrecked off Winnetka, on Lake Michigan. A crowd of students, among them Charles H. Fowler, Joseph C. Hartzell, and the two Spencer boys, hurried to the scene of the wreck. By the way, the first two became bishops, and William Spencer secretary of the Board of Church Extension in the Methodist Episcopal Church. When they arrived at Winnetka the "Lady Elgin" was going to pieces, but a number of her

passengers were still afloat. Ed Spencer plunged into the lake and again and again brought in men, women, and children. Each time as some person was seen clinging to wreckage he went out and returned with them.

Each time as he would almost succumb to cold and exhaustion his companions would plead with him not to try again, that he himself would be drowned. But he persisted, swimming through the heavy surf sixteen times, rescuing seventeen persons in all. At last they pulled him from the angry waters. Tender hands lifted him from the beach. All that night in the college dormitory he moaned in his delirium, "Did I do my best?" The bronze memorial tablet in Northwestern University closes its statement of the heroic deed with his oft-repeated question—"Did I do my best?"

You and I stand beside a stormy sea—the sea of life. Wrecks everywhere. Men and women going down to destruction. Can we have the joy of saving even one? Possibly God will call even that one many. And we shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Man's Friend—The Dog

Text: Moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.—Luke 16 : 21.

QUEER, but the Bible has scarcely a kind word to say for the dog. The one animal which has been for centuries in our civilization a synonym for intelligence, fidelity, and affection is mentioned in the Bible only in terms which indicate aversion and contempt. There are forty-one verses in which the word "dog" occurs. In not a single one of them—save the text above, and I am so glad that the words are those of the all-loving, all-merciful Christ—is there a shadow of a hint that the writer ever had any other thought of a dog except that he was "a vile cur." From the very first reference in the Old Testament to the last chapter of the last book of the New Testament where it says, "Without are dogs, murderers, idolators," etc., the references are of contempt and loathing.

The Bible view is the Oriental view. They were the common pariah dog—repulsive scavengers, eating anything, even human bodies, and lapping human blood, as the Old Testament references show. To this day travelers tell of these snarling, mangy, filthy, vagrant, prowling creatures. Constantinople is noted for its packs of yelping, snarling, fighting, loathsome beasts.

A traveler was talking with the Mayor of a Turkish town and his family. "I am told," said the Mayor, "though I know that such a strange thing cannot be true, that in America people buy and sell dogs!" The mere suggestion of such a ludicrous transaction sent the assembled group into paroxysms of laughter. "They do," replied the American. The pompous Mayor fell into such convulsions of merriment that his rotund face grew the color of burnished copper. "Buy dogs!" roared his sons in a chorus. "But what for?" Never having figured that out before the traveler parried the question with another. "How do you get a dog if you want one?" "W-w-why," answered the eldest son, wiping the tears from his eyes. "If anyone wants a dog he tells some one else and they give him one. But whoever wants a dog?"

A missionary imported some little primers for her school. Imagine the horror of the censor when he opened the book and there on the first page was the picture of a dog and under it the inscription. "This is my dog. His name is Turk." The censor had years before worked

in a restaurant on Liberty St., New York. He knew a smattering of English. He hurried the book to the pasha. "A dog named Turk!" shrieked that dignitary. "Allah! What blasphemy!" "But, Excellency," cooed the quick-witted missionary girl, "listen and I shall explain. In America a dog is much thought of. Even the women carry them in their arms"—the pasha shuddered. "He is a precious animal, and so we give him a precious name. The censor effendi has been in America. What, censor effendi, is it not so?" That official swelled perceptibly. "Excellency, the papaz effendi speaks the truth. It is even so. I have seen it with these two eyes." The pasha relaxed. "Wallaw, even I did not know everything. These Americans have many strange gods."

"Can the Canine!"

I know the prejudice some have against the dog. We have a habit of judging our inferiors by the poorest of their species and the worst of their traits. We do it whether it be of a foreigner or a dog. The ancient Jew called the Gentile a dog. The Mohammedan calls the Christian by the same uncomplimentary title.

There are about 10,000,000 dogs in the United States. One to each ten persons—though I've been in portions of the South where the proportion was about reversed—the poverty of a family might be judged by the number of dogs kept. They think Thomas Jefferson blundered when he wrote the Declaration. The document is insufficient. He should have included "the right to keep 'dawgs'." There are about 300 distinct varieties—a boy knows them only as Jack and Rover, Spot and Sport—grandchildren of old dog Tray.

The charge is that he costs $125,000,000 a year for food support, many eating as much or more than an adult man; that he is a germ and parasitic disease bearer; that women take him in lieu of children; that he disturbs the peace of the community; that the man or woman who takes seriously to dogs isn't good for much else; that he is a source of danger to women and children—hydrophobia and so on, and, most serious of all, is that more than a hundred thousand sheep are killed each year in the sheep-raising States. When I mentioned the latter item to a dog lover the other day he said, "Well, we sent 75,000 men over to Europe and they were killed—is not a man of more value than a sheep?" I do not quite follow his reasoning, but I sense his meaning that we ourselves revert to the instinct to destroy, and even kill what we regard as most valuable—human beings.

The minister who has a dog has a constant cause of declaring his pulpit vacant. They will make enemies, since they will chase the

neighbor's cat, and dig in the lawn for a bone which they think is half way down to China, and bark at old Sister Saintly as she goes hobbling by. It's all right for a layman, however. I have had a neighbor who raised dogs. They had voices with Caruso depths and Schumann-Heink range. Their favorite hour for rehearsal was from 1 A. M. to 3 A. M. They rehearsed because they thought the moon listening, or just because they had a voice—exactly like some human beings.

Like Master, Like Dog

The gap between the dog and any other animal is as great as between it and us.

He comprehends us, we comprehend him, there's a sympathetic tie that binds. Some dogs are nearly human, some men are pretty near canine. We frequently quote that famous writer who said the more she knew about people the better she liked dogs. I think that the more you know about dogs the better you will understand people—especially if you see them together. You can read much of a man's character by his attitude with dogs. Many of the same qualities are needed in dealings with both men and dogs.

In dog-points it isn't good for a dog to be too handsome. Ordinarily the homelier a dog is, the better he is. Women are likely to pet the handsome dog. That ruins him for better qualities. Isn't the handsome man in the same danger? He runs the chance of being successful only in affairs of the heart.

Another thing worth noting is that an extremely large or an extremely small dog is likely to be inferior in intelligence to the medium-sized dog. He is like the giant or midget among human beings. Of course there are notable exceptions. Still another point—here is where I get the women's vote—female dogs are more intelligent than male. I do not attempt to explain this, only state it.

Like the master, like dog. Get a dog that is congenial to yourself. If you are glum and dignified, get a great Dane. If you are lively and vivacious, get a fox terrier or a collie. If you are pugnacious and scrappy, get a bull terrier or Scotch. Take an Irish terrier out for a walk and you'll see what I mean. It's as good as a Donnybrook Fair. Let the other dogs turn out of the road—your Mickey won't. If you are peaceful and inclined to melancholia, get a sad-eyed, big-eared beagle. Such dogs never cause their mothers a moment's worry.

There's an old Norwegian adage that all cattle resemble their masters. I judge men not only by the company they keep, but by the dog they have.

Semper Fidem

Ever read Maeterlinck's essay on the dog? Read it.

In brief it points out that man lives in a world of creatures that hate or fear or ignore him. His crops, if left to themselves, go back to their wild state and desert him. His horse can be ridden by any stranger. His cattle care only for the food he gives them. His cat will leave his hearth for a warmer one. The jungle animals seek to kill him.

Thus man stood in a hostile world until the dog leaped across the chasm of aloofness and made man his god. Of all the world's animals, the dog alone loves man and serves him to death. The dog alone has formed a deathless alliance with man and has made himself man's willing and worshiping slave.

Again and again the dog has saved families from burning buildings. He saves children from drowning. He has pulled them from dangerous cliffs. He has kept a drunken master from freezing to death. The St. Bernard and Newfoundland have a chapter of their own. In European countries he drags loads like beasts of burden. Who will write the story of the Yukon dog that gave himself freely for men's lust of gold? If "every dog has its day," then the day Peary stood at the North Pole was a day of triumph for the dog. It was he who dragged his master up the slippery, icy heights of fame. Without him the Stars and Stripes would not float at the Pole. He gave his body in strength while going north and gave it again as food when the explorer turned south in triumph.

He won the praise of Holy Writ in a double sense. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend."

The work of the Red Cross dog is almost beyond belief. His intelligence, his devotion, his courage, his persistence. His faithfulness to duty, refusing food offered by a stranger, never deviating from his task for any coaxing, threats, or blows. I would that I were as faithful to my fellows in life's battle as he.

The Voiceless Speech

The dog is an incurable optimist.

He cannot speak with his tongue, but he is positively vocal with his tail. In that dog language he shows his pleasure and gratitude. Human beings may be ingrates, but a dog never. He wags his recognition and welcome when you come in, his tail droops when you leave.

When you adopt a dog his pledge is "Whither thou goest I will go"—and fulfils his agreement as long as life is in his body. To me the lost dog in a city street is a pitiful sight. He stands on the street

corner trembling and anxious, his nose outstretched, his tail drooping. He sniffs the air, now this way, now that, for the familiar scent. He runs to one after the other of the passerby. A friendly voice arouses his transient interest. He follows a few steps with wagging tail and brown eyes raised in appeal, only to dodge back in clumsy haste. As night comes on, whining under his breath, he stands patient, but grief-stricken. After awhile he curls up into a ball and lies shivering on the spot where the beloved feet have passed. He cries out plaintively as he sleeps—he's still seeking his master!

O, my God, make Thy servant, when he loses his sense of Thy presence, as anxious as this humble creature to find his Master!

The faculty most highly developed in the dog is his emotion of tenderness. Only he who can read the pathetic language of their imploring eyes can imagine how acute and how profound is the hopeless longing of the dog for human sympathy. He pleads incessantly for the love of man. His life is a long current of effort and anguish to please, broken by brief spaces of joy at a kind word of appreciation.

In return he asks no questions. Like a true friend, he loves you because you are you—that is sufficient! The world cries "Hosanna!" one day, and "Crucify him!" the next. Today they eat your bread, tomorrow they take up stones to stone you. There isn't a drop of traitor blood in the dog. When you are well he'll go afield with you, when you are sick he puts his paws on the counterpane—if he could only take the pain for you! Poor fellow, he does when the vivisectionist gets hold of him! He's stretched out on his cross—he moans, forsaken of man and having no God—another vicarious victim—he may have saved others, but he cannot help himself.

He doesn't criticise you, he adjusts himself to your moods and misunderstandings, having none of his own to thrust on you. He doesn't ask what misdeeds men have laid at your door. Others may gossip and slander about you—not he! If misfortune comes and your money goes, he shares your crust as cheerfully as he did your plate. If you become an outcast, an exile from home, he trots beside you and licks your hand. He'll guard you and shield you—though human love may fail you, his dog love will not.

When you die, you with a soul, leave him who has no soul. Like Eugene Field's little toy dog, faithful and true, he waits the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is no more.

May He who was the Friend of the friendless, of outcasts, and sinners, send us human friends as true and unselfish as this little, faithful, four-footed beast!

The God of the Godless

And he has no God?

I am not quite sure but that he thinks you are God. Not just a little lower than the angels—not only a being worthy of his mute idolatry—but you are his god. He depends on you for food and drink, his very life is in your hands—you may take it at your will. He watches you for your nod, your smile or frown, your favor or disfavor.

Are you a jealous god? He is not a jealous subject. You return from the dog show where you have stroked canine heads and gently pulled canine ears. You return home. Though he is not a show dog he meets you joyously. He greets you not with impolite sniff and sleuth-like suspicion. Then there's a sudden change, the tail stops wagging, he is calmly smelling with cool inquiry your hand, and up and down your trouser leg as far as his black nose will reach. You tell him you've been hob-nobbing and petting and flirting with other dogs, but you've come back better satisfied than ever with his own self. Whereupon the stubby tail wags with furious delight, he is up in your lap and cuddles confidently. You wonder, dear brethren, why wives cannot be as reasonable as—but—well, no matter!

How quick your creature dog is to obey! Quicker far than you who dally at your pleasure when the Voice bids you come or go. He stops at food or drink or play, when you command—his answer is "Thy will be done!" Would that you and I were so eager to do the will of God. Under the correcting rod he is more patient than I when God sends tribulations. His deep brown eyes possibly not understanding the why of the blow, look at you without reproach. When your anger is gone and your tone is softened he comes and licks your hand. There's no resentment toward his god—god wills—it must be well.

When you give him food or drink he wags his tail in thanks—never fails in that. I've seen men sit down to eat with an oath—the grace of the graceless. Is there some crashing disaster? He looks at you and draws nearer—it's well if you are near! O, my Father, help Thy servant to be as faithful, as mindful, as thankful, as trustful as this soulless, Godless animal!

No dogs in heaven? Does Revelation, speaking of the celestial city, say, "Without are dogs?" Very well. Possibly as you are entering the gate of your Paradise a little faithful, joyful, barking ghost may leap to lick your spirit hand. And I am sure that your tender, faithful earth friend will peer through the gate and follow you with lonesome, wistful eyes.

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